Saturday Evening Post · January 1, 1966 · 25c

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POST

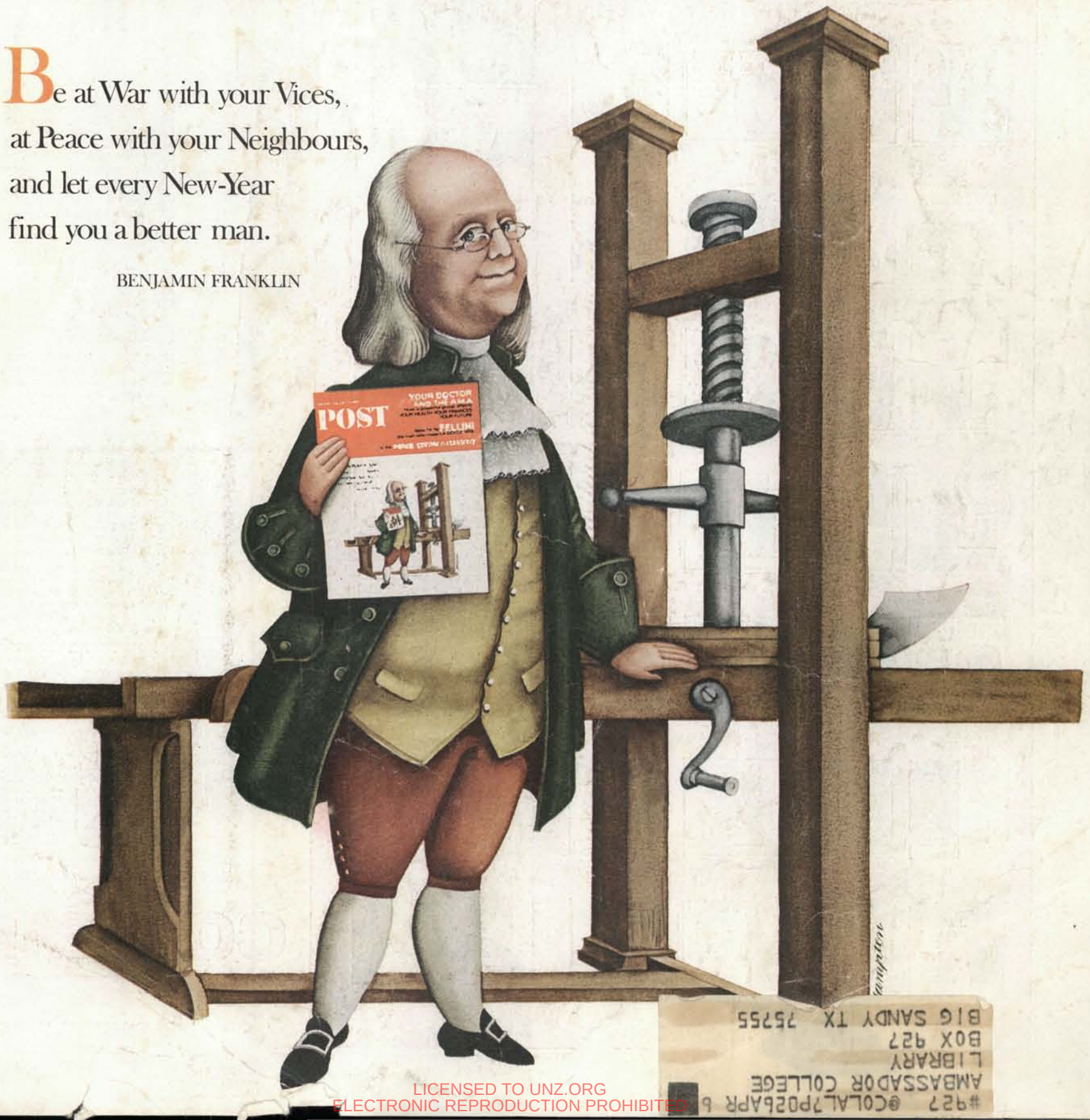
YOUR DOCTOR AND THE A.M.A.
How a powerful group affects
YOUR HEALTH, YOUR FINANCES,
YOUR FUTURE

New hit by FELLINI
the man who made LA DOLCE VITA

Is the PEACE CORPS A FAILURE?

Be at War with your Vices,
at Peace with your Neighbours,
and let every New-Year
find you a better man.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



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2157. Also: On The Move, New Kind Of Love, 12 in all *

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic, etc.

2172. Also: For Your Love, Travelin' Man, Free Like Me, etc.

2167. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Seventh Son, Satisfaction, etc.

2158 Also: Just One Smile, Down In The Subway, 12 in all

2120. All I Really Want To Do, It's No Use, 10 more

2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.

2151. Other artists on record: Manfred Mann, Dionne Warwick

2187. Back In My Arms, Ask Any Girl, 12 in all *

2007. Also: Gates of Eden, On The Road Again, 11 in all

2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.

1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

1905. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, It Had To Be You, 12 in all

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

2131. "First class... top notch interpretation."—Hi-Fi Review

1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

2153. Serenade In Blue, I'll Never Smile Again, 12 in all

2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

2154. Also: Old Cape Cod, Mam'selle, If You Love Me, etc.

2160. Also: Anytime All By Myself, 'Til Tomorrow, etc.

2114. When The Ship Comes In, For Lovin' Me, 10 more

2026. I Believe In You, More, Fly Me To The Moon, 11 in all

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 10 more

1906. Have You Ever Been Lonely, Always In My Heart, 10 more

2077. Also: Willow Weep For Me, Frenesi, Try To Remember, etc.

2113. Also: Someone To Watch Over Me, Where Is The Wonder, etc.

1591. Also: Be My Love, Love Letters, Gigi, etc.

2159. Also: The Night We Called It A Day, etc.

1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.

2137. Also: Stagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

2112. Also: One Mint Julep, Nice 'N' Easy, Moon River, etc.

1932. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, Wives and Lovers, etc.

2110. April Love, No Strings, Laura, Somewhere, 8 more

1765. Also: Talk to Me Baby, Come Blow Your Horn, etc.

1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.)

2124. Sweet Lorraine, Ramblin' Rose, Smile, Unforgettable, etc.

2075. Try To Remember, Jamaica Farewell, 9 more

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

2129. Also: Shout, Don't You Just Know, 12 in all *

1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.

1929. Also: High Noon, April Love, So Rare, Ebb Tide, etc.

1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." —N. Y. Journal-Amer.

2128. Greensleeves, Brahms Lullaby, Ave Maria (Schubert), etc.

2162. Also: Engine Engine #9, The Good Old Days, 12 in all

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Come on in where the hits are!

JUST LOOK AT THE EXCITING SELECTION O HIT RECORDS presented on these two pages . more top albums, more top stars, more gre labels than offered by any other record clu And by joining now, you may have ANY 8 of the best-sellers FREE. What's more, we'll also i clude an adjustable record rack FREE.

Simply write in the numbers of the 8 record you wish to receive FREE on the postage-pa card provided. Then choose another record a your first selection, for which you will be bill only $3.79 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.7 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive ni records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want yo nine records (and all future selections) in regul high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type music in which you are mainly interested: Cla sical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway and Ho lywood; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jaz

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month t Club's staff of music experts selects outstandi records from every field of music. These sele tions are fully described in the Club's entertai ing and informative music Magazine, which y receive free each month.

Each monthly issue of the Club Magazine w contain over 200 different records to choo from. You may accept any of the records offer — from any field of music!

Your only membership obligation is to pu chase a record a month during the coming ni months. You may discontinue membership any time thereafter. If you continue, you ne buy only four records a year to remain a mem ber in good standing.

The records you want are mailed and billed you at the regular Club price of $3.79 (Classic $4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings a special albums somewhat higher), plus a sm mailing and handling charge. Stereo recor are $1.00 more.

MONEY-SAVING BONUS-RECORD PLAN: you do wish to continue membership after f filling your enrollment agreement, you w be eligible for the Club's bonus-record pl . . . which enables you to get the recor you want for as little as $2.39 each (plus small mailing charge). So the Club repr sents your best buy in records for as lo as you remain a member. Fill in a mail the card today to receive yo eight free records, your first selecti and your free record rack!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. *Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

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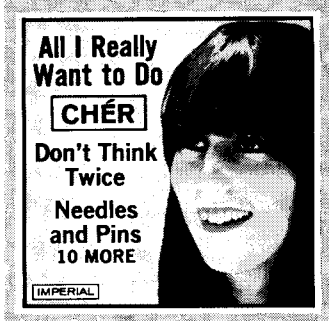


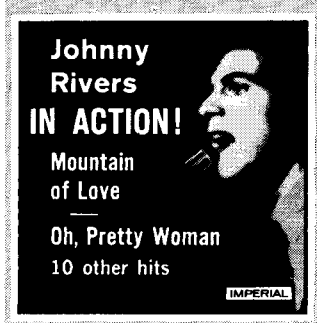
2168. Also: Girl Don't Come Home, Blowin' In The Wind, etc.

1530. Greater than ever . . . and winner of eight Academy Awards!

1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, 12 in all

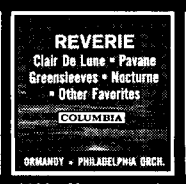
1931. Also: I Know Where I'm Goin', Last Farewell, Julianne, etc.

1903. Also: In The Chapel In The Moonlight, Wedding Bells, etc.



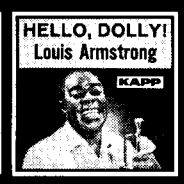
1902. Also: It's All Over Now, Rhythm Of The Rain, 12 in all

2144. Also: All Alone Am I, Have You Ever Been Lonely, etc.



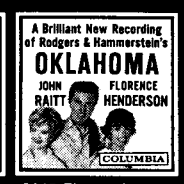
1909. Also excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Peer Gynt" Suite

2105. Also: Where Is Love, Show Girl, Little Angel, etc.



2179. I Still Get Jealous, Blueberry Hill, 10 more

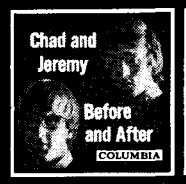
1908. Also: Days of Wine and Roses, The Good Life, etc.



2145. The whole wonderful score: Out of My Dreams, etc.

2028. Also: I'm Just A Country Boy, Battle of New Orleans, etc.

2115. Also: I'm All Smiles, Time After Time, More, etc.



2121. Why Should I Care, Tell Me Baby, For Lovin' Me, etc.

20 TOP POP SONG HITS
The House Of The Rising Sun
Glad All Over • She Loves You
I Want To Hold Your Hand
Needles And Pins
RECORDED IN ENGLAND!
COLUMBIA

1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.

1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.

2068. First time on one LP for these three classics!

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

1916. Also: A Hard Day's Night, Moon River, 12 in all

1447. Also: All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.

1792. Also: Crooked Little Man; Puff, The Magic Dragon; etc.

AS A NEW MEMBER YOU MAY TAKE

ANY 8

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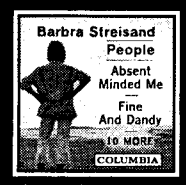


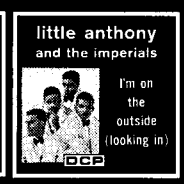
1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

2080. Plus Opus 10. Gould's "extraordinary."—Chic. Trib.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1924. Also: You Can Have Him, That's Not the Answer, etc.

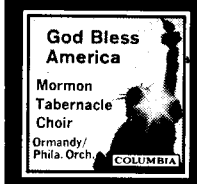
1307. A unique jazz treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach



1770. Where Did Our Love Go?, Walk On By, Funny, 12 in all

1643. Also: Face in A Crowd, My Heart Cries for You, etc.

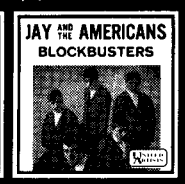
1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works



2180. America, The Beautiful; American Salute; 9 more

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

1983. Also: For All We Know, Taking A Chance On Love, etc.

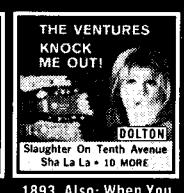


2125. Let's Lock The Door, Cara Mia, 10 more big hits

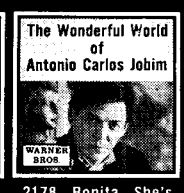
2175. Also: I Will Wait For You; My Love, Forgive Me; etc.

Plus this RECORD RACK
FREE
This handsome brass-finished rack adjusts to your needs . . . it expands as your collection grows . . . and folds flat when not in use.
Holds one record — up to sixty!

1782. Also: Summer Means Fun, Sidewalk Surfin', etc.



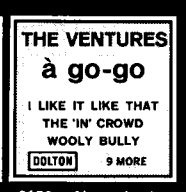
1893. Also: When You Walk in The Room, I Feel Fine, etc.



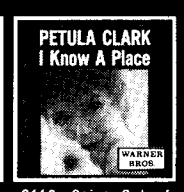
2178. Bonita, She's A Carioca, Dindi, Surfboard, 8 more

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.

2174. And I Love Him, Who Can I Turn To, Softly, 9 more



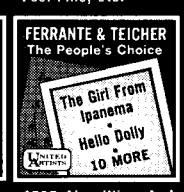
2170. Also: Louie, Louie; La Bamba; Whittier Blvd; etc.



2116. Going Out of My Head, Every Little Bit Hurts, 10 more

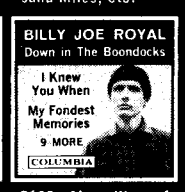
2182. Cuatro Vidas, Mas Amor, Luna Lunera, 9 more

1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier

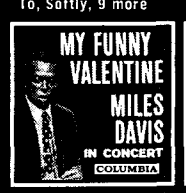


1707. Also: Wives And Lovers, People, Call Me Irresponsible, etc.

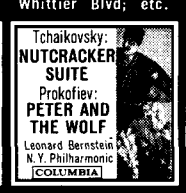
1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan



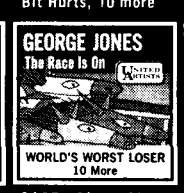
2163. Also: King of Fools, Pollyana, Oh What A Night, etc.



1927. Also: All Of You, Stella By Starlight, All Blues, etc.

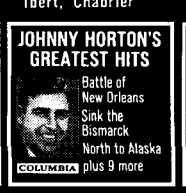


1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

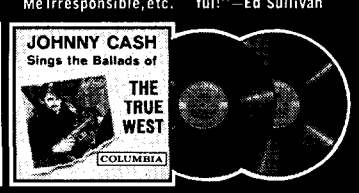


2135. Also: She's Mine, Your Heart Turned Left, etc.

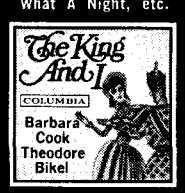
2181. Also: Nola, Donkey Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.



1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



2148-2149. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) Streets of Laredo, Road To Kaintuck, Johnny Reb, Sam Hall, 16 more



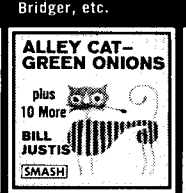
1669. A sparkling version of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1787. Also: Come See About Me, Your Kiss of Fire, etc. *

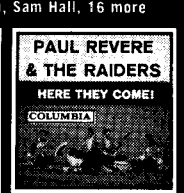
2134. Also: Louie, Louie; Come On Now; I Gotta Move; etc.

2185. Also: Wee Wee Hours, Don't Let Go, Hurtin' Inside, etc.



1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times

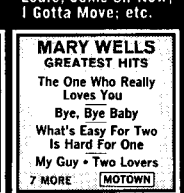


2122. Louie, Louie; OO Poo Pah Doo; You Can't Sit Down; etc.

2127. Also: We'll Sing In The Sunshine, 12 in all

1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.

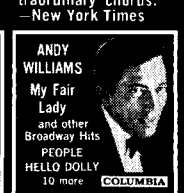
1699. Also: I Will Follow Him, Blue Velvet, etc.



1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me to The Punch, etc. *

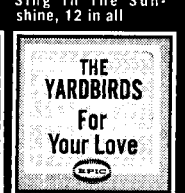
1926. Also: Peppermint Twist — Joey Dee; etc.

2176. Also: King of The Road, The Race Is On, etc.



1671. Also: Begin The Beguine, The Sweetest Sounds, etc.

1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey



2142. A Certain Girl, Sweet Music, I Ain't Got You, 8 more

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

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About this issue

Blake Hampton

The first time *The Post* put Ben Franklin's picture on its cover was Jan. 20, 1906, commemorating the 200th anniversary of his birth, Jan. 17. The current cover, painted by 33-year-old Connecticut artist BLAKE HAMPTON, is our 21st of Franklin, appearing just before his 260th birthday and at the beginning of *The Post*'s 239th year. Hampton, who also did a cover of President Johnson for our Sept. 11, 1965, issue, has had illustrations in *Esquire* and the New York *Herald Tribune*'s *New York* magazine, and his paintings have been purchased by the late President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower . . . . THOMAS MEEHAN has been following the career of Italian movie director Federico Fellini for quite some time, and was in Rome three years ago to watch the filming of 8½. Considering the many times he interviewed Fellini, both in Rome and recently in New York, Meehan is a little disappointed that his exposure to the director did not result in a role in one of Fellini's films . . . . During the past six months CHARLES HARBUTT traveled through 23 states to create his photographic essay on the wind.

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Letters

Phony All-America

Three loud cheers for Myron Cope (*Speaking Out:* ALL-AMERICA TEAMS ARE PHONY, December 4). About the only point he failed to mention was that if there is anything phonier than a major-college All-America, it is the small-college, or "little" All-America.

A player on a major team with an intersectional schedule will at least be observed by several hundred well-trained scouts, coaches and qualified scribes who have some basis of intelligent choice. But my mail is full of requests to remember the name of some tackle from Backwater Tech who made 15 tackles against Catfish Normal before a crowd of 1,000 fans at some town 2,000 miles from my home base. And my writer friends besiege me for names—*any* names—to ease the task of preparing a full ballot. My standard reply is that small-college selections are a waste of both my time and theirs.

DICK KISHPAUGH, *Publicity Director*
Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Ass'n.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

● Mr. Cope characterizes All-America teams by the five-letter word *phony*. I could have suggested a couple of even stronger words.

The absurdity, worse each year, was bad enough back around 1930, when Bill Roper was coaching at Princeton. Said Bill, "I have three tackles. I see them in action all season. Yet I have trouble deciding which two of them to use in a given game. How can anyone choose between players whom he has seen only once, if at all?"

ALAN F. RANDOLPH
Wilmington, Del.

● Myron Cope raises some good points. However, he slants the facts quite well to suit his own purpose. He points out that the Baltimore Colts won championships with such non-All-Americans as Unitas, Moore, Lipscomb and Berry, but what about the Green Bay Packers, who won championships with such All-Americans as Paul Hornung, Jim Taylor, Dan Currie and Ron Kramer?

Mr. Cope emphasizes that many great pros were not All-Americans. So what? Only a small percentage of players make All-America, so obviously most pro stars will be non-All-Americans.

ED PAVLICK
Milwaukee, Wis.

Farmer's image

Re: FAREWELL TO FARMER TUTTLE by John Bird, issue of December 4. Would it be amiss to add that Mr. Tuttle is a Harvard grad ('43)? There might be some news value in the ancient Yankee tradition that boys who come from farms and return to farms for generations have been educated to be citizens as well as farmers.

Besides, every time some bearded kook can be tagged with a Harvard label, it is all over the front pages. A Harvard dirt-farmer might balance things up a bit.

FREDERICK J. HARRIGAN
Colebrook, N.H.

● The photograph of the abandoned farmhouse in South Dakota was a good illustration of the ancient proverb, "One picture is worth a thousand words."

Where are the fruit trees, berry bushes and small livestock pens for family consumption? Where are the shade trees for the children and for Sunday-afternoon sitting? The destruction of the one-family farm by big commercial factory-farms represents a loss to America. To prevent a further erosion of a way of life that produced many leading Americans, the small farmers still left owe it to their families to spend more time growing things for their direct use, instead of putting their entire farms into bondage to a distant marketplace.

JOSEPH E. KORVICK
Miami, Fla.

● We liked John Bird's article, but we have a complaint about the picture of the South Dakota prairie that accompanied it. We think the new ranch-style homes built by the progressive farmers who have taken over their neighbors' land would be more attractive than the abandoned farmhouse used to illustrate the article.

A state that produced the Fischer quintuplets is not as barren as the abandoned farmhouse picture would indicate.

E. J. KARRIGAN, *Associate Editor*
Aberdeen American-News
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Broken vows

FALLEN PRIESTS by Sanche de Gramont [November 20] was surely one of the most honest appraisals on the subject I have read in a long time. Perhaps people will begin to realize that the unnatural strain of celibacy is not easy to endure. The truth brought to light probably surprised everyone except the clergy.

MRS. LYNN TYLER
Hamilton Square, N.J.

● It is conceivable that there are priests who have personal problems that weaken the core of the soul and cause them to abandon their vocations. These are things the layman might wonder and think about, but seldom discuss. You have succeeded, exceedingly, in bringing these problems to light. But did we really have to know?

ROBERT P. AUMENT
Falmouth, Mass.

● I am very sorry for these unfortunate fallen-away priests, but, since priests are not ordained until they are well into their 20's, they therefore have many years to decide about the vows they are taking. Many lay persons are married by this age and have made a serious decision also, since there is no divorce and remarriage recognized in the church.

Your article was interesting, but I really can't understand the great sympathy for these people who do not live up to the vows they freely and willingly gave.

MRS. M. R. MCCABE
St. Louis, Mo.

● FALLEN PRIESTS tries to give an understanding view to a problem which has otherwise been misunderstood or, more often, disregarded. Sanche de Gramont investigates and describes Via Coeli as a haven for the men "who falter under the extraordinary discipline they embraced when ordained and who succumb to ordinary human weakness."

Still, the church would be wrong in changing its overall view toward sacerdotal celibacy. An individual who would want to leave his sacerdotal ranks probably lacks the depth of understanding which most priests do have. The free renunciation of worldly pleasures is not motivated simply by a desire for asceticism. There is a value in release from personal power and a particular family in order to become a husband and a father to the family of God's people.

It has been assumed that wanderers from the fold had developed this positive awareness while at the seminary. Apparently they had not. The solution to this tragic situation is now being found in liberal seminaries, especially in the United States. Aspirants are encouraged to be as open as they find necessary. Rules are relaxed. Seminarians are permitted to date, if they feel that it is a developmental necessity. And there is today a constant stress placed on the priest's positive awareness of his mission.

With the efforts now being made by such generous men as Father Gerald Fitzgerald and today's seminary faculties, I can see, in this age of ecclesiastical idealism, a time when there will be no need for places like Via Coeli.

KENNETH A. BOBCO
Saint Mary of the Lake Seminary
Niles, Ill.

● More than 20 years ago (Jan. 1945) my husband (Army) and I (Waves) were married by an Army chaplain, Father Gerald Fitzgerald. What a delightful surprise to find the article written about him and the monastery for fallen-away priests. Remembering him—his warm and cheerful disposition—no wonder he's making such a success of his project.

MRS. ERNESTINE MORRISSEY
Beaverton, Oreg.

● I congratulate you in having the guts to print this. I have nothing but sympathy for those men. But I am tired of having a Protestant minister play the part of fallen and crooked clergymen, whenever a story calls for the part—e.g., *Sandpiper, Elmer Gantry*, and 99 percent of all TV stories.

MRS. KATE W. HOFER
Yankton, S. Dak.

Mercy in medicine

Regardless of the pathetic circumstances and remoteness of the California desert communities, Pat Gardelius [THE EMBATTLED NURSE OF JACKRABBIT FLATS by John Gregory Dunne, November 20] violated the principles for which the nursing profession stands. A nurse, whether she went to school for two or four years, has not the medical authority or knowledge to prescribe medications for an illness. She was fortunate to have an Ira D. Sims, who apparently was not allergic to penicillin, show up on the scene or the ending of her story could have been more tragic.

MRS. JOAN DE KEYSER, R.N.
Rock, Mich.

● A good many years ago (1928) as an experienced first-aid man, I practiced doctoring without a license for about five years. An old man, then about 70 years of age, was given up for lost when he was severely burned over more than a third of his body; every day for months I used "Kip" (unguent) spread on gauze and covered his body from chin to middle, separating his fingers each time to prevent them from sticking together. I issued pills and medicines and treated women, men and children for various ailments.

No one said anything, but then I was not running for office. It is very evident that the political aspect of life in these two little communities, Tecopa and Shoshone, was more important than the humanitarian.

ALBERT O. PETTITT
Seattle, Wash.

● THE EMBATTLED NURSE OF JACKRABBIT FLATS should win first prize as magazine article of the year.

HANS SKREBERG
Milan, Minn.

IRS snooping

Due to fear of retaliation, few publications would have the courage to print WE MUST STOP TAX SNOOPING, by Senator Edward V. Long [November 20]. I have renewed my subscription (continuous for more than three decades) which is my limited way of thanking you again for doing an excellent job.

HUGO L. WOLFE
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

● Only an uninformed or a sleeping public could allow these practices to reach the proportions they obviously have. You have done your part to inform them; I hope they will now wake up.

As the owner of a business dealing in a service to the general public, and talking daily to many people, I find their general attitude disheartening. Far too many have acquired the feeling that if government officials are using such tactics, the individual's primary obligation is to try outsmarting them.

GLENN R. WALLACE
Palm Desert, Calif.

On the golumpkis trail

To those who may have read Jerry Kobrin's article A POCKETFUL OF GOLUMPKIS [THE HUMAN COMEDY, November 20] with incredulity or skepticism, let me assure them that what he says is all too true. During the first two years of the Kennedy Administration, as legislative assistant to the congressman who serves the Reading area, I actively participated in his 1962 campaign. When the electioneering began, I weighed 155 pounds. On election day, six weeks later, I tipped the scales at *200* pounds.

Now that I have returned to a more sedate (non-political) life, I am back down to 150 pounds and will probably live a few years longer. But, oh how I miss the ring bologna, pizza, kielbasa, golumpkis, *et al.*

STANLEY J. MICHALAK JR.
Columbus, Ohio

● The article by Mr. Kobrin is another complaint by a poor loser. His statement about the "banquets" and their menu is a slap at the good people who worked so hard to try to help this ungrateful man be elected.

MRS. I. A. ZAWIDSKI
Reading, Pa.

Candidate Ronald Reagan

I read for the second time Stewart Alsop's THE GOOD GUY [November 20], and it suddenly struck me that nearly everything in the article would have applied just as well to John F. Kennedy when he was running for President. Didn't the "good guy" image win the election for Kennedy in spite of a Catholic background and his youth? I'm neither "fer nor agin" Reagan, but question the validity of Alsop's argument.

IRENE A. HARRISON
Long Beach, Calif.

● Mr. Alsop's article is one of the finest that any political columnist has written in many months. There was a notable lack of name-calling which is so prominent among political columnists today.

LESLIE R. LEWIS
Chicago, Ill.

● Aw c'mon, Mr. Alsop. I dug (but didn't agree with) all the digs about Ronald Reagan being a goody-two-shoe, but that crack about his being a "B-picture movie actor" was too much—or did you miss *King's Row*?

D. J. MCCLARY
Placentia, Calif.

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Speaking Out

Mr. and Mrs. Zeitlin both lived in Pittsburgh, where he wrote a newspaper column, but they met during Peace Corps training in California, went overseas with the first Corps mission, and married in Ghana, where both taught school. He has just published 'To the Peace Corps With Love', a book about Corps life, and is taking a postgraduate course in international reporting at Columbia University.

The Peace Corps isn't doing its job

By Arnold and Marian Zeitlin

Shortly before Election Day of 1960 John F. Kennedy proposed a "peace corps" of skilled Americans who would volunteer to help needy countries. At first the idea drew harsh criticism—President Eisenhower, for instance, called it a "juvenile experiment." But once established, the Corps began to promote itself with great skill. By now the public seems to have accepted the Corps with unquestioning enthusiasm. Typically a literary agent dismissed the prospects of a book about it by telling us, "The Peace Corps? That's like writing about motherhood."

We believe that the Corps has sold the public a bill of goods. We believe that it is failing to fulfill its promises, and that most of the popular ideas about it are false. The 1961 executive order that created the Corps declared that it was to offer developing countries a pool of trained Americans "to help meet their urgent needs for skilled manpower." In fact, the Corps provides no such manpower pool. Some projects never get started because the Corps lacks skilled people to staff them.

This does not mean we are anti-Peace Corps. Rather, we criticize it because we expect more from the Corps than it is delivering. We served in the first Corps mission, sent to Ghana in 1961, where we spent two years. We are still committed to the Corps's ideal and purpose, but they cannot be realized unless the Corps reforms some methods and dispenses with some myths.

Peace Corps officials say that the quality of the 10,000 corpsmen in 46 countries is higher than ever. As proof, the officials note that 80 percent have college degrees. But this handy statistic masks some vital facts: A college degree does not mean quality when industrial skills are concerned. Volunteers are typically young liberal-arts graduates with no job experience. They are, in Peace Corps jargon, "B.A. generalists." Tests have shown that a third of them have no idea what they want to do with their lives. Many of them, according to the chief Peace Corps psychiatrist, must be persuaded that they are fit to do anything at all. That such people will meet the "urgent needs for skilled manpower" of countries without roads or industry is unlikely. Often they join the Corps to prove they have the stuff to rough it. To them, the Corps is a postgraduate Boy Scout movement and a kind of therapy. We observed the attitude among some of our colleagues in Africa. Some found positive relief in discovering that they could bathe in a bucket or exist without telephones. And we particularly remember the complaint of a youth assigned to teach in a convenient capital city: "Don't they think I'm man enough to work in the bush?"

You may protest that the Corps surely teaches its workers some skills. It does not. Training remains little more than briefings on how to get along in another country. The volunteers learn on the job. That's how we learned to teach secondary school in Ghana, using our students as guinea pigs.

Instead, the Peace Corps shapes its projects to provide work for the people it recruits. As a result, 75 percent of its work involves school teaching and "community development"—assignments that "generalists" can fill to at least some extent after quick orientation. These volunteers are well-intentioned and often adept, but they are still amateurs and would not be qualified to do similar work at home. Teachers are a good example. Of some 5,000 teaching corpsmen, about 4,000 never taught before they went abroad.

Recently we've checked and found the Peace Corps manpower situation is growing worse. Last year the Corps quietly returned three million dollars of its appropriation to the Treasury because of what Director Sargent Shriver called a "revision of input." He meant that the Corps could not find enough acceptable volunteers. Chances are that more such "revisions" will be made, although the Corps will doubtless find ways to put window dressing over the facts. Plans to have 17,000 volunteers enrolled by next June already have been scaled to 15,000.

A root of the manpower failure is the Corps's interest in maintaining the picture it originally sold—thousands of young Americans who abandon their affluent society to work for their deprived brothers overseas. This picture, gallant and glamorous, was deemed necessary to convince Congress and the public, and a fetching amateurism is one of its essentials. The Peace Corps never has seriously tried to attract seasoned, professional people. They might help a country like Ghana, but they don't fit into Shriver's plans.

The Corps's inability to deliver the skilled manpower produced a diplomatic incident while we were in Ghana, and more such problems can result from the Corps's failure to live up to its promises. Early in 1961, Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's president, told Shriver about his country's need for teachers, primarily of mathematics and science, and for plumbers. Plumbers were not available, and so that idea was soon abandoned. Even the 51 of us who were sent were not what Ghana had asked for. About half of that first Corps mission never had taught a class. Only 13 had any background in math or science. But the show had to go on, and we were put to work teaching other subjects. Then Nkrumah discovered that some corpsmen were doing something he particularly did not want—teaching history. He exploded. The Corps renewed its promises and calmed a tempest—but not before some intrigue that suggested the Rover Boys meeting James Bond. There was the spectacle of a Corps official grimly informing us, "A break in Ghana-U.S. relations could begin right here."

What had gone wrong? The Corps, in its zeal to launch its first project, didn't take time to recruit the right skills, but took advantage of Ghana's desperate need in order to get us into the country. Once we had arrived, the Corps cared little about the work we did. It spent $46,000 to survey our adjustments to Ghanaians but not one cent to find out if we were doing our jobs well.

Fortunately, Corps generalists have done well, especially when measured in terms of the standards of the countries in which they work, and Ghana has asked for more teachers. The point, however, is that the Corps is content to set its standards by the low levels of underdeveloped countries instead of the high quality of American skills.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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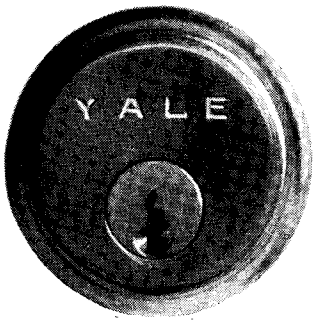

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SPEAKING OUT

Ghana still waits for plumbers because from the outset the Peace Corps has not really tried to enroll skilled people. A year ago the Corps did revive a dormant program to recruit what one official calls "industrial types," but professionalism causes uneasiness at Peace Corps headquarters. Some officials feel it would dampen the volunteer zeal, weaken the image, even confuse the Corps with the U.S. Agency for International Development. "We don't want to be a junior AID," one Peace Corpsman said. A senior official in Washington dismissed the program to recruit blue-collar workers as unimportant. Another explained that it was hard to select industrial workers. They are not I.B.M. test-oriented, he said. "And you just don't know how many of these people are divorced," he added with faint horror.

Another, more sympathetic Washington-based Corps executive had his own explanation for the failure to interest craftsmen and trades workers. "Too many Ph.D.'s around here," he said. In the Corps's selection process, the results of psychological tests and peer ratings are more important than a man's work experience. Peace Corps advertising seems to ask, "Are you man enough to try it?"—an approach to lure an unchallenged college lad. Plumbers, presumably more certain of themselves, find the appeal unpromising.

The theme that a Corpsman must be man enough to undergo hardship has been part of the Corps's bill of goods from the beginning, adopted to help sell a skeptical Congress. Shriver set the tone with the same messianic charm which he turned on us the day before our group left for Ghana in August, 1961. Hair rumpled, fists over his head, Shriver exhorted us: "Foreigners . . . don't think you've got the stuff to make personal sacrifices for our way of life. You must show them. And if you don't . . . you'll be yanked out of the ball game." In Corps circles this is now known as "Shriver's hair-shirt stuff."

Some Corps assignments do involve sacrifice. Ours did not; so pretenses had to be invented. Ghana paid us as much as Ghanaian teachers with university degrees, $163 a month, and with the low prices we lived extraordinarily well, some of us better than we had at home. Yet the Corps insisted on calling the money a "subsistence allowance." The Corps forbade us to own cars, and this gave Shriver an opportunity to tell a Senate hearing about a congressman who had visited Ghana and reported that we lived worse than our Ghanaian counterparts. Shriver neglected to mention that the congressman referred only to the fact that Ghanaian teachers got auto allowances.

The Corps did its best to persuade visiting congressmen with a taste of the so-called hardship. They were stuffed into Jeeps and driven a couple of hundred spine-jarring miles over dirt roads to a town called Half-Assini. They were warned not to drink the local water or eat the local food. They were told the road was closed by rains nine months of the year (it wasn't). By the time they were led, shaken, weary and hungry, to the digs of a volunteer couple in the town, they were easily convinced anything was hardship. The couple were amused that their modest but comfortable bungalow had been designated as the Peace Corps's unofficial discomfort station.

We took a bus to Half-Assini to see the place for ourselves. The quarters were on the vast campus of a new secondary school which operated its own power plant, was a few minutes' walk from palm-lined beaches, and provided staff members bungalows or flats in a new four-story building.

The most important misunderstanding about the Peace Corps is the belief that the Corpsmen can influence foreigners in favor of the United States. Secretary of State Dean Rusk contributed to this misguided idea when he said, "If the Peace Corps can let other countries find out what this country is all about, we shall be surprised how many allies America has all over the world." Our experience is that the Peace Corps will have small effect on foreign attitudes toward this country. In Ghana, the Corps's program was considered a success, but U.S.-Ghanaian relations steadily worsened during our stay. All of us made good Ghanaian friends. But seven months after we left the country, Ghanaians were trying to haul down the flag in front of the U.S. Embassy and soon were hurling rocks at the USIS library. The Ghanaians believed the Corpsmen were exceptional Americans. In the Dominican Republic, where both junta and rebel forces evidently trusted volunteers, Dominicans called Corpsmen the "other Americans." A Ghana schoolboy told us about a bull session at which a friend of his said:

"There are two Americas. The Peace Corps people are special people. The other America is the one where people behave differently, where killing and other things predominate."

It became clear to us that news of American trade with South Africa, the Portuguese use of American arms against Africans in Angola, racial bombings in Birmingham and riots in Los Angeles shape African attitudes toward the U.S. more decisively than the work of a few Peace Corps volunteers.

The genuine measure of the success of the Peace Corps is how much it lifts living standards in countries where it works. So far, the success lags far behind the claims and promises. Yet ways to improve the work are not hard to find. We want to see professional competence become the first test of a volunteer's usefulness. The Peace Corps may have to bend its image and abandon some prejudices to attract more seasoned, skilled persons. Many of them would have families, mortgages, even alimony payments; the Corps may have to resort to increased monthly allowances, debt holidays, permission to take families overseas, a program of draft exemptions for scarce skills. These would be drastic changes in Corps policy, but they may be necessary if America is truly serious about sharing its wealth of manpower with the world.

The Peace Corps is here to stay. It doesn't need a bill of goods to convince people of its value. It should stop spreading illusions, face the facts and get on with the job for which it was created.

Harold & Marion Lavender

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A conversation with President Kennedy

WASHINGTON:

Shortly before he died, President Kennedy called one of the Government's leading experts on the Far East into his office for a talk. The conversation concerned a subject which is hardly ever mentioned these days, but which troubled the late President more deeply than any other. What follows is not, of course, verbatim, but it reproduces the substance of the talk, which the official still vividly remembers.

THE PRESIDENT: Do you think there is anything we could do which would make it possible to arrive at some sort of live-and-let-live arrangement with the Chinese Communists?

THE OFFICIAL: Mr. President, my answer to that question will have to be conditional. If we abandoned Southeast Asia and turned Formosa over to the Communists, their hostility would probably be less total, or at least less noisy, for a few years. Short of that, no, there's nothing we can do.

THE PRESIDENT: What you're really saying is that an accommodation with the Chinese Communists simply isn't in the cards. Isn't that right?

THE OFFICIAL: Yes, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT: Then let me ask you another question. In the light of what you've said, do you think this country should permit Communist China to become a full-fledged nuclear power?

THE OFFICIAL: No, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT: Then what would you do, if you were in my place?

THE OFFICIAL: I've given a lot of thought to that question. It should be technically possible, at this stage in their nuclear development, to destroy the Chinese nuclear plants in such a way that it will seem an atomic accident. The thing could be done as a surgical operation, without nuclear weapons, using high explosives. We could have plans for you, with various optional means of taking out the plants, in the near future.

THE PRESIDENT (with the familiar pointing gesture of the right index finger): You do that.

At about the time this conversation took place, this reporter wrote that the President had decided "in principle that China must be prevented, by whatever means, from becoming a nuclear power." At a press conference a few weeks earlier, President Kennedy had hinted very strongly at this decision-in-principle.

The Chinese Communist government, he said, was "a government determined on war." He said that "if you introduce into this mix nuclear weapons," the result would be "a more dangerous situation than we've faced since the end of the Second World War." Therefore, he said, "before they become a full-fledged nuclear power . . . we would like to take some steps now that would lessen the prospect. . . ."

No one will ever know what "steps," if any, the late President might have taken—he was killed within days of the conversation with the Far Eastern expert. Since his death, the menacing "prospect" which he foresaw has changed in two ways. It has come closer. And it has become more difficult to "lessen."

Thanks partly (but not entirely) to high-level reconnaissance, the U.S. Government knows a great deal about the Chinese atomic plants. There are two of them—a "gaseous diffusion" plant like our wartime Oak Ridge, at Lanchow; and a plutonium plant, like our wartime Hanford, constructed more recently at Paetow in Inner Mongolia.

The Lanchow plant, which for technical reasons is very vulnerable, could be put permanently out of business with a few high-explosive bombs in the right place. But the newer Paetow plant is much less vulnerable—a plutonium plant has to have a lot of radiation shielding, which also provides blast protection. Therefore, the Paetow plant could only be surely destroyed with nuclear weapons.

Since the Paetow plant has been completed, in short, Chinese nuclear production could only be halted by an overt attack with nuclear weapons. There is a vast difference between a covert and unacknowledged "surgical operation" and what would seem to the world unprovoked nuclear aggression.

There has also been another basic change in the situation since President Kennedy died. The intelligence analysts have considerably advanced the timetable for the first Chinese test of a hydrogen, or fusion, bomb. It is now thought that the first test of a Chinese fusion bomb will take place in the fairly near future, almost certainly before 1970.

Immediately after the Chinese had tested their first "nuclear device," in October, 1964, less than a year after President Kennedy's death, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara made a significant statement: "Nuclear technology is advancing so rapidly that the cost of building a minimum nuclear capability, whether measured in terms of capital expenditure, human skill or the time required to achieve that capability, is decreasing dramatically."

In the words of one expert, these technical advances in the bomb-maker's terrible art make the construction of multimegaton fusion bombs "ridiculously cheap"—once the fission bombs, which act as percussion caps for the fusion bombs, are available.

The Chinese are now thought to be turning out fission bombs at the rate of about two a month. When they have mastered the art of marrying the two kinds of bombs, these fission bombs can be used as percussion caps for fusion bombs capable of devastating an area of 200 square miles or more, and killing by fallout millions of people outside that area. The "prospect" of such weapons in the hands of "a government determined on war" is indeed the prospect of "a more dangerous situation than we've faced since the end of the Second World War."

President Johnson has not been unaware of the danger. He has appointed at least one very secret and very high-level committee to consider what can be done about it. The committee's answer appears to be: "nothing." Winston Churchill once called the doctrine that a democracy cannot strike first with nuclear weapons "a silly thing"—it meant, he said, "that you must never fire until you have been shot dead." But, "silly" or not, President Johnson has apparently ruled that, for many reasons, including moral reasons, the United States simply cannot mount an unprovoked nuclear first strike, however surgical its execution and limited its purpose.

In case of Chinese Communist aggression in Vietnam or against Formosa, the Lanchow and Paetow plants would undoubtedly be destroyed. Otherwise, they will continue to turn out their deadly percussion caps, and this country and the rest of the world will have to live with that "prospect" which so troubled President Kennedy, and which is coming closer all the time.

Stewart Alsop

Mao Tse-tung

John F. Kennedy

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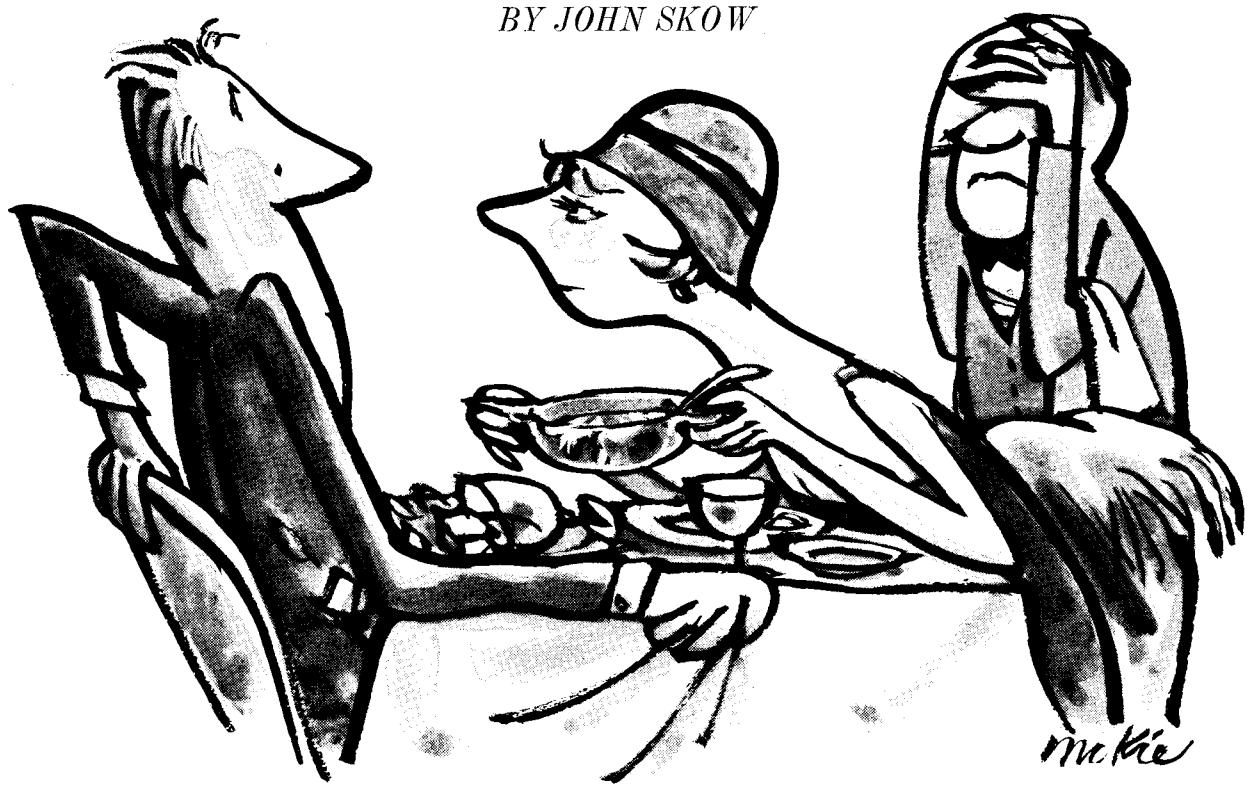
STOP THE TRAIN, I WANT TO GET OFF

BY JOHN SKOW



Always do it in the daytime, because at night your heart takes over. Take her to lunch, to a very chic place like Le Pavillon or The Colony, where she will see famous people and where it is against all the rules to cry or scream or throw crockery. Buy her a big drink, and then tell her that the train has reached Chicago and you're getting off at Chicago. Tell her you're not the marrying kind, but she deserves a home and kids and candlelight. Tell her she's the most wonderful woman you've ever known. Then buy her a great lunch, and let her absorb the news. . . . Afterward, you can walk into the sunshine a free man. It never fails. . . ."

JAMES AUBREY
(The Smiling Cobra),
former president of CBS-TV,
on how to get rid of a woman.

Gwendolyn smiled her funny little smile when I asked her to have lunch at LE COBRA QUI SOURIT. "Are you off your nut?" she asked in admiration. "That joint could set you back five, six bucks."

"Easily," I said, swinging my key chain with the nonchalance that had made me, Alfred Garble, the most widely envied *boulevardier* in Cranston, R.I. "But, honey, it's worth it. Wait till you get a load of the continental *ambiance*, and taste the home-fried *pommes de terre*."

"Okay, lover, anything you say," she answered, fluttering her long, dark, polyethylene eyelashes in pleasure. She was a symphony in white nylon as she stood there at the door of Doctor Prang's office (she was an oral hygienist, and she worked in the same building as I did). I chucked her suavely under the chin and said I would see her the next day. The plan was working, and as I walked away, I laughed silently at my worldly ruthlessness.

The truth was that I was tired of Gwendolyn. In the first madcap days of our liaison she had polished my teeth three times in the same week (I booked appointments under assumed names, and she winked at me in her little bent mirror behind old Doctor Prang's back). Now, although she was still young, gorgeous and passionately attracted to me, there was no denying it; the song had ended, but Gwendolyn lingered on.

The "no-scream method" developed by the great CBS heartbreaker Jim Aubrey seemed to be the most humane way of dumping the poor child. I knew, however, that there had been trouble in New York City after his system had been published. For three weeks it had been impossible to get a table for two at Le Pavillon or The Colony, and the sidewalks in front of these cathedrals of gluttony had been jammed with women clutching the arms of uneasy-looking men. After the news got around you couldn't get a girl to go to lunch unless you were willing to take her mother too. Business fell off everywhere except at the Automat, and at The Four Seasons a chorus girl stabbed an unoffending stockbroker with a butter knife after he mentioned, in all innocence, that he intended to travel by train to visit his parents in Chicago.

As the hour approached I wondered if Gwendolyn had heard the news. It was not likely; she was a simple soul, all dentifrice and no artifice. And if there were a risk, what was that to a lounge lizard of my attainments, a disciple of the Smiling Cobra himself?

We met at Doctor Prang's office. For a moment I was disconcerted. It was as if she knew of my treachery and intended to go down fighting. She had changed into a cocktail dress whose décolletage, I could not help observing, hid little of her navel, and as she perched behind me on my Japanese motorcycle, she leaned close and bit a tiny piece from my ear. I wavered, but then thought of freedom and sunshine, and steadied. Did the Cranston Cobra have the kindness to be cruel, or did he not?

My doubts were resolved as we entered the restaurant. It was the ideal separation center. I could feel Gwendolyn thrill to the cloth-on-the-table elegance, the plastic passion flowers at each table, and the Ray Conniff Singers shoop-shooping *Liebestraum* in the ceiling. I patted her hand as Arnold Champignon, the *patron*, greeted us.

"Ah, Monsieur Garble and Mademoiselle, so charming," said Champignon as, with the *politesse* of a man-about-town, I slipped two quarters, a dime and a nickel into his hand.

"How lucky that you have chosen a day when we have so many famous people," Champignon went on as he led us to the table, pointing out with subtle little motions of his eyebrows two aldermen, the operator of a bingo parlor and a former sealer of weights and measures. It was clear that our wily host suspected my intentions, and knew it was to his advantage that Gwendolyn throw no crockery.

I ordered as Aubrey would have. "A big drink and a great, absorbent lunch, *patron*," I said. Then I turned to Gwendolyn, clasping her two little hands in my two big ones. "Doll," I said sincerely, "you are the most wonderful woman I have ever known." It seemed to me that her eyes narrowed slightly, but the light was dim and I could have been mistaken. I let my voice grow husky, and continued: "You should have a home and kids and candlelight. I, on the other hand. . ."

At this moment, as luck would have it, her hand brushed against her water glass. I picked the ice cubes out of my lap and patiently began again: "Whereas you, my dear, need a home and kids and candlelight. . . ." This time Gwendolyn reached over and, in a gesture I might almost have believed deliberate, upset *my* water glass into my lap.

Champignon nervously hurried over with a towel. "Sorry," I said.

Our lunch had arrived, and according to Aubrey's schedule it was time for Gwendolyn to soak up the news. "Lambchop," I said, "the train has reached Chicago, and I am getting off."

Gwendolyn smiled, then picked up a serving bowl precariously full of asparagus with hollandaise sauce. She seemed agitated. "Alfred," she said, "the train is now leaving Chicago again, and you had better be on it. All aboard."

There was nothing else to do; Champignon announced our engagement on the spot. He seemed to take it very well. As we left, he whispered something to Gwendolyn, and she smiled.

"Oh, *Alfred*," she said. "Can we have our wedding reception at this restaurant?" I walked out into the sunlight in a state of profound betrothal.

I have no bitterness for anyone, but I do have some advice for Aubrey: that cynical, heartless stuff may go in New York, but if you try it on a Cranston girl, wear a drip-dry suit. □

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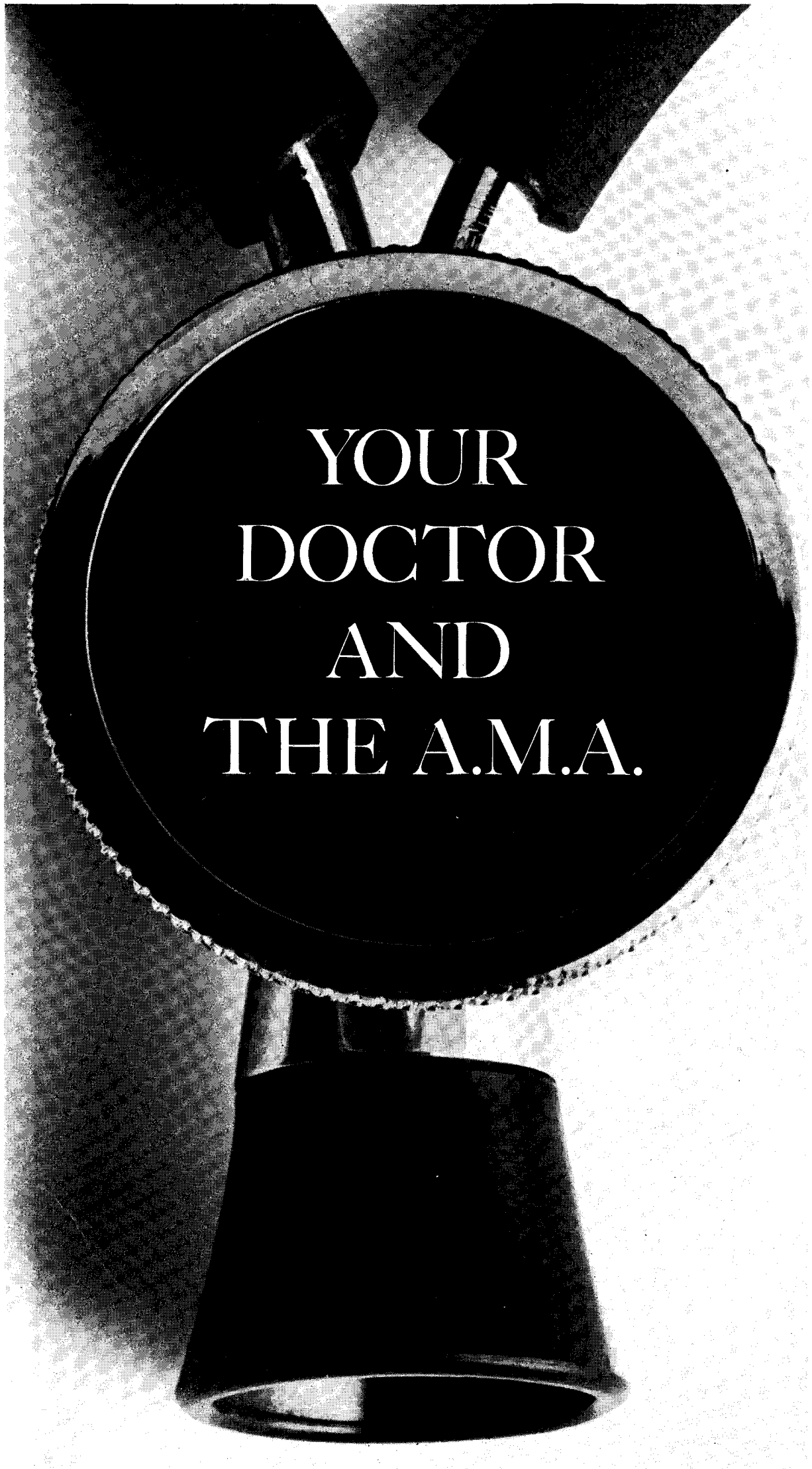
The Saturday Evening POST

YOUR DOCTOR AND THE A.M.A.



Now that Medicare is law, organized medicine is faced with a critical decision: Should doctors be asked to fight a rear-guard action? Or should they concentrate on their practice, saving political strength for the next fight with Government?

BY JOHN BIRD

Around the quiet little village of Canfield, Ohio (pop. 3,252), Jack Schreiber, M.D., does not seem to be the kind of physician who would deny medical attention to anyone who needed it. His open face, blue eyes and Rotarian-friendly manner radiate sincerity. The image of the clean-cut, dedicated young healer, he is also a devoted family man whose idea of the best possible kind of vacation is a camping trip with his wife, Alice (a former nurse), and their four handsome children.

At 38, "Doctor Jack" is one of the modern, well-trained young physicians who have taken over for that vanished breed, the old family doctor. Most of his patients see him by appointment, nine A.M. to five P.M., six days a week. But he still makes house calls; he gets up from dinner to comfort an elderly lady who is worried because her husband "sleeps too much"; he takes phone calls in the middle of the night, and on emergencies he jumps into his clothes,

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grabs his little black bag and races to the patient's bedside. He even can perform sleight-of-hand tricks to distract youngsters apprehensive about being given shots. "I'm an amateur magician," he explains. "It works fine with balky kids." It's easy to see why some of his young patients call him "Doctor Magic."

But when it comes to the federal Medicare program, designed to help old people in meeting their medical expenses, Jack Schreiber, M.D., shows a different side. Then, as he puts it, he's "a man on fire." He sees Medicare as "pure socialism . . . a major change in our national philosophy." He is convinced that Medicare is just an opening wedge for schemes by which the federal bureaucrats eventually hope to tell physicians how to practice medicine, intervene between doctor and patient and even set the fees medical men may charge.

"Doctor Jack's" views reflect those of the American Medical Association—the voice of organized medicine—of which he is an ardent, highly active member. Several years ago when Medicare was still just a threat, not a law, he became so steamed up over the dire possibilities that he enlisted as a front-line fighter in the A.M.A.'s battle against the legislation. He gave more than 100 talks in 16 states—literally flag-waving orations in which he used his magician's skill to make an American flag burst forth in his hands at the psychological moment. He went to Washington to testify against Medicare before congressional committees. And last summer, at the huge A.M.A. convention in New York City, he was a leader in a movement calling for "non-participation" in Medicare if it should become law. After the convention he privately admitted he was well aware that non-participation wasn't exactly the way to win friends for the medical profession.

"Of course it is bad public relations," he said. "Newspapers and broadcasters would call it a 'doctors' strike' or a boycott, even though we would continue to treat patients. We just wouldn't sign government forms or take government money. We know we would be misunderstood, vilified, maligned and would lose income. But we have to take a stand if we hope to remain free."

Medicare passed, of course—an even more extensive plan than the one that the American Medical Association, backed by most of its 206,000 members, had successfully fought against for years. The new program promises to lift some, but by no means all, of the financial burdens of illness for the aged. The federal hospitalization insurance—Plan A—applies to everyone under Social Security, with premiums collected through increased social-security taxes on payrolls. For an eligible person, 65 or older, it will pay hospital expenses after the first $40, for up to 60 days of each illness, and it extends another 30 days with the patient paying $10 per day of the costs. It also covers some after-hospital care in nursing homes and at home, as well as diagnostic services.

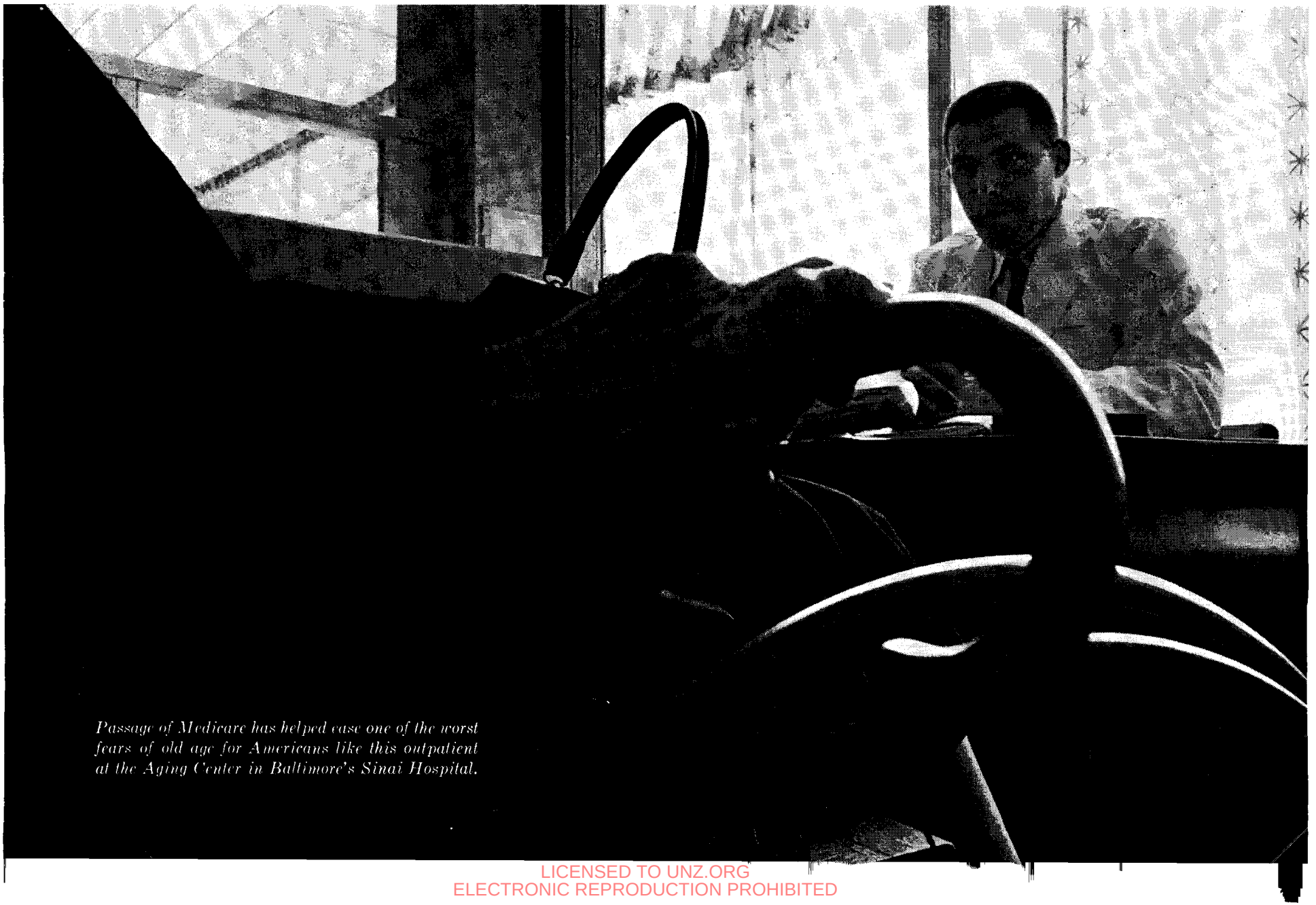
The medical insurance part of Medicare—Plan B—is a voluntary plan for which people 65 or older may sign up, paying premiums of three dollars a month. Policyholders may collect 80 percent of "reasonable" charges for medical services they receive, after the first $50 they pay in one year. The California and New York medical societies have recently issued documents attempting to define "reasonable"—not in dollars but in the relative value of one medical service to another. In New York, for example, a tonsillectomy is considered to be worth six times as much as a routine house call. Both plans go into effect next July 1, although nursing-home benefits won't be available until January 1, 1967.

The passage of the Medicare bill may have brought new peace of mind to America's senior citizens, but it was a stunning setback for the American Medical Association and members such as Jack Schreiber, who long have regarded A.M.A. doctrines as little less than Holy Writ. Now, after 20 years of fighting Medicare politically, on a hard-slugging, no-compromise basis, the A.M.A. faces the corrosive problems of political defeat. "Politically, the A.M.A. lost the pennant," said a congressional aide. "It used to scare hell out of Congress. But the docs yelled 'socialism' once too often, and Congress quit listening to them."

The A.M.A. leadership knows, of course, that the association now stands at one of the most critical stages in its 118-year career as the "government" of organized medicine. The A.M.A.'s current president, Dr. James Z. Appel, 58, a mild-mannered surgeon and general practitioner from Lancaster, Pa., says, "I believe that people have great respect, even affection, for their doctors as individuals, but as an organization, our image is not good."

Doctor Appel and other A.M.A. leaders are manfully trying to refurbish their organization's badly battered reputation. They have been working quietly with federal officials on the practical details of Medicare—"to mitigate the baneful effects," Doctor Appel says.

Within the A.M.A., however, there remains much of the same dogged hostility to Medicare that marked the long battle to block its passage. As an Illinois doctor said, "I don't give a damn if Medicare is law—it's still a bad law." Long indoctrinated to total war against "federal medicine,"



Passage of Medicare has helped ease one of the worst fears of old age for Americans like this outpatient at the Aging Center in Baltimore's Sinai Hospital.

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many doctors regard *any* cooperation by the A.M.A. with the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare as treasonable traffic with the enemy. They call the compromise-seeking A.M.A. leaders "spineless collaborators" and "pacifists," and accuse them of "leading us into slavery." Several highly militant groups within the A.M.A. are urging doctors to continue the lost war as a guerrilla action by refusing to cooperate in any way with Medicare.

Other A.M.A. members who were once militant now have calmed down, but still aren't entirely reconciled to the way things are going. Dr. Jack Schreiber is one of these. His fire hasn't gone out, but he doesn't erupt like a volcano anymore. "Lee Harvey Oswald is really the one who put it across," he says seriously, echoing a prevalent theory among members of the A.M.A. "There was a mass guilt complex after Kennedy's assassination. This enabled L.B.J. to pay his political debts to the labor unions with Medicare." Right now Doctor Schreiber is promoting a "positive plan" under which physicians would treat elderly patients without getting obligated to the Government. He calls it "Responsicare"—"The physician will be responsible to the patient for providing medical services," he says. "He will fill out the usual medical forms and receipts for the patient—not the Government. The patient, in turn, will be responsible for paying the usual fee. If he gets reimbursed by Medicare, that's his business."

At what might be called the liberal end of the medical spectrum are those physicians who favored Medicare—and there are some—plus other doctors who see the new program as a fine opportunity to build bigger and better practices. Obviously, Medicare is going to trigger a new boom in demand for medical services. In some areas, such as New York, indications are that a majority of the doctors will take part in the new program.

With the long and bitter battle lost, the forces of medicine are divided, and the future power of the A.M.A. itself is now in doubt. The questions are many: Has the A.M.A. lost all influence in medical lawmaking? Will its influence in medicine itself, as distinct from politics, now fade away? Will the Federal Government now become the national arbiter for medicine—as the A.M.A. fears so greatly—or will the A.M.A. be spurred by the present crisis to come up with forward-looking policies and programs which rebuild public confidence and the A.M.A.'s strength?

The answers depend in part on the nature of the A.M.A. as an organism as well as an organization—on its personality and reactions. And, to understand the inner workings of the A.M.A., it is well to keep in mind that this vast self-government is not and never has been the monolithic, single-purpose organization that it often has been portrayed. Rather, it has a dual personality—as a hard-fighting political organization and as a professional association constantly striving to improve the quality of medical practice in America. By far the most visible side of this personality is the political one. For a generation it has been declaring war against anything it believes might lead to government control of medicine, particularly to any intervention in the physician's direct relationship with patients or in the setting of fees. The political A.M.A. has spent huge sums lobbying and propagandizing for its point of view. Many measures considered by their proponents as modest social advances have been branded by the A.M.A. as "socialized medicine," breaches of the free enterprise system and threats to the quality of medicine.

Critics of the A.M.A. point out that it opposed such developments as voluntary health insurance under Blue Cross; federal grants to states to reduce maternal and child mortality; prepaid group health cooperatives; elimination of the "means test" in federal-state programs for crippled children; and granting of Social Security benefits to disabled workers at age 50.

On the other hand, the A.M.A. later accepted and even helped strengthen certain of the programs which it had sought to prevent. Blue Cross, for example, applied only to hospital bills; the A.M.A. later sponsored Blue Shield to cover doctors' services. And Plan B of Medicare, the supplemental, voluntary insurance, owes much to the Eldercare plan which the A.M.A. advanced as a substitute for the original Medicare plan.

The rearguard political actions of the A.M.A. haven't been unanimously admired by A.M.A. members. "Negative, negative—always negatives!" exclaimed one youngish general practitioner. "The doctor's image is getting terrible. But it's partly our own fault. Many of us are so busy practicing that we let the older, more conservative doctors run the show." And Dr. Walter H. Judd, M.D., a former member of Congress, recently advised the A.M.A. House of Delegates, "Too often we have been on the defensive and haven't been able to get the people to follow us instead of the pied pipers."

A longtime Washington lobbyist, himself a conservative, who has observed the A.M.A.'s political activities with a professional eye, shakes his head at what he considers sheer ineptness. "I couldn't work for them," he says. "Not long, anyway, because I'd have to tell them the truth. Then they would fire me. The trouble is, in an organization like the A.M.A., the zealots get the applause, rise to the top. If their own people try to tell them unpleasant facts, they consider this treason. They have no sense of political compromise, so they continually wind up on the anti side of emotional issues, making it look like they are against motherhood, crippled children, old folks."

In the Pennsylvania Dutch atmosphere of his office in Lancaster, Pa., A.M.A. President Appel seems anything but a zealot. He doesn't breathe hell-fire and defiance as did some of his predecessors. He is sure, of course, that Medicare became law not because people wanted it but because many members of Congress "acting as political sheep . . . yielded to the siren song by the sweet voices of labor and the ivory towers." But he argues against any kind of a physicians' boycott of Medicare on both a moral and a public-relations basis. "I am opposed to it as a very poor tactic," he says. "We don't have the right to violate the law or to violate its spirit or its intent. Even if it were perfectly legal for the A.M.A. to endorse nonparticipation, it might well be unwise." He adds that when doctors actually strike and refuse to render any service, as they did in Saskatchewan and Belgium, "it becomes a matter of life and death—not the same as whether or not you can get a taxicab."

During the years in which the A.M.A.'s political side has been charging full tilt into legislative battles, the quieter efforts of its other side have been badly overshadowed. Yet in the long run this part of the A.M.A. may have the greater and more beneficial effects on our society. Many people, doctors included, aren't fully aware of the tremendous scope and variety of the A.M.A.'s contributions to our modern medical system.

Even the A.M.A.'s political enemies pay sincere tribute on that score. "The American people owe a lot to the A.M.A. for the work it has done to improve medical education, hospitals and standards of medicine," says Nelson Cruikshank, recently retired director of A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Social-Security division and one of the architects of Medicare. "There's no question that the doctors in this country are among the finest in the world—although *all* Americans don't necessarily get the best medical care."

The broad aim of the A.M.A., as stated in its constitution, is "to promote the art and science of medicine and the betterment of public health." It was founded in 1847 when a number of medical societies and medical schools got together to do something about the sad state of medical education and about the quacks, illiterates and fakers who were preying on the ill. It is now the world's largest professional organization, with more than 1,900 county medical societies and 54 state and territorial societies.

It is engaged in an almost incredible array of projects, in addition to the part it plays in setting the standards for, and accrediting, medical schools and hospitals. One of its newest ventures, for example, is a biomedical-research program to explore the basic processes of life itself. One of its earliest actions was to establish a code of ethics to which physicians are expected to adhere; a physician found guilty of unethical conduct may be censured, suspended or expelled from his local medical society—a punishment which may well be a fatal blow to his professional career. Dozens of A.M.A. councils and committees, drawing upon the services of eminent specialists, are continually at work studying medical and health problems and developing guides and educational materials. These studies cover everything from air pollution and automobile safety (the A.M.A. pioneered the use of seat belts) to blood transfusions and sex education. The A.M.A. even maintains an advisory committee to give technical aid to TV and movie producers. "We don't censor," says Dudley M. Cobb Jr., M.D., co-chairman. "We offer advice."

In addition to all this, the A.M.A. is a large-scale publishing house, producing literally billions of printed words a year on medicine and health. Its current list of booklets and pamphlets contains around 1,000 titles. Each week it publishes the thick, slick *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "This is designed to give the doctor the new technical information of medicine in general—to read in his office," say the editors. "We even feature a disease-of-the-month." They point out that *J.A.M.A.*'s pages are designed and titled to be pulled out for filing. There's also the weekly *A.M.A. News*, reporting general news which bears on medicine "for the doctors to read at home." Each month the A.M.A. also turns out *Today's Health*, a popularly written medical magazine for laymen, plus 10 strictly technical journals, such as *Archives of Ophthalmology*—one for each of the major specialties. Recently the A.M.A. published an impressive 624-page book, *Today's Health Guide*, intended for family use. It is sold by mail for $5.95 a copy and already has become something of a best seller, with more than 60,000 copies sold.

The headquarters for this complex of medical activity is a much remodeled and expanded nine-story building on Chicago's near North Side. Here, in surroundings that are bright and pleasant, although a bit reminiscent of hospital atmosphere,

'People have great respect, even affection, for their doctors as individuals, but as an organization our image is not good.'

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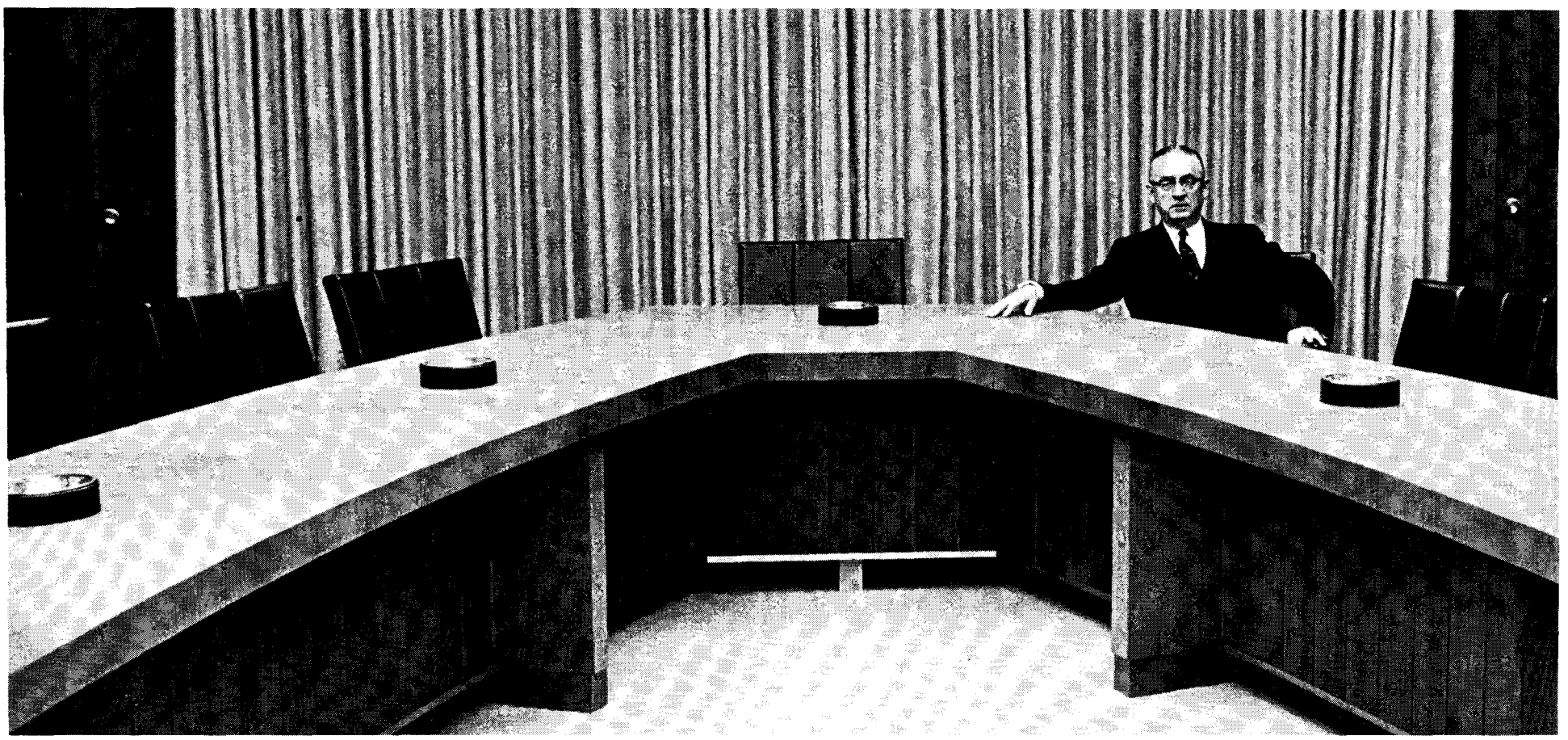
'The American people owe a lot to the A.M.A. for the work it has done to improve medical education, hospitals, standards of medicine.'

approximately 900 full-time employees labor in behalf of organized medicine, Most of these are not physicians at all but experts in a number of other fields—computer programmers, rural sociologists, economists, writers, advertising salesmen, lawyers and artists—with a liberal sprinkling of public-relations men.

At the top of the staff pyramid is Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, a tall, dignified surgeon of 58 from Wharton, Tex., who is called "Bing" by his friends. Doctor Blasingame is the A.M.A.'s executive vice president, its operating manager and one of its main spokesmen. He is, of course, responsible to the board of trustees and is guided by the policies laid down by the A.M.A. House of Delegates, a 236-member body elected by state societies.

"One of the A.M.A.'s biggest problems as we face the future," he says, with a modified Southwestern twang, "is to keep the public aware of our activities so they will grant us the respect and freedom to render the service they need." He speaks of "the burst of knowledge in medicine" and how the A.M.A. works to spread that knowledge to the medical profession and the individual citizen. Any suggestion that the A.M.A. has become reactionary in its old age tends to make Doctor Blasingame bristle—in a diplomatic way, of course. "Just look around here," he says, "and you can see that the A.M.A. isn't afraid to try out new approaches."



Actual administration of the huge association is the responsibility of Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, here seated in board room of the A.M.A.'s national headquarters in Chicago.

An exploration of the internal, day-to-day workings of the A.M.A. does indeed turn up a number of exciting ventures. In a number of new laboratories a small corps of well-paid scientists is studying the basic mechanisms of life and disease. Called the A.M.A. Biomedical Research Institute, it is supported by the A.M.A. Education and Research Foundation, to which doctors, drug companies and others make tax-deductible contributions.

The institute's director is 36-year-old Roy E. Ritts Jr., M.D., an intense, dark-eyed immunologist with a somewhat jazzy conversational style. "A couple of years ago I was a professor in an ivy-covered medical-college womb in Washington, D.C., and I said, 'Why doesn't the A.M.A. *do* something, not just play politics?' So I proposed this biomedical institute, and darned if the A.M.A. didn't ask me to organize it."

Doctor Ritts has recruited a small nucleus of scientific investigators—"men who can raise questions and then try to find the answers"—who are paid "superior salaries" (up to $45,000). Each researcher is supplied with a lab of his own design and technical assistants. Then he is left alone, with no administrative duties, no pressure to publish papers. "The only restriction is that his line of inquiry must be aimed toward a better understanding of life processes," says Doctor Ritts.

Not far down the hall from the gleaming glass and stainless steel of the institute is a simple office whose only ornament is a plain silver cross. Here the A.M.A. is seeking to develop better working relationships between medicine and religion. At first, this might seem a somewhat misty venture. However, the Reverend Dr. Paul B. McCleave, an energetic Presbyterian minister who heads the Medicine and Religion Department, quickly gets down to specifics.

"This department started because of a misunderstanding between the clergy and doctors," he says. "Medicine went through a period when doctors more or less thought that almost any illness could be cured, and it was wholly the doctor's concern to deal with it. This gave clergymen the feeling that the doctors were arrogant and didn't want them at the hospital. The patient was caught in between. Actually, there are many cases in which the physician and minister *should* get together to meet the needs of the patient and his family."

Recent advances in the science of medicine also have raised some new moral and spiritual questions which physicians alone aren't prepared to answer: Why use the finest tools and techniques of science to keep a mentally hopeless baby alive? When does an elderly person, reduced by age and disease to a mindless vegetable, have the right to die? What about the moral and social problems that will arise as transplants of major organs, even reproductive organs, become possible?

"These are the things medical men and clergymen need to talk about," says Doctor McCleave.

Of its more traditional activities, the A.M.A. rather affectionately regards its long, aggressive battle against medical quacks and impostors as ' the fun department." During the 25-year regime (1924–49) of hyperactive Dr. Morris Fishbein as "the voice of American medicine"—he was editor of the *A.M.A. Journal* and a powerhouse in association affairs—the relentless exposure and pursuit of high-rolling quacks became an all-American spectator sport. Despite the risk of multimillion-dollar libel suits, the A.M.A. chased out of medicine, and sometimes into the penitentiary, such vicious fakers as "Doctor" John Brinkley, who made millions by implanting goat glands for the "rejuvenation" of elderly, impotent men.

Despite the A.M.A.'s watchfulness, quacks and impostors persist, lured by the $35 billion which Americans now spend yearly for all forms of health and medical care. "Nobody really knows the cost of quackery, but it must run to more than a billion a year," says Doyl Taylor, a legally trained former

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newspaper editor who now heads the A.M.A.'s Department of Investigation.

At the moment, Taylor is wondering when and where he may next hear of a young man named Martin Sven Joffe, who some months ago used forged credentials to pass himself off to a Denver hospital as a Swedish-trained M.D., with highest honors from the Royal Medical-Surgical Institute of Stockholm. Becoming suspicious of the young "doctor's" procedures, the hospital authorities checked him out and found that his only medical training had been as an Army medical corpsman. Joffe is just one of the current rash of impostors, but Taylor has a special curiosity about him. Joffe represents a new high in brashness because he stands out in any crowd: He is virtually an albino, with pale pink skin and near-white hair.

Among all of its vast and complex pursuits, none is closer to the heart and history of the A.M.A. than the improvement of medical education. Yet, except for its battles against Medicare, no other activity has brought the organization more persistent criticism. In its simplest form the accusation is that the association has used its powers over medical schools to limit the number of students and therefore of doctors. This production control in the face of a rising population has increased the incomes of doctors and the cost of medical care, say the accusers.

A.M.A. officials pooh-pooh the charge. "There's a tremendous *demand* for more doctors, just as there is for luxurious cars and yachts," says John C. Nunemaker, M.D., associate secretary of the Council on Medical Education. "But we can't show that there's an actual shortage, especially as compared to the rest of the world."

There's no doubt that, since its beginning, the A.M.A. has labored mightily and effectively to improve the quality of medical education. Medical standards were deplorably low in the early A.M.A. years in the 19th century. In those days a student could become an M.D. with six months of medical schooling and a period of apprenticeship—or he could simply buy a degree from one of the many "diploma mills" then operating. A diploma was enough to start practice; few states then required M.D.'s to take an examination for a license.

By the turn of the century, A.M.A. pressure had done much to upgrade the training provided at the medical schools. Students were required to complete a four-year course to get their M.D.'s, then had to pass state examinations for licenses to practice. In 1904 the A.M.A. set up a Council on Medical Education to inspect and grade medical colleges. The council's first survey shook up the medical schools considerably, especially when state medical boards began refusing to give examinations to M.D.'s from schools with poor ratings. Then, in 1908, the council arranged for an independent, impartial survey by the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching, under the leadership of Abraham Flexner, a respected educator. When published in 1910, the hard-hitting "Flexner Report" was a bombshell. It charged that most medical schools admitted students who were inadequately prepared, that facilities were often primitive and that some schools still were little more than diploma mills.

The Flexner Report blew many medical schools out of existence. Where there had been 160 schools in 1905, there were only 85 by 1920, of which 70 were A.M.A.-approved. The number of graduates dropped from 5,700 to 3,000 a year. Since then, the survey and rating of medical schools by the A.M.A. Council has become a continuous process, and since 1933 the A.M.A. and the Association of American Medical Colleges have acted jointly in their accreditation programs.

Naturally these reforms reduced the number of physicians competing for patients' dollars, but it was not until the depression that the A.M.A. actually advocated what the *A.M.A. Journal* called "professional birth control." During the 1930's the Council on Medical

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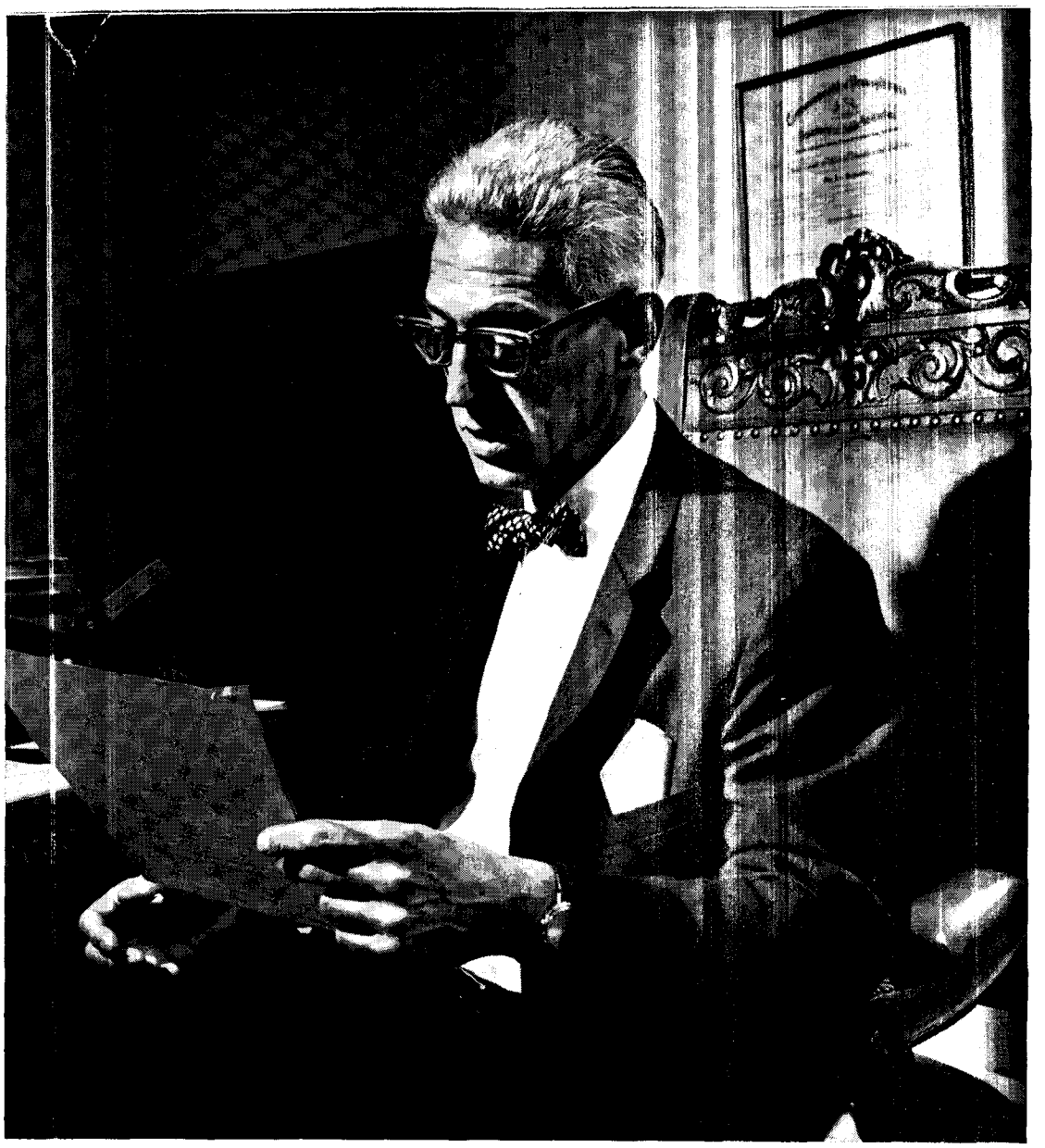
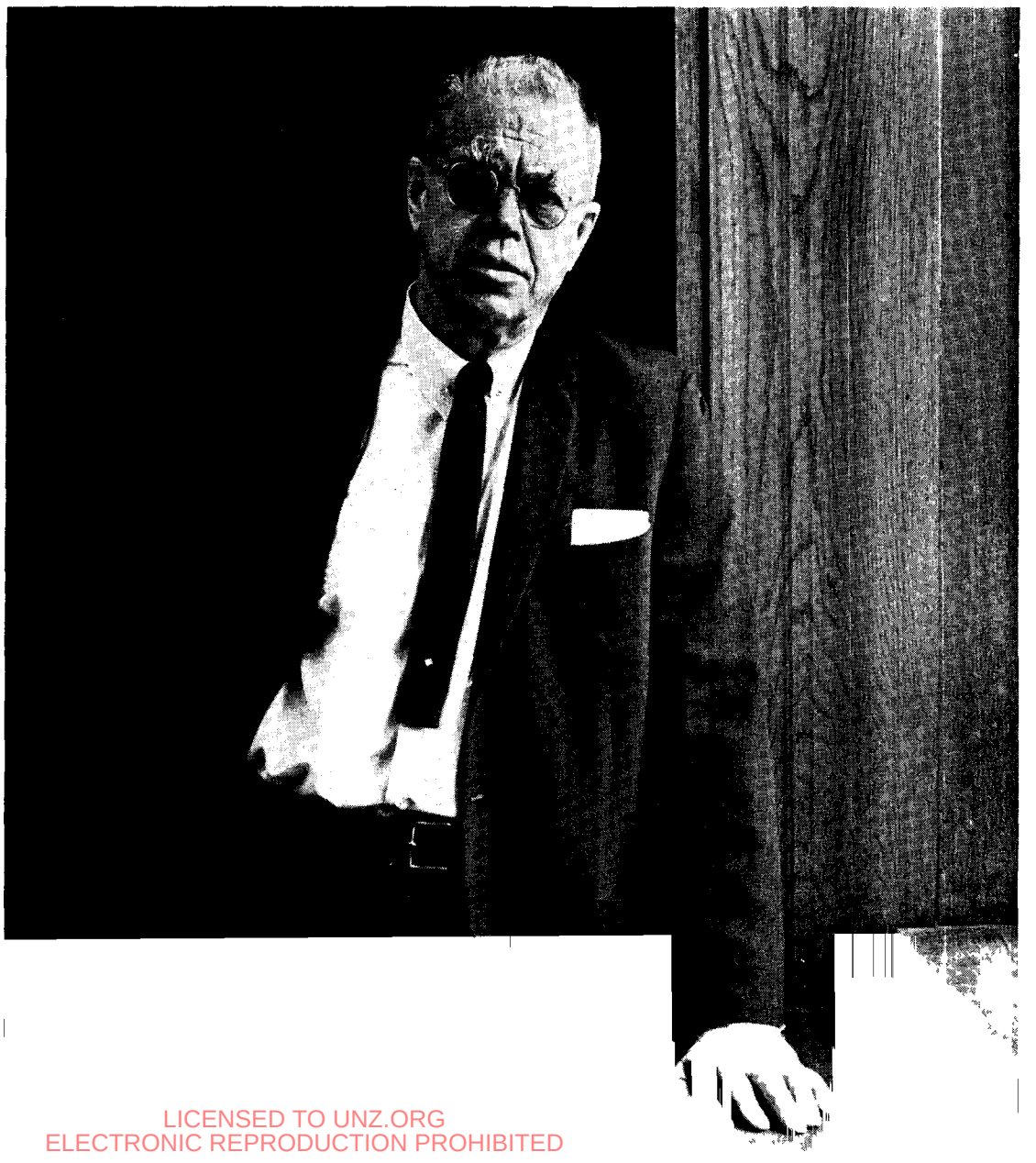


Few doctors criticize A.M.A. openly. An exception is Dr. Ira Schamberg, head of the dissident Physicians Forum.

Another doctor-critic is Caldwell Esselstyn, M.D.: "Anyone could see old folks weren't getting the care they needed."



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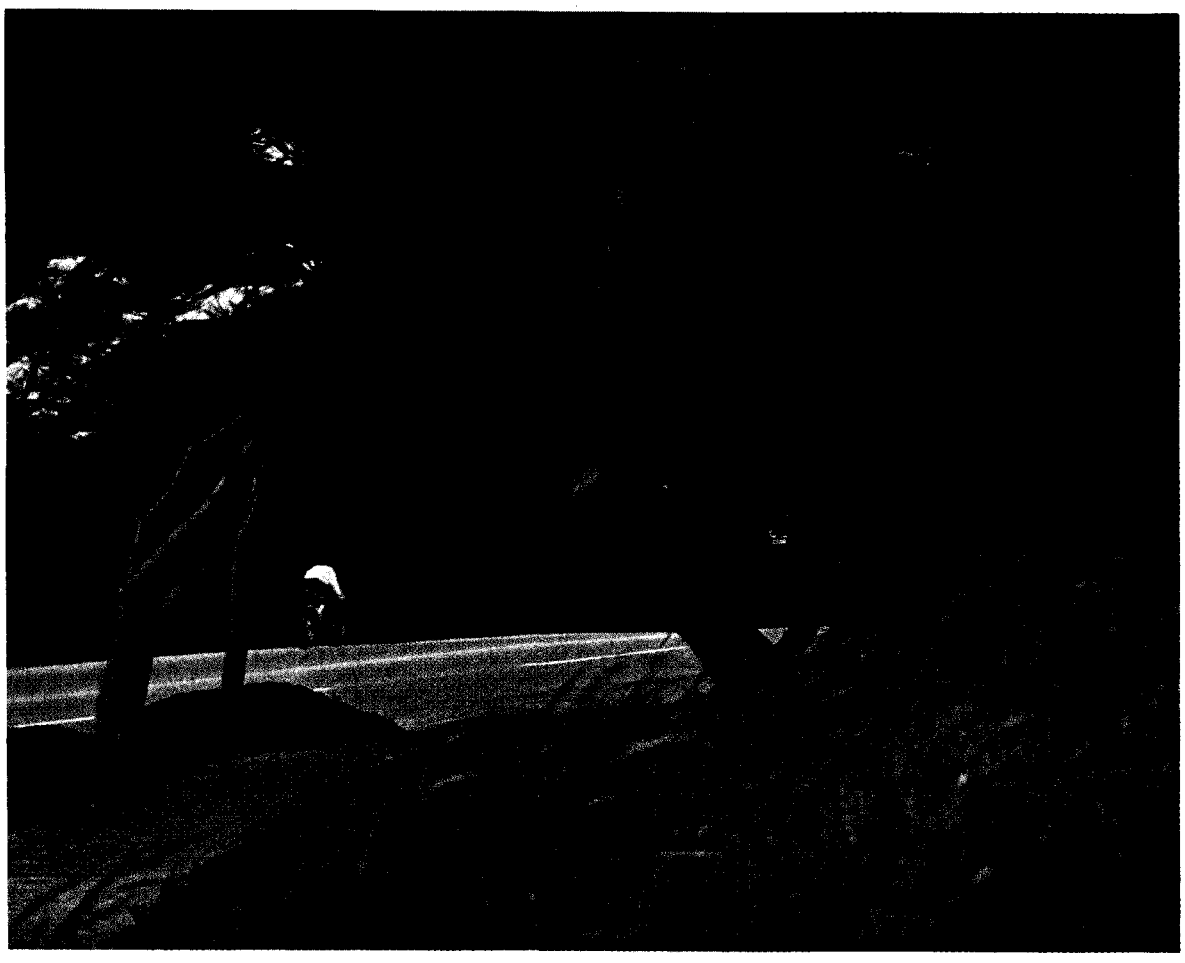
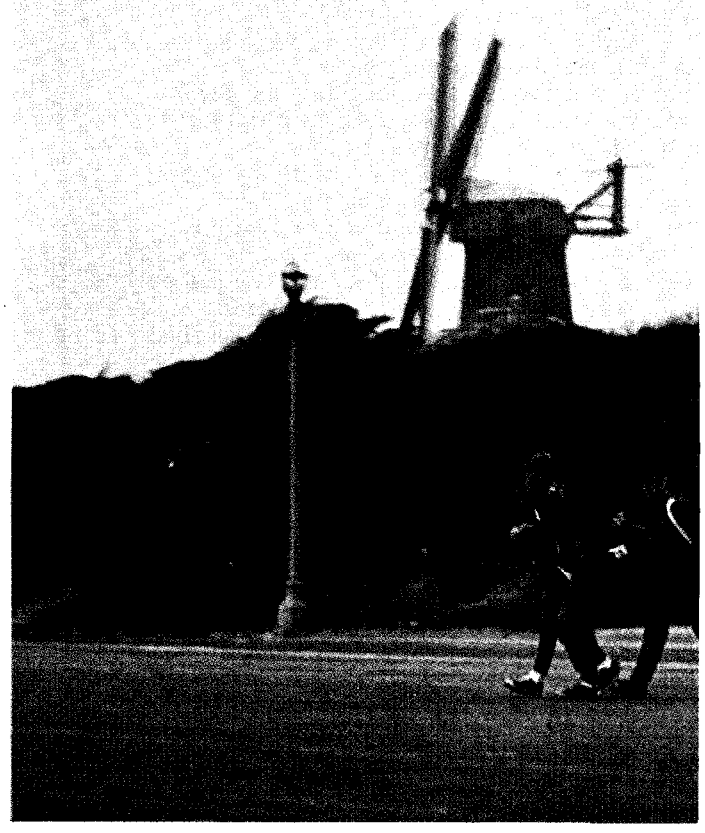
The Restless Wind

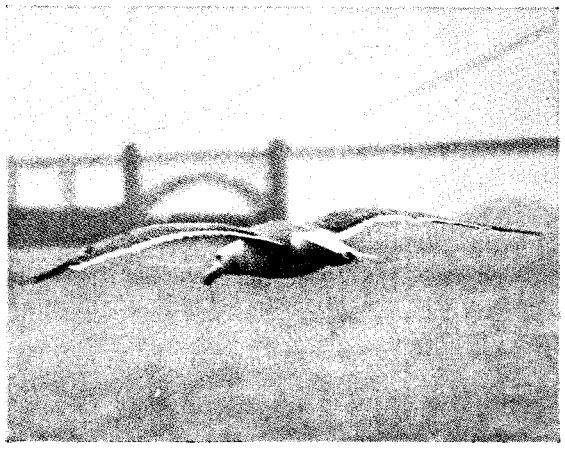
It seems senseless and raw in a city, as though angry at being funneled between buildings. It is at home in the country. Sometimes it tries to be funny, flicking hats off, disordering hair, disrupting man's dignity. Often it is just a casual companion, scaling leaves, fluttering wash lines, decorating the world with motion. Constantly moving eastward, it sticks close to the earth, and, being erratic, foolish, awesome and restless, it is a lot like the men it passes. They generally take it for granted.

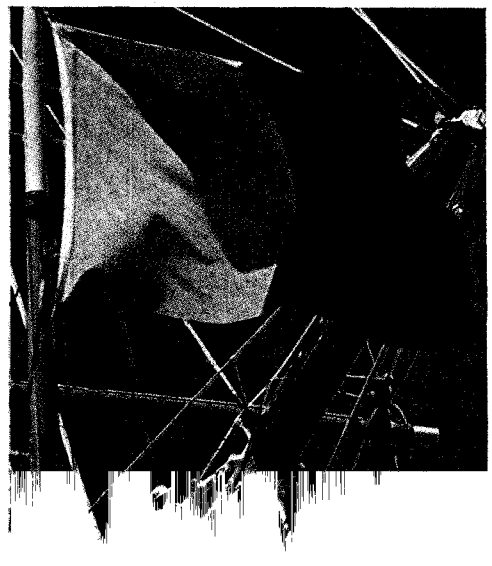




In San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, a boy on a bike races the wind through a sea of grass and cypress trees . . .

. . . while a sea gull just heads into it and, free of lanes, settles down to float past the Golden Gate Bridge.





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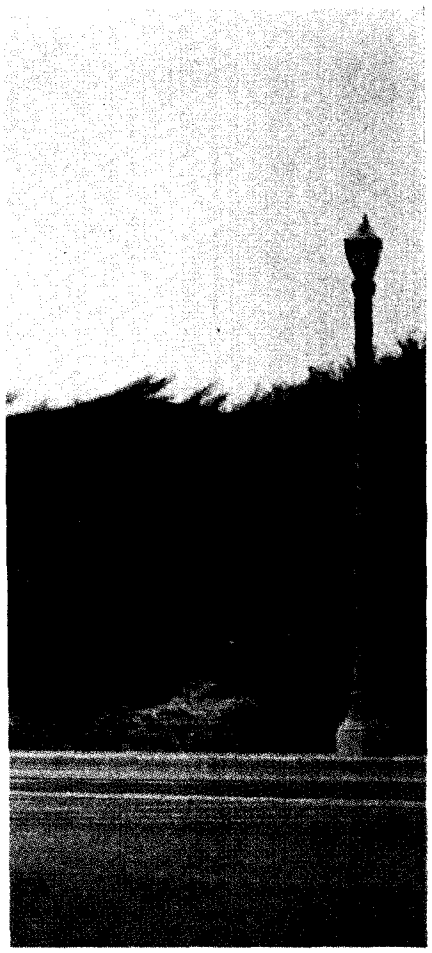
Photographs by
CHARLES HARBUTT



Golden Gate golfers (above) lean into a gale and speak of losing distance, ignoring a classic example of patience.

In San Francisco Bay (left), a clipper ship, unnecessary but still prized and proud, is readied to receive the wind.

At Zion National Park in Utah (right), the ceaseless wind, with imperceptible skill, carves its own memorial in rock.

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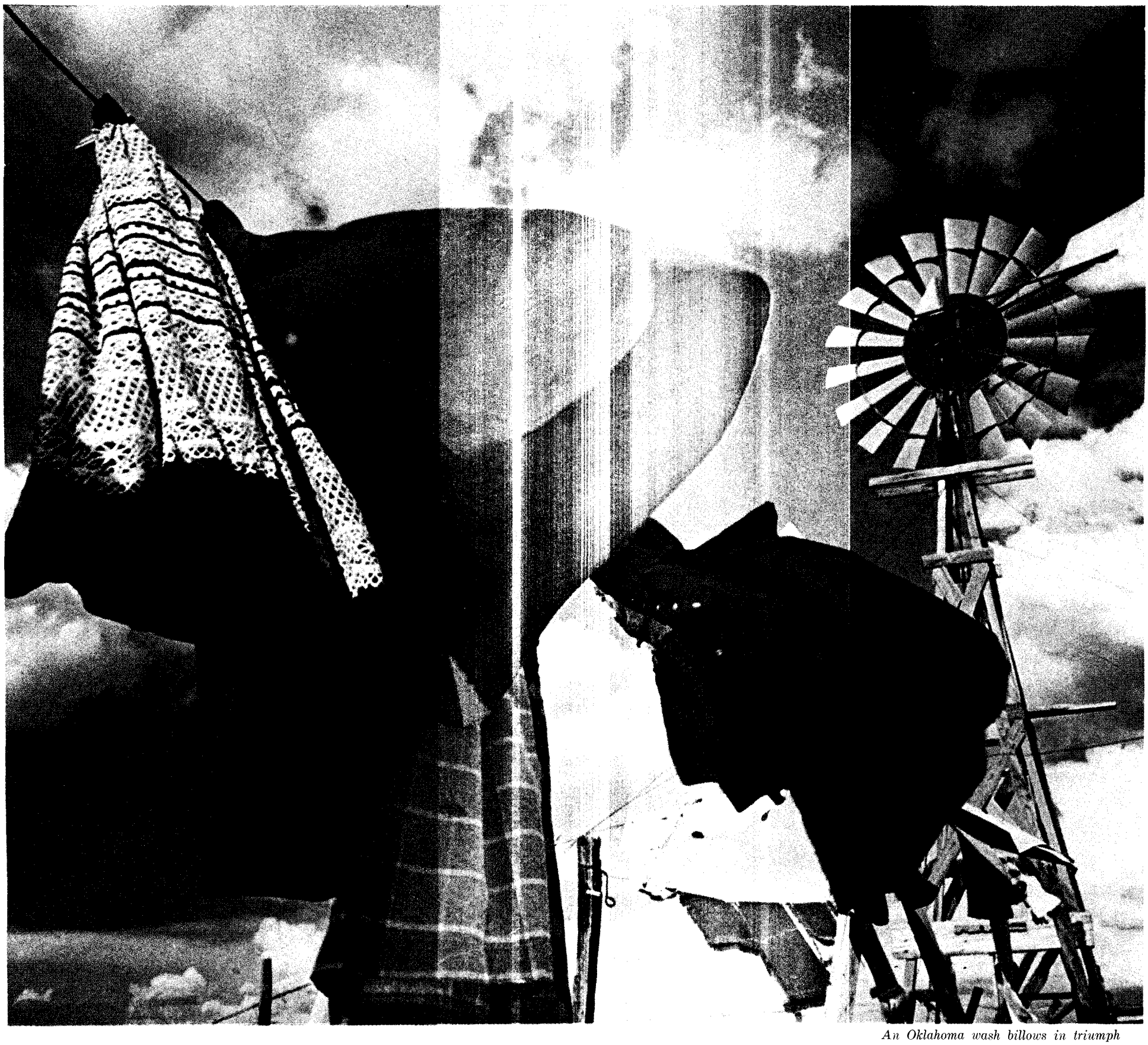
Moving east, to a favored city, the wind brushes past a girl in Chicago, leaving wisps of glory and bringing a smile.



An Oklahoma wash billows in triumph beneath one of the homely old windmills which brought water to a dust bowl.

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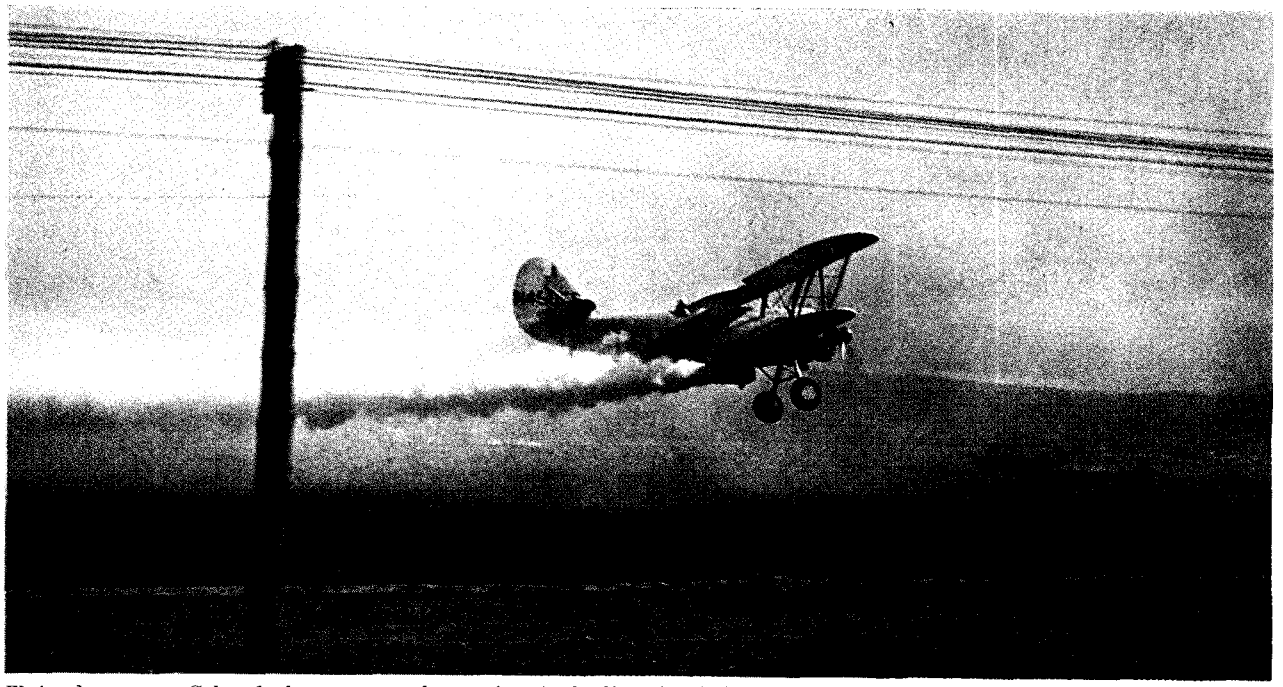
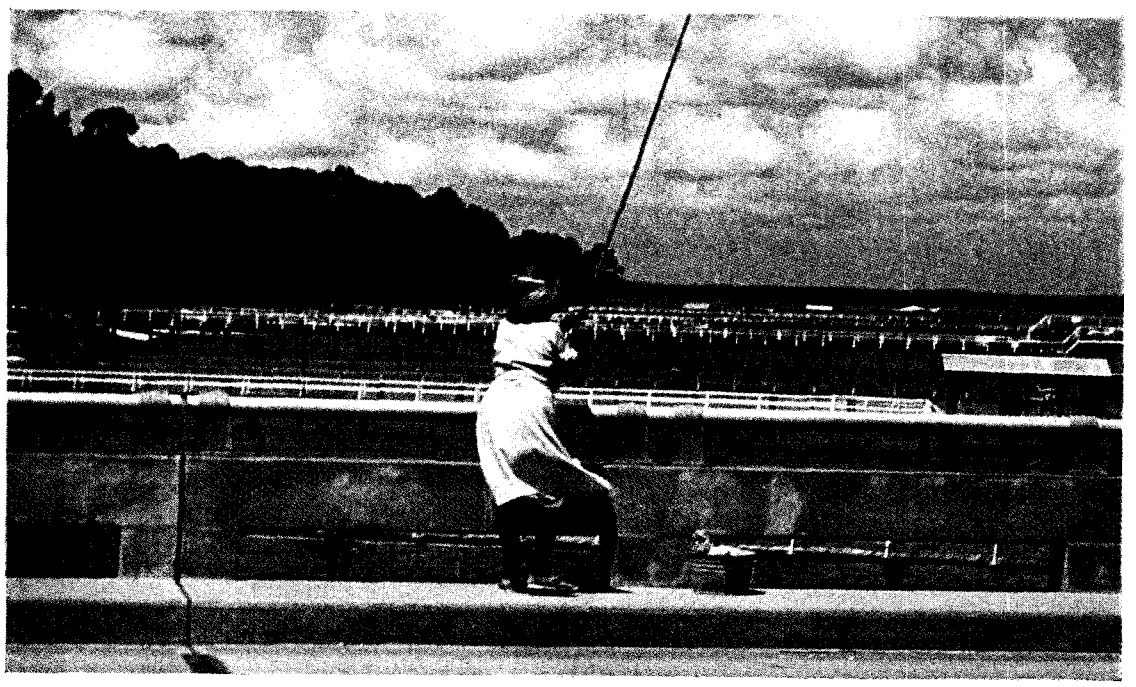
Felt only in passing, seen only by imprint, it comes out of the west like an invisible spirit, an everyday mystery that changes man and the land he lives on.

Casting for catfish near Biloxi, Miss., (middle, right), a woman conspires with wind and water to fill a dinner pail.

At the base of the Washington Monument (bottom, right), a proud semicircle of flags speaks of glory on a weekend breeze.



Flying low over a Colorado farm, a crop duster gives its healing chemicals to a gentle breeze for delivery to earth.



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At Cape Hatteras (left), the graveyard of the Atlantic, a lighthouse stands like a headstone for ships blown to ruin on the nearby rocks.

Freed from the narrow confines of New York City streets (above, middle), the wind swells out over a Central Park meadow to give a kite a lift.

The land ends. The wind keeps on. And near a wintry Maine fishing village (right), a solitary sea gull climbs the fleeing wind toward shore.

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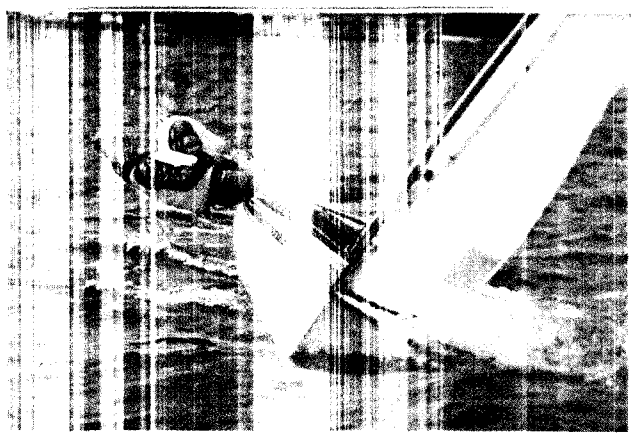
Shipwrecker and kiteflier,

enemy and friend, it adds its

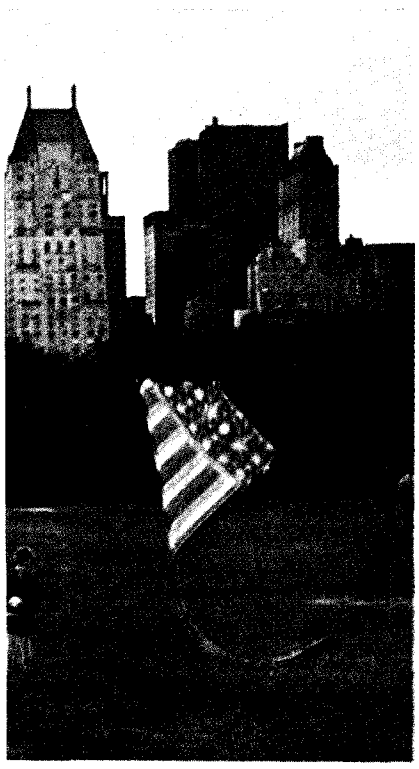
touch to a million moments and, fresh

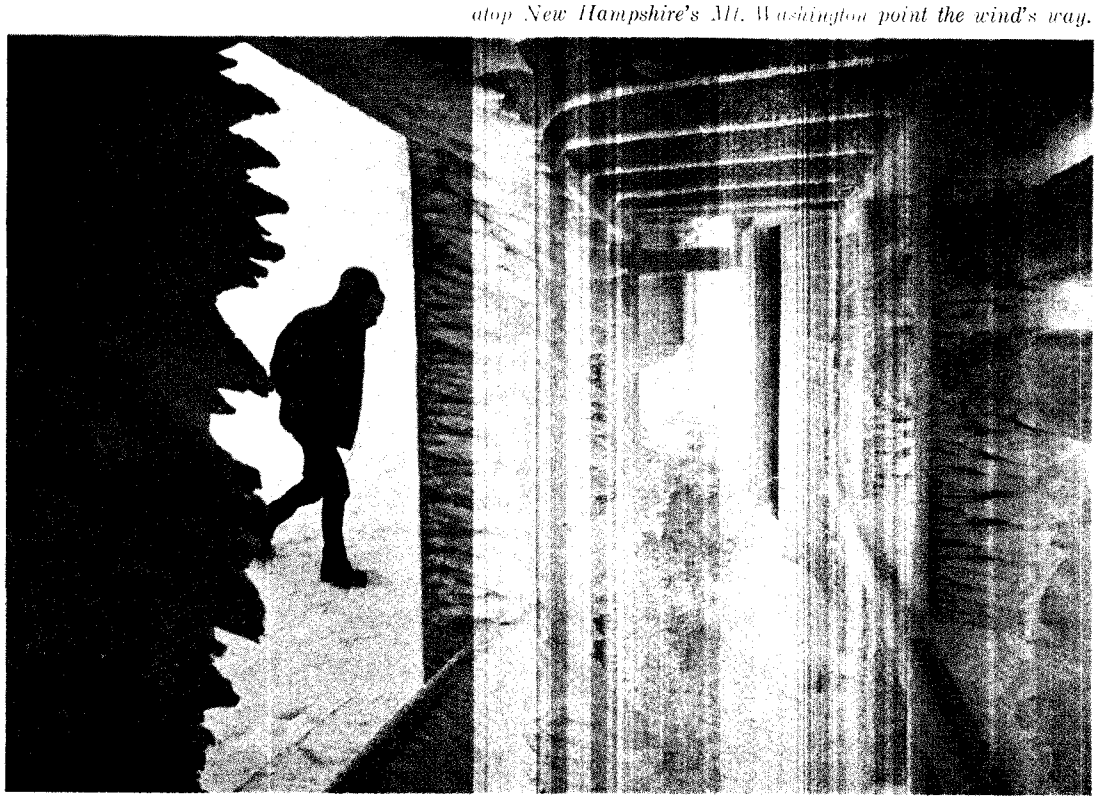
and unpredictable, turns to the sea.

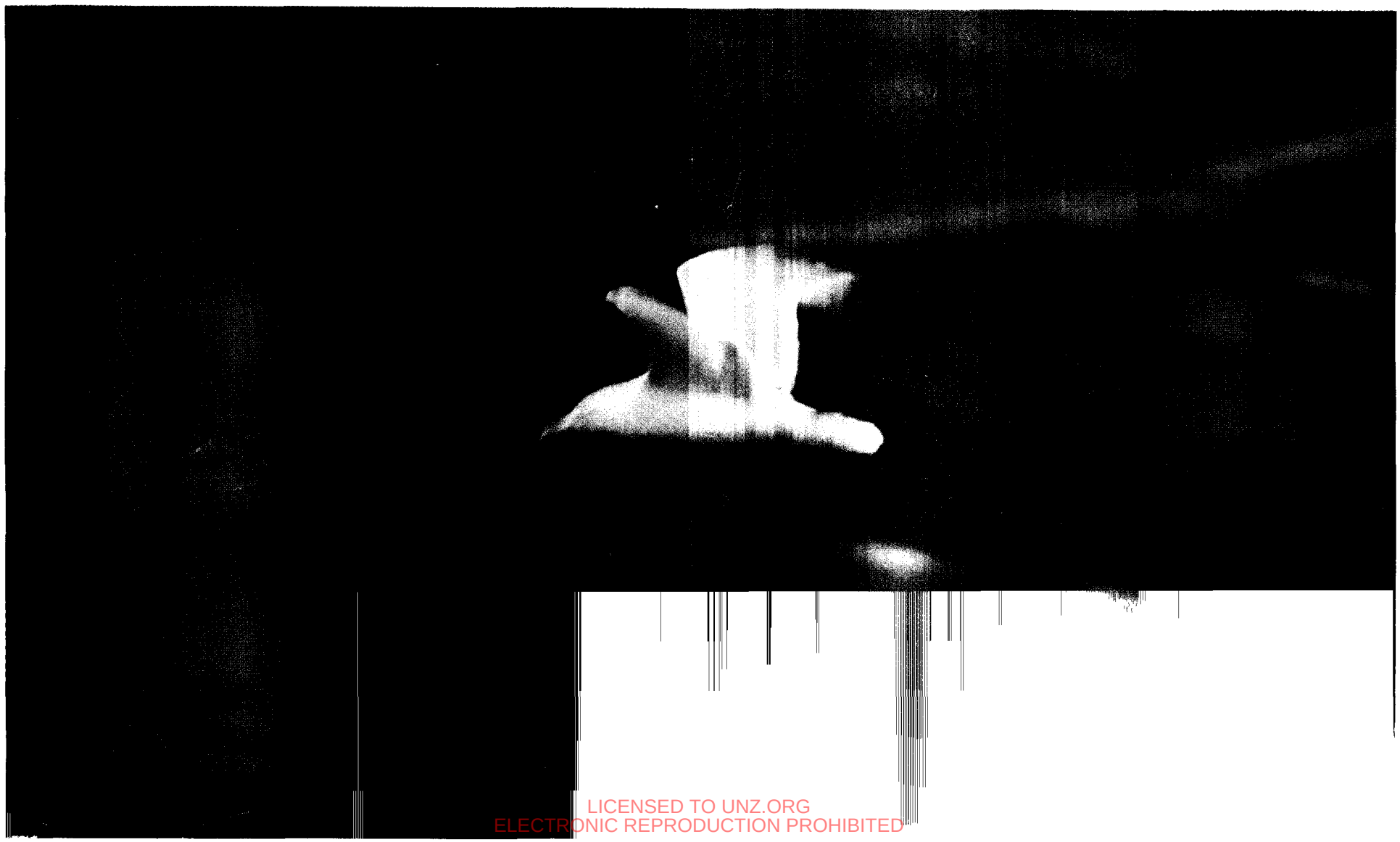


In a family partnership at Long Island Sound (above), the wind and two young sailors struggle for control of a tiny boat.

Like frozen weather vanes (below), birches on a weather station atop New Hampshire's Mt. Washington point the wind's way.







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FANTASY, FLESH AND FELLINI

The director of 'La Dolce Vita' and 'Juliet of the Spirits' baffles and enraptures audiences, is damned as a fake, praised as a genius.

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Federico Fellini, a 45-year-old Italian movie director who has made, among other films, *La Strada*, *La Dolce Vita*, *8½* and the current *Juliet of the Spirits*, is obsessed with the human face. His offices in Rome are littered with thousands of closeup photographs of faces—people of all ages, types and descriptions whose faces have at one time or another interested him. Stuffed into overflowing filing cases, stacked on the floor, strewn on almost every desk, table and chair, and tacked all over the walls are Fellini's collection of some 30,000 such likenesses. When he is casting a new movie, a process that takes him months, he riffles constantly through these photographs, his face bearing the absorbed look of a man who has lost something vitally important but who is certain that it is somewhere frustratingly close at hand.

But Fellini does not cast only from stills. When he is about to make a new movie, he inserts this classified ad in all of Rome's daily newspapers: "*Signor Fellini sta preparando un nuovo film e gli piacerebbe incontrare chiunque lo vuole incontrare*," "Mr. Fellini is preparing a new film and would be pleased to meet with anyone who would care to meet with him," that is, to talk about appearing in the film. And this one-line ad brings an enormous response, as thousands of pushing, shoving and shouting Italians line up in the streets outside his offices to be interviewed. Slouched behind a

For 8½, Fellini forced Sandra Milo to gain 20 pounds, but for JULIET she took 15 pounds off her normal weight.

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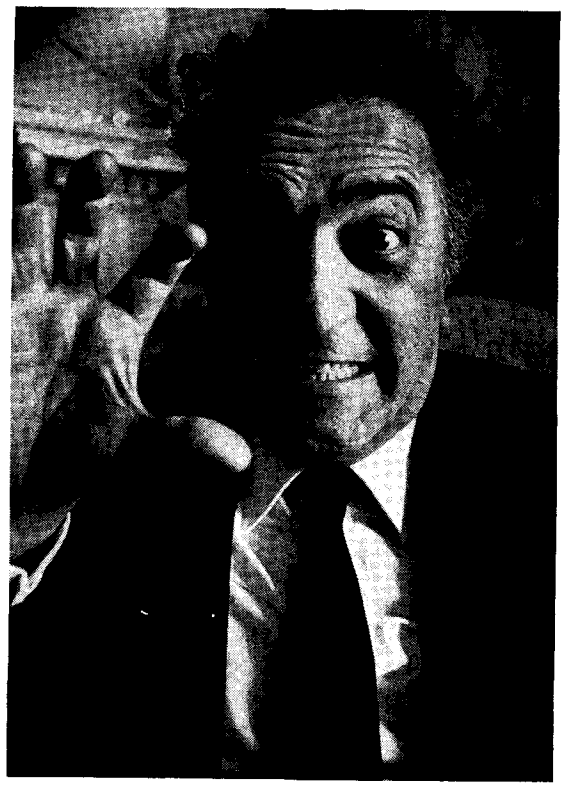
massive desk, Fellini intently watches the applicants file by, speaks gently and politely to each for perhaps a minute, asks that every 20th or so be photographed, and gives maybe one in 200 an on-the-spot screen test.

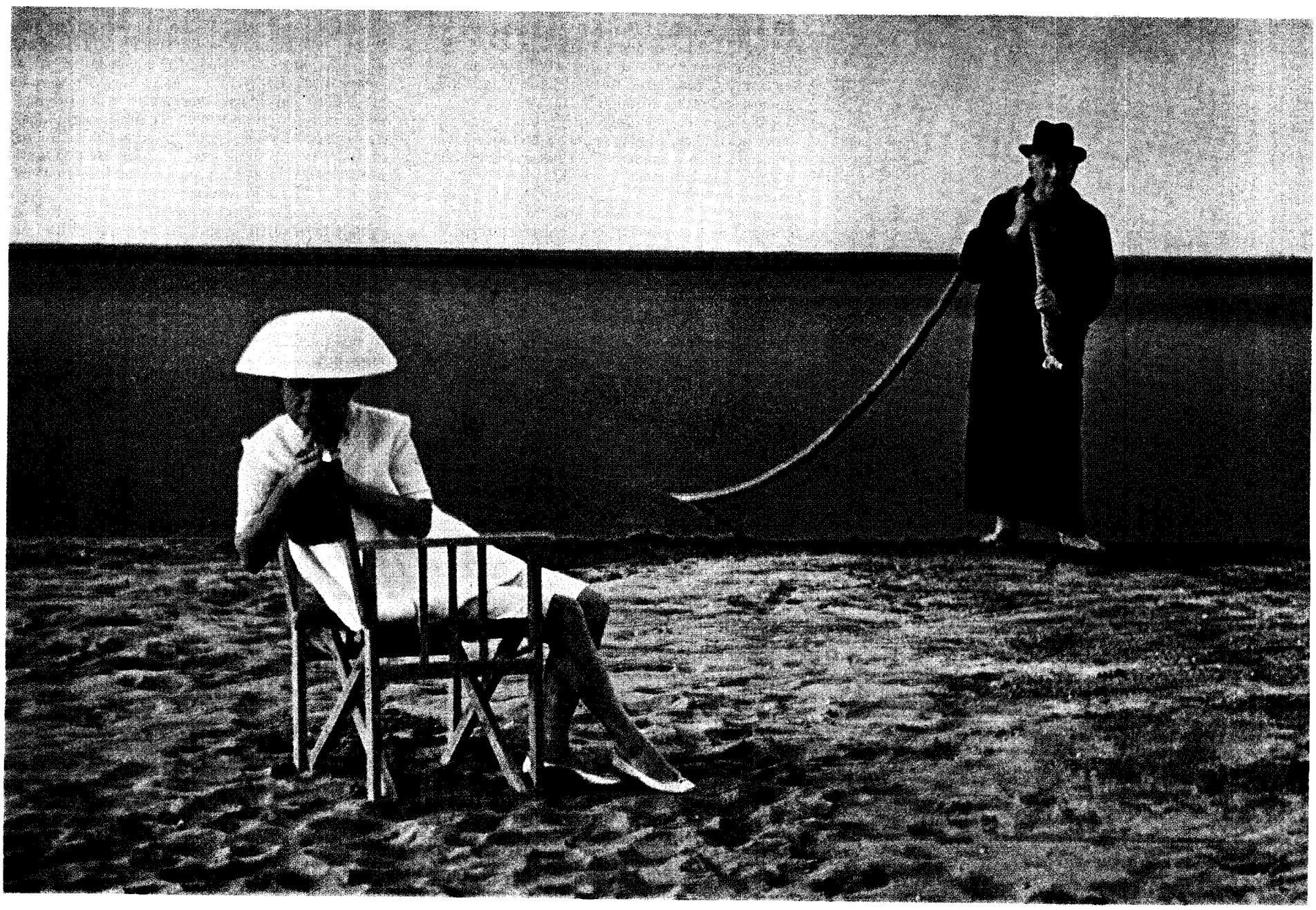
Of course, established professionals like Marcello Mastroianni are tested in private, but everybody gets essentially the same treatment. As a consequence, all sorts of people turn up in Fellini movies—bartenders, cabdrivers, prostitutes, derelicts, ditchdiggers, elevator operators. He is convinced that anyone who can relax enough in front of the cameras simply to play himself is almost always the best person for a role. Fellini sometimes uses this logic in casting lead roles. He cast his wife, Giulietta Masina, in the title role in *Juliet of the Spirits*, the painfully autobiographical—if symbolically represented—story of the Fellinis' marriage. *Juliet of the Spirits* tells the story from Miss Masina's point of view, as earlier, in *8½*, Fellini told it from his own point of view.

"For me, casting is the most important single element in film making," Fellini said when he was in New York recently for the American premiere of *Juliet of the Spirits*, "but it is very difficult to find the *one* person who will play the role better than anyone else possibly can." To find that one person, Fellini will go to any ends, sometimes holding up production for weeks at a cost of thousands of dollars. He spent months searching for a 13- or 14-year-old girl who fit the vision he had in his mind of Paola, the young innocent who waves and calls out across the beach in the final scene of *La Dolce Vita*. When all normal casting methods had failed, Fellini went on Italian radio and television to describe the girl he was looking for, and, when this failed to work, he rented a theater in Rome and took a newspaper ad inviting all mothers of teen-age girls to bring their daughters to meet Signor Fellini. In an eight-hour period he studied, with no luck, the faces of more than 5,000 teen-age girls, a task that might have exhausted Humbert Humbert. Fellini had almost given up, when, in the midst of shooting *La Dolce Vita*, he went to a friend's house for dinner. Just as the meal was about to be served, his friend's 13-year-old daughter, whom Fellini hadn't seen in years, came downstairs to say good-night. "*Paola*," whispered Fellini, and the child, Valeria Ciangottini, was signed next morning for the part.

In the opinion of all sorts of people, from Mike Nichols to novelist Alberto Moravia, Federico Fellini is the best motion-picture director in the world, and they have arrived at this opinion from having viewed what, by Fellini's own curious count, are his nine-and-a-half motion pictures:



On a New York promotion trip, Fellini mugs in his hotel.



In a psychic sequence from JULIET, *Fellini's wife, the actress Giulietta Masina, awaits apparition from lagoon.*

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The search is first for the right faces, then the script, then the voices.

Arriving in New York for the JULIET premiere, Sandra Milo received press and promotion people in sexy outfit.

½: *Variety Lights* (1950), a sad-funny depiction of a fourth-rate touring Italian vaudeville company which Fellini considers only half his own because it was co-directed by Alberto Lattuada.

1½: *The White Sheik* (1951), a broad lampoon of the Italian adult comic-strip industry.

2½: *I Vitelloni* (1953), the story of Fellini's young manhood in the provinces.

3: *Una Agenzia Matrimoniale* (1953), a segment of a four-part film called *L'Amore in Città*.

4: *La Strada* (1954), a poetic rendering of the wanderings about the Italian countryside of a brutish strong man and his innocent assistant.

5: *Il Bidone* (1955), a study of an aging confidence man, who fleeces gullible Italian peasants.

6: *The Nights of Cabiria* (1957), the seriocomic adventures of a woebegone Roman prostitute.

7: *La Dolce Vita* (1960), a satiric caricature of contemporary Roman high life.

7½: *The Temptation of Doctor Antonio* (1961), a segment of the four-part film *Boccaccio '70*.

8½: *8½* (1963), an autobiographical portrait of a middle-aged Italian movie director making a movie about a middle-aged Italian movie director.

9½: *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965), the fantasies of a lonely middle-aged woman who becomes obsessed by ghosts, spirits and visions.

Among those who do *not* think that Fellini is the best director in the world—despite the fact that his nine-and-a-half movies have won more than 200 major international film prizes, including three Academy Awards—is Fellini himself, who, having seen only two of Ingmar Bergman's films, *Wild Strawberries* and *The Silence*, awards the honor to Bergman. Fellini doesn't much concern himself with such judgments, though, since he has one consuming interest—making movies.

Somehow, when Fellini is directing a film, he appears to be everywhere at once. One afternoon about a year ago when he was shooting a scene for *Juliet of the Spirits* on a beach near Rome, an American visitor got the distinct impression that Fellini was making the film almost single-handedly, though some 30 performers and an 80-man crew were also on hand. When filming on a beach, it is necessary to dampen the ground in front of the cameras so that as little sand blows as possible, and wetting down the ground is normally a job for a set hand. The visitor spotted Fellini, however, racing about with a watering can, doing the job himself. And, in the next glance, Fellini was spotted at the top of a 30-foot camera tower, scanning the scene below through a viewfinder, and, less than a minute later, there he was 100 feet down the beach sighting through a camera.

A big man, six feet tall, with a tendency to be somewhat bulky, Fellini manages to move about a film set with a great deal of natural grace and swagger. He is almost invariably dressed in the same outfit—black shoes, black socks, a dark blue suit, a white shirt, a black knit tie and a wide-brimmed Stetson-like hat in either black or white, which he wears pushed back jauntily on his head. A handsome man, with a graying mane of black hair combed straight back from a high, broad forehead, Federico Fellini is in many ways distinguished-looking. On the other hand, because he invariably needs a shave, wears his tie loosened at the collar, usually has a cigarette dangling from his lips and, in general, almost always looks a bit rumpled, he also could pass for a slightly down-at-the-heels confidence man.

He possesses, to an immense degree, the charm of a confidence man, having the knack of talking almost everyone into doing exactly what he wants him to do. While directing, Fellini frequently relies on straight charm to get the performance he wants out of an actor or actress. During the filming of *La Dolce Vita*, for instance, the French actress Anouk Aimée wasn't able to project two conflicting qualities that Fellini had ordered—a sense of cold, suppressed hysteria that nonetheless suggested a lost, sympathetic woman. After hours of patiently explaining what he wanted, Fellini at last tried another tack. He tried to break up Miss Aimée by doing a spirited jig, making funny faces and wildly waving his arms above his head while she performed. In her effort not to laugh at Fellini's antics, Miss Aimée became particularly tense, while at the same time her amusement showed through just enough to make her seem likable, and she ultimately gave a performance that critics called the best of her career.

Fellini's charm has more than once been responsible for getting actors and actresses, among them Anthony Quinn, Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina, to give the best performances of their careers. Miss Masina, a diminutive, plumpish, slightly pop-eyed blonde, has given only drab and unimaginative performances when she has worked for other directors, while under her husband's direction she has been hailed in Europe as the greatest motion-picture actress of her generation—"a sublime combination of Chaplin, Harpo Marx and Greta Garbo."

After acting under Fellini's direction, performers tend not only to have nearly boundless respect for him as a director but also a deep personal affection. In fact, actresses who work for Fellini are forever falling madly in love with him, a circumstance that has often caused him some embarrassment, for while there's no getting around the fact that Fellini is something of a ladies' man, as frankly admitted in the autobiographical *8½*, he has been married to Miss Masina, more or less happily, for more than 22 years.

Fellini is popularly known throughout Italy as *il Poeta*, but he might more accurately be called *il Novellista*, for his methods are somewhat more those of the novelist than they are of the poet. Fellini once tried writing a novel, but didn't get very far with it. "I couldn't stand being alone all day, when I knew that outside everyone was having *fun*," Fellini remarked. "Later, when I got into the movie business, I discovered that film making exactly suited my temperament. A director, I found, could surround himself with people, could be laughing, talking, joking while he was creating a work of art. But, in a sense, I have not given up my interest in novel-writing. When I am directing a film, I am like a novelist who is writing a novel about a voyage while he is at the same time making the voyage. And I set about creating films perhaps in the way that Marco Polo sailed for the Orient, not knowing really what may happen along the journey or where the end may lie—on a voyage of discovery."

A Fellini film always springs from an original Fellini idea, often an extremely autobiographical one—a fact which he is only reluctantly willing to admit. "I like to think that my films are about all men, and therefore about me," Fellini has said. "In any event, I could scarcely say that they were about me, and therefore about all men. In creating a film, I most often begin with the slightest hint of an idea, a character, or a situation—it is a candle that magically lights itself in a vast, dark and gusty room. One must walk softly about the room, closing all of the windows, so that the flame will not blow out in the wind."

Once the flame of an idea has ignited in Fellini's mind, he has a series of preliminary talks with his three veteran co-writers—Tullio Pinelli, Ennio Flaiano and Brunello Rondi. If Fellini decides to go ahead with the project, he and his three co-writers go for a month or two to some quiet place such as an out-of-season Lake Como resort hotel. At the hotel the four men may talk for days about the film, often sitting up all night to discuss a minor character. "Ah, yes, and she will have had a mild case of polio when she was thirteen, and this will account for a slight limp and a certain sadness in her face," Pinelli might say, and Rondi will perhaps add that the character's father died when she was six years old and this affects her attitude toward older men. And Fellini himself may then describe the character in exact physical detail. "Federico has an incredibly visual cinematic imagination," one of his co-writers said not long ago. "He is the only man I know who thinks with a thirty-five-millimeter mind."

Fellini next assigns each of his three co-writers to write everything he can possibly think of about a character, a location or a scene that has been discussed. This phase often takes a couple of months, after which, though thousands of words have been written, there is still no scenario in the ordinary sense. By this time, however, Fellini has a pretty good idea of the sort of faces, voices, locations and sets that will be needed for the film, and he and his three co-writers then trek back to

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Rome, where work on the script continues. Fellini next has a series of conferences with his permanent production staff, a loyal, enthusiastic and extremely hard-working cadre of some 30 assistant directors, technical directors, unit managers and production secretaries, perhaps the most important of whom are Piero Gherardi, Fellini's art director and set and costume designer; Otello Fava, his makeup man; and Clemente Fracassi, his chief of production.

After perhaps a year of concentrated seven-day-a-week, 18-hour days spent on the script, casting and searching for locations, Fellini quietly starts shooting his movie, first filming what is to be the opening shot of the picture and then attempting to continue in this manner, so that each scene is shot in the sequence in which it will eventually appear in the film. When shooting begins, however, there is still little or no dialogue written, and the last scenes of the picture have usually not even so much as been outlined.

"If I first carefully wrote out a completed scenario, I'd feel that the thing had already been accomplished in the writing—I'd have no interest in trying to film it," Fellini has said. "I love to improvise while filming—something unexpected in one scene suddenly leads perhaps to another scene I'd never dreamed of, and then to another. And I don't want to know where it is going or where it will end. A film—like a painting, a novel, a poem or a symphony—must be permitted to have an inner creative life of its own. It must not be like painting by the numbers."

To get the performances he wants, Fellini resorts to an enormous variety of tricks. He will clown, as he did with Anouk Aimée, but he will also flatter, wheedle, whine, shout, sweet-talk, beg, ridicule and browbeat. And, in assessing the psychological makeup of the performers he is directing, he has an almost unerring instinct for the technique that will get the best performance from each player. Fellini is a tyrant on the set, and there is only one performance that an actor is permitted to give—the performance that Fellini *demands* he give. When a scene is not going the way that he wants, he can be vicious, compelling performers to go through as many as 60 or 70 takes, until they're ready to topple over from exhaustion. And when a character in a film is supposed to be harassed, irritable and tired, Fellini will sometimes drive an actor through nine or ten hours of takes so that a mixture of these emotions gets onto film. He also demands that performers *look* precisely the way he wants them to. He forced Sandra Milo to gain 20 pounds for her role in *8½*, and then had the same Miss Milo, who is said to be a nervous wrèck these days after having worked in two consecutive Fellini films, lose 35 pounds from her weight in *8½* for the three roles she played in *Juliet of the Spirits*.

Fellini never permits actors or actresses to see their lines until they are about to step in front of the cameras. "The lines are anyway most often not written until then," says Fellini, "but even when they are, I don't let actors see them. I want a sense of spontaneous conversation—not school children reciting lessons they have memorized. And if someone makes a mistake in his lines, that's sometimes all right, too—a film, like life, should contain natural mistakes."

Once Fellini has written the dialogue, he explains to the performers involved what the scene is about and the mood he wishes to achieve. Being himself an astonishingly talented actor and mimic, Fellini next gives each performer a full-scale

Dressed up for her glamorous party (top), Sandra stares while neighbor Giulietta wonders why she came. The movie bears certain parallels to the actual life of the Fellinis.

A bearded prophet, Giulietta's nemesis, arises from the pavement in another fantasy episode. The scene was cut, along with others, to shorten the film's running time.

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His own private life spills across the screen in many films.

Directing his wife, Fellini can also provoke storms.

demonstration of how he wants the scene played, right down to the most subtle vocal inflection, facial tic or seemingly casual movement or gesture—and Fellini possesses the ability to transform himself in an instant into, say, a hip-swinging Via Veneto prostitute, a teen-age rock-'n'-roll singer or a doddering old man.

At times, when an actor or actress is not giving the performance he wants, Fellini will go into a violent temper. Among those who have been a target of Fellini's anger is his wife, Miss Masina, who came under strong fire during the making of *Juliet of the Spirits*. "Those who have seen *La Strada* or *The Nights of Cabiria* know her as a poignant clown, a comedienne who can wrench the heart," Fellini has said. "But that engaging creature had to go. We worked endlessly. And all along I knew what I was losing—but not what I was gaining. She found a thousand objections. This or that did not 'feel' right to her. And I became angrier and angrier. 'But don't you understand?' I would tell her. 'I want you to play *yourself*. What I'm asking you to do is what you *always* do—what I'm asking you to feel is what you *always* feel.'"

Those who witnessed the shouting fights between Fellini and his wife during the making of *Juliet of the Spirits* feared that the film could even lead to the finish of the Fellini marriage, particularly since Fellini decided that the picture could end logically only with what he called the "liberating" breakup of Juliet's marriage. Fellini and his wife have always fought when they worked together, however, and as a matter of fact it has been reported that Miss Masina stopped working in her husband's movies after *The Nights of Cabiria* solely to preserve their marriage, and that she agreed to make *Juliet of the Spirits* only with the greatest of reluctance.

The typical Fellini film, like *Juliet of the Spirits*, takes some six months to film, but the end of shooting is scarcely the end of Fellini's efforts to create a motion picture. There is still the cutting and editing. The first phase, preparing the rough cut, usually takes Fellini about a month of intensely concentrated 14-hour-a-day sessions. This is followed by the complicated process of dubbing—creating the sound track—which can be nearly as difficult as filming itself. In much the same way that he is obsessed with faces, Fellini is also obsessed with voices, and all during a film's preparation and shooting he casts voices, for most of the performers who appear in Fellini films are not represented on the sound track by their own voices. "It is unusual to find someone who both looks exactly right for a part and at the same time has exactly the right voice for the part—thus, I must *always* dub my films," Fellini has said.

Once the dubbing is completed, Fellini is ready to direct the preparation of the film's musical sound track. In Fellini's mind, music is one of the most important elements in creating a film, and, as many critics have observed, the background music to *La Strada* went a long way toward evoking the mood of lonely melancholy that Fellini was after, just as the brash, strident theme that ran through *La Dolce Vita* contributed in large degree to that film's sense of tension, frenzy and repressed hysteria. Though Fellini chooses all of the songs and scraps of classical music that turn up in the scores of his films, everything from *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby* to *The Ride of the Valkyries*, the original music for the films is always written by Nino Rota, one of Italy's foremost contemporary composers. However, Fellini himself composed the main musical themes for *La Strada*, *Nights of Cabiria* and *La Dolce Vita*, humming them for Rota, who then transcribed them.

When the musical sound track is ready, Fellini, alone with his chief cutter, Ruggero Mastroianni (Marcello's younger brother) and two or three close associates, spends a last two weeks or so making a final, polished cut of the film, and thus, some two years after the original idea, Fellini's voyage of discovery to create a motion picture has ended. It is at this point that Fellini inevitably plunges into deep melancholy, rather akin, one suspects, to postpartum depression.

"I try everything to get myself out of the depression, but the whole world seems flat and dull and stupid, and, in the end, there is really only one way for me to begin to be happy again," Fellini said soon after the completion of *Juliet of the Spirits*. "I must go on to my next film."

Fellini was born on January 20, 1920, in Rimini, a seaside resort city on the Adriatic some 75 miles east of Florence. His father, Urbano Fellini, who died 10 years ago, was a salesman, a successful, middle-class commercial traveler who sold coffee, sugar and rice to grocery stores. Fellini remembers his father as a gentle, melancholy man who was capable of occasional moments of compassion and quiet wit, but who, for the most part, had little apparent interest in his family. During his brief stays in Rimini, which were little more than stopovers between his continuing round of business trips, he seemed more an aloof visiting uncle than a father. In *La Dolce Vita* the traveling champagne salesman who comes to Rome to visit his son, Marcello, was a conscious evocation by Fellini of his father, as was Guido's remembered father in *8½*. Both characters were played by the same actor, Annibale Ninchi, who is said to resemble remarkably Fellini's late father.

As a consequence of his father's absences, Fellini was brought up by his mother, Ida Fellini, a small, placid woman. Besides Federico, there is his brother Riccardo, two years his junior, who is today a minor movie actor in Rome, and his sister Maddalena, 10 years his junior, who is now a Rimini housewife. "My father had an eye for the women, and this led to many bitter quarrels between him and my mother, but my boyhood in Rimini was nonetheless an exceptionally happy one," Fellini remembers. Fellini's mother, who is now 70, has something of a talent for sketching, and this was passed on to her oldest son in the form of a natural aptitude for caricature, an art from which he made his living during two periods of his life.

In the summers of Fellini's boyhood, Rimini was a gay and lively city, filled with tourists who had come for a holiday at the shore, and there were always circuses, carnivals and vaudeville troupes in town, and on clear nights brilliant displays of fireworks on the beach. At an early age he became obsessed with the sea, and there are one or more important seaside scenes in almost all of Fellini's films, particularly in his earlier films, *I Vitelloni* and *La Strada*. In *La Dolce Vita*, the final scene takes place at the edge of the Mediterranean.

Fellini got his schooling at a private Catholic boys' academy 30 miles north of Rimini, and it was there, in revolt against the provincial priests who were his teachers, that he early developed strong anticlerical feelings, which have evidenced themselves in almost all of his films and which have frequently got him in trouble with the hierarchy of the Italian Catholic Church. His talent for caricature, especially his comic drawings of his teachers, got Fellini into a fair amount of trouble at school, but he was a bright student and at 16 was graduated close to the top of his class.

Fellini recalls an incident that occurred at school during a slide-illustrated lecture on the life of St. Francis of Assisi. "I was about twelve at the time," he remembers, "but most of the boys were older, and one of them had got hold of a slide showing a naked girl that he slipped in with the other slides, most of which were reproductions of paintings of St. Francis. Suddenly, in the darkened lecture room, the picture of the naked girl appeared on the screen. I've never forgotten the shock of that moment, and I can't help but think that this little episode planted an interest in film-making in my subconscious."

Fellini seems to have had no early conscious interest in films or film-making. As a boy, except for an infrequent Saturday-afternoon excursion to an American Western—Tom Mix being his favorite in those silent-film days—Fellini rarely went to the movies, though his early attitude toward films is perhaps significant. "What fascinated me was that I thought the actors made the films themselves," Fellini has said, "deciding, as they went along, how they were going to make the movie, depending on what they felt like doing. Only later did I discover that there was such a thing as a director. But I've never been able to get over the desire to make films in the way I thought Tom Mix had: without knowing, at the beginning, how they would come out exactly and having all the fun I could in the meantime."

Despite his fondness for Tom Mix, until he actually found himself in the film business in 1940, Fellini had seen only about two dozen movies in his entire life, and even today he sees few movies, perhaps two or three a year. "I can't sit still in the dark long enough to watch someone else's movie," Fellini explains. "Besides, I'm afraid that if I see too many films by other directors, I'll be influenced too much by them. As it is, people are always telling me what films have influenced me. Dozens of people have explained to me, for example, that *8½* was influenced by *Last Year at Marienbad*, but I've never seen *Last Year at Marienbad*."

Fellini's strong dislike for going to the movies does not extend to having another look at Fellini films, each of which he has seen dozens of times.

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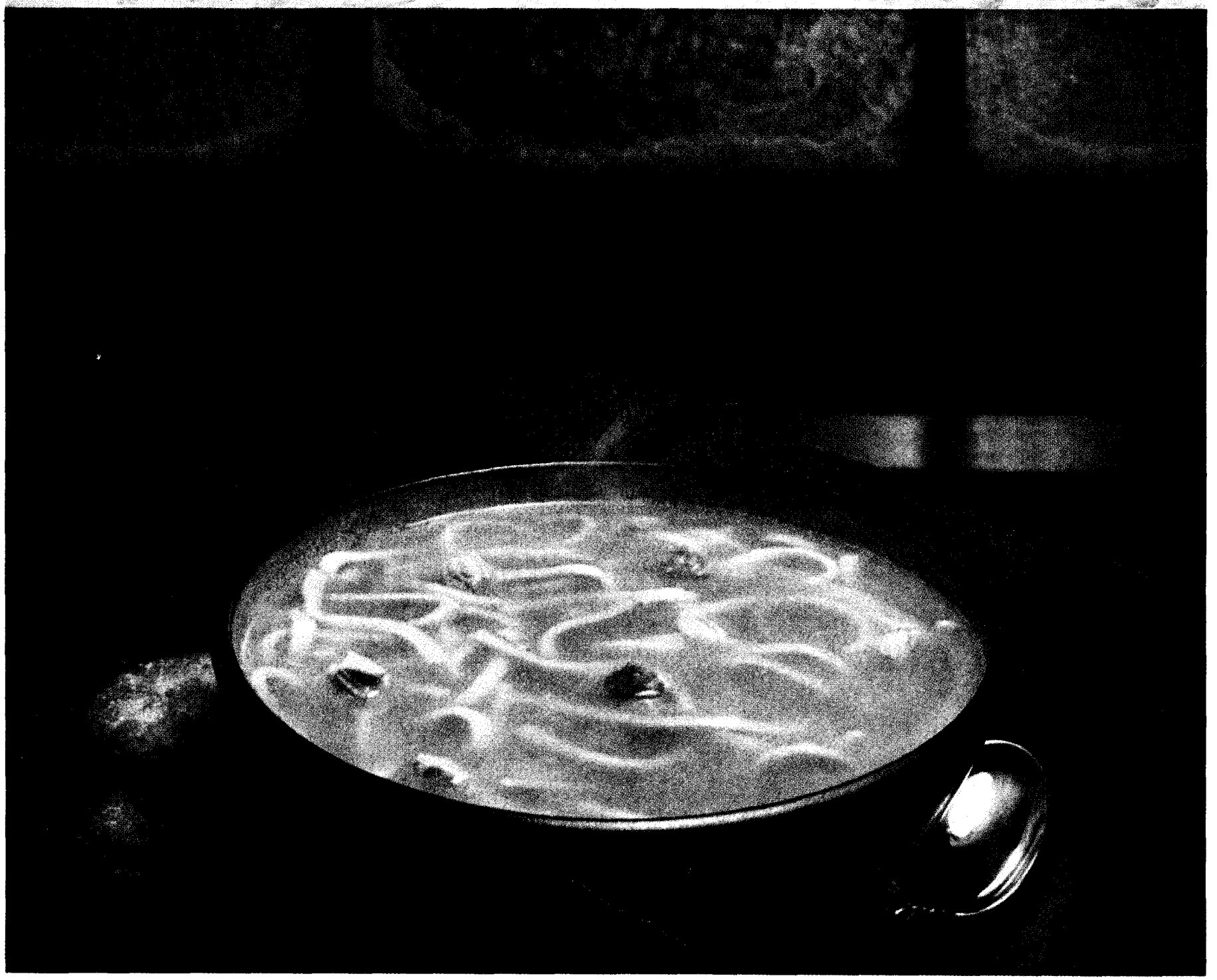
They always eat better when you remember the soup



Welcome warm-up! Chicken Noodle Soup

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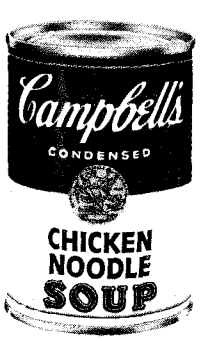

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His enthusiasm for his own films is perhaps best illustrated by a story his friends tell of Fellini's first night in New York during his first visit to America in the spring of 1957. At the time, tickets for *My Fair Lady* were all but impossible to get, but a friend had managed to get Fellini two tickets. Fellini, who likes going to the theater even less than he likes going to the movies, impulsively gave the tickets away outside the theater to two amazed passersby, and, with his friend trailing behind, Fellini then spent the next four hours exploring Times Square, wandering dazedly along West 42nd Street from Nedick's stands to Army-Navy stores to pinball parlors, studying in awe, amazement and considerable disbelief the incredible assortment of local grotesques. By 12:30 A.M. even Fellini, with his obsession for unusual faces, had had enough of Times Square. Then his friend bought a newspaper and noticed that an East Side art-film theater was showing *The White Sheik* and *I Vitelloni*. At once Fellini hailed a cab and off they went. By the time they got to the movie theater, the last show of the evening had just ended, but that didn't stop Fellini. Using all of his charm, plus two $20 bills, he persuaded the projectionist and the theater manager to screen the films for him privately. "So, on Federico's first night in the United States," recalled his friend, "he sat up until nearly five A.M. in an empty theater watching, in utter rapture, two of his own movies."

When he was 12, Fellini, who has been fascinated by circuses as long as he can remember, ran away with a traveling circus, but he was quickly brought back home. This was the first overt indication of his discontent with life in Rimini, a discontent which became increasingly stronger as he grew older, and, on January 20, 1937, his 17th birthday, he took an early-morning train, leaving Rimini for good.

He worked briefly in Florence as a newspaper copyreader, then moved to Rome. There he set himself up as a free-lance artist, a calling which in Fellini's case consisted mainly of doing caricatures of the customers in sidewalk cafés. During this period Fellini fell in love with a young semi-Bohemian set of aspiring actors, artists and writers. A few of the writers in the crowd were contributing pieces to a weekly satirical magazine called *Marc' Aurelio*, and Fellini soon also began writing for *Marc' Aurelio*, mostly short comic sketches about the misadventures of a young provincial married couple named Cico and Pallina, who were a kind of Italian version of Dagwood and Blondie. These pieces quickly became the magazine's most popular feature, and soon became the basis for a successful weekly radio situation comedy, written by Fellini.

Many Fellini pictures made money for everybody but Fellini.

One of the actors Fellini had met was a comedian named Aldo Fabrizi. Early in 1939 Fabrizi was signed to star in a touring vaudeville show and asked Fellini to come along to write comic material. Fellini agreed, and for the next year he journeyed all over Italy. "That was perhaps the most important year of my life," Fellini said not long ago. "As we went about the country from town to town, I discovered, in an almost mystic way, a sense of the mystery of the Italian character. I was overwhelmed by the variety of the country's physical landscape and, too, by the variety of its human landscape. It was the kind of experience that few young men are fortunate enough to have—a chance to discover the character and identity of one's country and, at the same time, to discover one's own identity."

In the spring of 1940, when the troupe returned to Rome, Fabrizi was offered a part in a movie, and he arranged for Fellini to write the script. The film, a comedy called *Avanti C'e Posto*, was an immense hit, and Fellini was at once in great demand as a film writer. Over the next three years, until the late summer of 1943, when the Germans occupied Rome and closed down the Italian movie industry, Fellini wrote the scripts of some 50 comedies. Though he made a good deal of money out of all this, Fellini lived on a lavish scale, as has always been his habit when he has had money, and when the Germans moved into Rome, he was all but broke. The Nazis began conscripting Italian men for military service and work in slave-labor camps, and, not having the least interest in either of these pastimes, Fellini swiftly took to the city's slum districts. There, like thousands of other Romans, he passed his days dodging the Germans and simply trying to stay alive.

A few months earlier Fellini had switched on the Cico and Pallina radio show and been intrigued by the voice of a new young actress, Giulietta Masina, who was playing Pallina. Fellini sent her flowers and a note asking her to dinner. She accepted, they dined the following night in a restaurant overlooking the Tiber, and at once, Fellini recalls, they fell deeply in love. They were married on October 30, 1943, at a time when Italy was being bombed by the Allies almost daily, when the Germans were still in possession of Rome and when Fellini was penniless, jobless and all but homeless. Early in their marriage the Fellinis had a son, who died at the age of three weeks, and they since have been childless, a circumstance that has greatly saddened Fellini, for he is enormously fond of children.

On June 4, 1944, the Allies liberated Rome, and Fellini decided to make use of his talent for caricature. Borrowing money from a friend, he opened up a place he called, in English, the Funny Face Shop, where he did caricatures of American soldiers for 50 cents. The Funny Face Shop was a terrific success, and within three months Fellini had opened four branch shops.

One fall evening in 1944 Fellini was visited by Roberto Rossellini, a film director whom Fellini knew slightly. During the German occupation, Rossellini had been forced to make propaganda films for the Nazis, but he and his crew had also secretly filmed the almost daily skirmishes in the streets of Rome between Italian resistance fighters and the Germans, and Rossellini proposed a semi-documentary movie that would incorporate this footage. He had a general story line and wanted Fellini to help him with the script. Fellini agreed, sold the Funny Face Shops and plunged back into film making.

The film was *Open City*, the first and perhaps the most famous of the so-called *neo-realismo* postwar Italian films—movies shot on actual locations with a largely non-professional cast. *Open City* was a spectacular international success, and Fellini went on, in the next four years, to become Italy's leading writer of *neo-realismo* films. He was responsible for the scripts of some eight major movies, including *Paisan* (1946), *The Miracle* (1948, in which Fellini played a major on-screen role, that of the shepherd) and *The Windmill on the Po* (1949). In those years Fellini worked not only with Rossellini but also with the directors Pietro Germi and Alberto Lattuada. For several years Fellini had wanted to become a director, and early in 1950 he proposed to Lattuada that together they make a film about a broken-down touring vaudeville company. Lattuada liked the idea, and agreed to let Fellini co-direct. Then, deciding to produce the picture themselves, the two men sunk their life savings plus every *centisimo* they could borrow. The picture, *Variety Lights*, was the first film in which Giulietta Masina was starred, but this didn't help matters, for the movie was a total flop and Fellini and Lattuada were unable to pay their creditors. After *Variety Lights* had been running only a few days, the negative and all prints of the picture were impounded by the courts and locked away in a bank vault where they remained until 1956, when Fellini finally scraped together enough money to reclaim his film.

Though *Variety Lights* had been a disaster, Fellini decided that he would like to spend the rest of his life directing movies. Assembling a staff of

Anthony Quinn played the brutal strong man of LA STRADA, *working with Fellini every morning until 10:30, then speeding to another set to play* ATTILA THE HUN.

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some of Rome's brightest young starving film makers, many of whom are still with him today, and borrowing money until he once again was in debt, Fellini then made *The White Sheik* in the spring of 1951. It was a spoof of Italian costume epics and was both a critical and a box-office success all over Europe, although, by the time he had paid off his debts, Fellini barely broke even.

Fellini made so little money out of *The White Sheik* that he and Miss Masina were somewhat shamefacedly forced to live on the income she made from working in costume films of the exact sort Fellini had kidded. But the financial success of the film meant that he was able to get backing for his next picture, *I Vitelloni*, an autobiographical rendering of his young manhood in Rimini, which he made in 1953 and which many critics still consider his best film. A sentimental and at the same time critical evocation of a time and place in memory, *I Vitelloni* dealt mainly with a sensitive young man who rebels against his family and the stagnant culture in which he has been raised and leaves them behind to become a writer.

I Vitelloni had the kind of success that a young motion-picture director dreams of—it was an uncompromising work of art that received high critical praise and, at the same time, cleaned up at the box office, especially in Italy. It also established Fellini throughout Italy as the most promising young film director of his generation. But because of a wrangle with his original producer, who had wanted sex put into the picture, Fellini had had to switch producers in mid-film, at the cost of signing away his own financial interest in the movie. He was thus as broke as ever.

Having made nothing out of the first three films he had directed, Fellini decided to produce his next film, *La Strada*—a picture he had been dreaming of making for years—entirely on his own, again with borrowed money. *La Strada* was once more to be about a subject with which Fellini is obsessed, a symbolic traveling troupe of lowly entertainers, but, in this instance, he reduced the group to two performers—a brutish strong man, Zampano, and his innocent girl assistant, Gelsomina. From the moment he first conceived *La Strada*, Fellini had envisioned his wife as Gelsomina, but he had seen no actor who fitted his mental picture of the strong man, even though he'd spent months searching all over Italy, screen-testing more than 200 men, including a couple of dozen real strong men.

In April, 1954, Miss Masina had again taken a role in a costume picture, *Attila the Hun*, in which the title role was being played by the American actor Anthony Quinn. One evening shortly after the filming of *Attila the Hun* had begun, Fellini drove wearily out to the studio at the edge of Rome where the film was being made. Trudging onto the set, Fellini spotted Quinn, whom he had never seen before. "That's him," Fellini said to his wife, "that's the face I've been seeing in my mind for ten years, that's Zampano!"

One of those who well recalls this occasion is Quinn himself. "The first time I ever even heard of Federico Fellini," Quinn recalled recently, "was when Giulietta Masina dragged me over to meet him. Right away he started telling me about a movie that he was going to direct and that I was going to star in. Something about a strong man and a half-witted girl. I thought he was a little bit crazy, and I told him that I wasn't interested in the picture, but he kept hounding me for days.

"Then, one evening a couple of weeks later, I had dinner at Ingrid Bergman's apartment in Rome—she's an old friend from Hollywood who was then, of course, married to Roberto Rossellini. After dinner they showed a movie, *I Vitelloni*, and I was thunderstruck by it. 'That film is a masterpiece,' I told Rossellini. 'Who directed it?' 'A friend of mine named Federico Fellini,' Rossellini said. 'Fellini!' I shouted. 'That's the one who's been chasing me for the past two weeks.'

"I immediately decided that I'd make the film with Fellini, and when I told him this the next day, he was delighted, and he happily announced that we'd start filming the following day. I pointed out to him that I was already working in a picture, but he suggested that since filming on *Attila the Hun* didn't start each day until noon, I could work for him in *La Strada* in the morning. 'Impossible,' I said, but the next thing I knew he'd somehow persuaded me to do exactly that—I found myself getting up at three-thirty A.M. to work in *La Strada*. In the dark of night I'd drive out from Rome to whatever location Fellini was shooting at, get into costume and makeup, and at dawn we'd start shooting, getting precisely the bleak, early-morning light that, I soon discovered, Fellini had anyway planned to use in the film. At around ten-thirty A.M., I'd jump into my car and go tearing off to the *Attila the Hun* set, where I'd frequently work until ten or so at night. This schedule accounted for the haggard look I had in both films, a look that was perfect for Zampano but scarcely OK for Attila the Hun.

"As soon as I started working for Fellini, I realized that he was far from crazy, that he was, in fact, the most talented, intelligent, sensitive and perceptive director I'd ever worked for. And Fellini drove me mercilessly, making me do scenes over and over again until he got what he wanted. But making *La Strada* was one of the greatest experiences of my life—I learned more about film acting in three months with Fellini than I'd learned in fifty movies I'd made before then."

About a month after the filming of *La Strada* began, Fellini ran out of money and, when he told Quinn this melancholy news, Quinn went to Dino De Laurentiis, the producer of *Attila the Hun*, and asked him to put up the money for Fellini to complete *La Strada*. De Laurentiis agreed. "And so *La Strada* was made," remembered Quinn, "and its success changed both my life and Federico's life. *La Strada* was the best thing that ever happened to my career, but I must say that in the past ten years I've got awfully tired of its theme music. Everytime I walk into a restaurant or a nightclub where they've got musicians, they start playing it. It's driving me nuts."

La Strada was one of the greatest international successes in the history of the Italian cinema, winning more than 50 major film awards in nine countries. Producers all over the world deluged Fellini with scripts, but Fellini, as he still does, returned them unread. "I am, I hope, an original creative artist, and not a translator of other people's scripts to the screen," Fellini has said. "Anyway, the typical film script is trash, and I have no time to waste on trash. A writer can write for maybe fifty years, but a film director's creative life is, mysteriously, perhaps because success destroys him, much shorter. After fifteen years or so, a director is burned out and finished."

Having made *La Strada*, Fellini discovered that he was no longer an obscure Italian director but an international film celebrity. One advantage of this was that his financial problems—which still plagued him, for most of the profits from *La Strada* somehow had ended up in the bulging pockets of Dino De Laurentiis—appeared at last to be permanently over. His next film, however, *Il Bidone*, which Fellini made in 1955 with the American actor Broderick Crawford in the lead role, was both a critical and an artistic failure, as well as an enormous box-office dud.

Fellini was forced to spend more than a year raising enough money to shoot his next picture, *The Nights of Cabiria*, and he didn't get the picture before the cameras until the fall of 1956. Starring Miss Masina, *The Nights of Cabiria* was an episodic film dealing with a year or so in the life of a cheerfully woebegone prostitute in Rome. In the film, Fellini for the first time combined the poetic style of *La Strada* with the satiric style of *The White Sheik*, thus purging it of the sentimental aftertaste that had bothered some critics of *La Strada* and creating a new synthesized style that has marked all subsequent Fellini films—an almost Dickensian mixture of pathos, low comedy, irony, satire, melancholy and high lyricism.

The Nights of Cabiria was, of course, a triumph, praised throughout Europe as the greatest of Fellini's films, and once again the awards and the offers from producers rolled in. And once again, the money did *not* roll in, at least not into Fellini's bank account. About two thirds of the way through the filming of the picture, Fellini again ran out of money and thus once more trustingly

In the notorious orgiastic party scene of LA DOLCE VITA, *Marcello Mastroianni disported himself with Rome's jet set. Fellini never made a lira on the film's huge success.*

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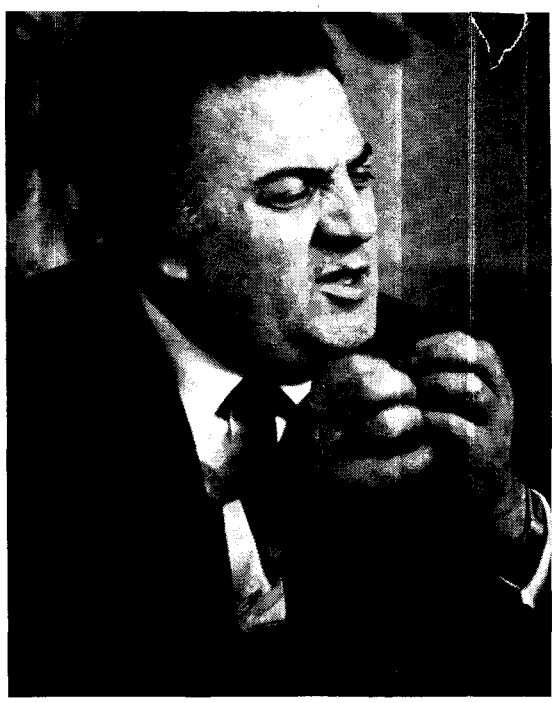
delivered himself into the fine Italian hands of Dino De Laurentiis, who charitably agreed to finance the rest of the picture if Fellini would sign a five-film contract and sign over the bulk of the profits of the picture. Fellini has never had any sense of money, being interested in it only as something frustratingly necessary for the making of movies, and, despite the objections of his wife, who is extremely hardheaded in business matters, he agreed to De Laurentiis's terms.

La Strada, the ill-fated *Il Bidone* and *The Nights of Cabiria* had all represented conscious attempts on Fellini's part to invent relevant modern myths on the subjects of love, loneliness and alienation. Fellini now determined to suspend myth making in order to create a film designed to *destroy* certain modern myths by which contemporary man lives, myths which, Fellini felt, caused men and women everywhere to lead bewildered lives of inhibition, frustration, guilt and unhappiness. For example, Fellini was and is concerned about what he terms "the myth of misunderstood religion," the mistaken belief, in Fellini's opinion, that through organized religions, like the Catholic Church, one can find happiness. "Religion demands of a man that he be morally perfect," Fellini has said, "which is impossible, and when a man fails in his frail attempts to be perfect, his religion then reacts on his spirits as a destructive force. The myth has filled him with regrets and guilt, it has bound his spirits, and he is no longer able to be free, to be, simply enough, happy."

The movie in which Fellini proposed to attack this and other myths (the myth of family, the myth of sex without love, the myth of money, the myth of fame) was *La Dolce Vita*. He envisioned *La Dolce Vita* in seven parts, the parts linked together by the wanderings through an Inferno-like modern Rome of a relatively innocent and free-spirited young journalist, Marcello, who is exposed in turn to each of the worst evils of modern society and is at last destroyed—left broken in spirit, miserable and corrupt, though, chillingly, not aware of what has happened. Getting the go-ahead from De Laurentiis, Fellini spent the next two years, from the early months of 1957 until the late spring of 1959, preparing to film *La Dolce Vita*—working on the script, searching for location sites for the film and casting. He personally cast nearly 2,000 people for the film, including all of the extras for such mass scenes as the sequence of the false miracle.

In the summer of 1958, after considering hundreds of actors, Fellini cast Marcello Mastroianni in the lead role of the journalist, and even changed the name of the character in the script from Moraldo to Marcello so that Mastroianni could more easily identify with the role, a trick Fellini often uses. At the time Mastroianni was 34 and had been a professional actor for a dozen years on the stage in Rome and in some 45 movies, none of which anybody had ever heard of. In handing the lead role in a film budgeted at almost two million dollars to an actor who was all but unknown, Fellini again clashed with his friend De Laurentiis, who wanted the American actor Paul Newman. Fellini flatly refused to consider Newman, and this and other wrangles led Fellini to walk out on De Laurentiis. Thus, *La Dolce Vita* was produced by Angelo Rizzoli, an aging Milanese publisher, industrialist, real-estate tycoon and movie producer who is one of the three or four wealthiest men in Italy. Though Fellini had had little trouble in getting Rizzoli to produce *La Dolce Vita*, there remained the matter of Fellini's five-film contract with De Laurentiis, an agreement which De Laurentiis refused to cancel for any sum less than a reported 100 million lire, or about $150,000. Rizzoli agreed to buy Fellini his freedom, but the money was considered Fellini's full share of *La Dolce Vita*, and thus, though *La Dolce Vita* made millions of dollars, Fellini, typically, made nothing.

Rizzoli, however, went on to produce *8½* and *Juliet of the Spirits*, films in which it was agreed that Rizzoli and Fellini would share equally in the profits. Thus, from *8½*, which was a major box-office success, Fellini made a bundle of money, and today is a relatively wealthy man. Those who recognized Rizzoli in the character of the producer in *8½* know that he occasionally became a trifle nervous over Fellini's tendency to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars before having shot 10 feet of film. During the making of *Juliet of the Spirits*, this nervousness on Rizzoli's part led to a number of full-scale disagreements between Fellini and Rizzoli, and a few months ago Fellini officially broke off with Rizzoli and signed up once again—although a number of friends urged him not to—with none other than Dino De Laurentiis.



"A man will go back again and again to a museum to see an El Greco," Fellini sighs, "but see a film only once."

'My next film will not be in color; it will not have my wife in it.'

Having money hasn't in the least changed Fellini, although he now sports an extremely handsome and expensive vicuña coat, has recently built a modest seaside home at Fregene, on the Tyrrhenian Sea some 25 miles northwest of Rome, and is now able to indulge a life-long passion for expensive automobiles, often being seen these days tooling about Rome in a black Mercedes sedan. On such occasions, pedestrians who happen to recognize him amiably shout, "*Ciao, ciao, il Poeta!*" and Fellini cheerfully beams and waves back.

La Dolce Vita was, of course, an international blockbuster—one of the most talked about, argued about, praised and damned movies ever made, and it established Fellini as one of the three or four most famous film directors in the world. In February, 1960, when the film had its world premiere in Rome, the first-night audience booed, hissed and called for Fellini's neck, and when Fellini attended the theater in Milan, an elegantly dressed aristocrat accosted him outside, shouted, "You have dragged Italy through the mud!" and spat in Fellini's face. Though most critics agree that *La Dolce Vita* is one of the most moral films ever made, the Vatican newspaper *L' Osservatore Romano* denounced the film as "immoral," "obscene" and "disgusting," and demanded that Rizzoli and Fellini withdraw the film in order "to protect the public's morals." Naturally enough, when the public heard that the film might possibly endanger its morals, owners of theaters showing it had to fight off the crowds trying to see it. The movie had a great box-office success everywhere in the world, especially in the United States.

Before making *La Dolce Vita*, Fellini had signed a contract with producer Carlo Ponti to make one of the four segments of a film called *Boccaccio '70*, and in the summer of 1961 Fellini proceeded to get this "distraction," as he himself termed it, out of the way. He wanted to go on to a full-length film, which he then envisioned as a sequel to *La Dolce Vita* in which the central character was to be the innocent teen-age girl, Paola. As Fellini saw it, the new film was to be a contrasting *paradiso* to the *inferno* of *La Dolce Vita*. By the time that he had hurriedly completed his segment of *Boccaccio '70*, Fellini was close to physical collapse, and he took his first vacation in seven years, traveling alone to the spa at Chianciano, where he planned, between sips of mineral water, to work on the script of the new picture. For the first time in his life, however, plagued by worries of "God, wife, women, money and taxes," as he recently put it, Fellini found himself unable to concentrate on his work. In short, he was psychologically blocked. His was one of the briefest blocks in the history of art, however, for after a few days of moping disconsolately about the spa, he began to develop in his mind the beginnings of a film about a blocked artist moping disconsolately about a spa, and he was off on the voyage of discovery that became *8½*.

"At the start I kept wondering, 'What shall we make the hero's occupation? Lawyer? Engineer? Doctor?'" Fellini said not long ago. "But they all seemed false; I didn't know these occupations well enough to make them true to the particular truth I was trying to tell. So at last I said, 'Let's make the hero a movie director, like me,' and everything instantly fell into place."

As Ian Dallas, an English journalist whom Fellini recruited to play the role of the magician in the film, has described *8½*, it is at the same time "a Portrait of the Artist as a Middle-Aged Man and a Portrait of the Middle-Aged Man as an Artist," an extraordinarily complex portrait, mixing dreams, fantasy, reality and memory in a manner that several observers have called Proustian, though Fellini has never read Proust. And other observers saw in *8½* equally impressive influences. Alberto Moravia, for example, thought he saw James Joyce and *Ulysses* lurking in the middle distance, but Fellini has never read Joyce, either. Another critic suggested in conversation with Fellini that *8½* was perhaps a parallel to the opening passages of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, in which Dante speaks of how, in the middle of life, one finds oneself lost in a dark wood and must search for the way out. "Yes, yes, I suppose . . . that is what it is about," Fellini told the critic. He *has* read Dante.

8½ was yet another triumph for Fellini, winning him the almost obligatory film-festival awards, and having, too, considerable critical and box-office success, although a number of reviewers frankly admitted that they were confused. "If you thought Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* was a hard-to-fathom film . . . wait until you see *8½*. . . ." wrote Bosley Crowther in *The New York Times*. "Here is a piece of entertainment that will make you really sit up straight and think. . . ."

When he was in the midst of filming *8½*, the idea of making a kind of sequel ignited in Fellini's mind. As *8½* had dealt with a middle-aged man lost in a dark Dantean wood, so Fellini saw the new film, *Juliet of the Spirits*, as the story of a middle-aged woman lost in the same wood. Indeed, the idea for the film first came to him in the form of a vision of a lonely woman waiting in a

In Giulietta's nightmare, Sandra Milo becomes an erotic bride, taunting the goatlike Lou Gilbert, who is cast as Giulietta's dead grandfather, symbol of an early trauma.

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villa for the return home of her husband on the night of their 20th wedding anniversary, a vision that is the opening sequence of *Juliet of the Spirits*.

Fellini and his three co-writers worked on the script through most of the spring, summer and fall of 1963, and Fellini then began casting, a job that took him until the summer of 1964, when he at last began filming. *Juliet of the Spirits* was before the cameras at Fregene (when he couldn't find a real seaside Fregene villa that looked like the one in his mind, he had one built from his own plans), where the Fellinis have their country home, and at studios in Rome from August, 1964, until January of this year, one of the longest and most problem-filled of Fellini's shooting schedules.

Last autumn, when he was in New York for several days for the American premiere of *Juliet of the Spirits* (a visit during which he was very much lionized, being the guest of honor, for instance, at a private dinner party given by Jacqueline Kennedy), Fellini recalled his problems with the movie. "It was my most difficult film," he remarked, shaking his head. "My wife is an aggressive, strong-minded woman, not a wistful, pastel figure, as some writers have pictured her, and I am strong-minded, too, so we had our clashes. Color was an enormous problem, we never quite got it the way I wanted it in the final Technicolor prints; and, too, the film is filled with fleeting fragments of fantasy, hallucination and memory, scenes that, though they may last only seconds on the screen, took hours and even days to shoot—some five-second scenes in *Juliet* took me as long to shoot as two-minute scenes in, say, *Cabiria*."

In New York, Fellini denied that *Juliet of the Spirits* was autobiographical, but it is perhaps significant to note that he mentioned that his wife, like the Giulietta in the film, had visions when she was a child, is convinced that she herself possesses the powers of a medium and believes in ghosts. Fellini, too, believes in ghosts, as well as in magic, astrology, tarot cards and all kinds of mysticism and superstition, and, when he is shooting a film, he often goes to fortune-tellers, soothsayers and mediums for guidance, including Genius, the medium who plays himself in *Juliet of the Spirits*. In fact, just before Fellini began filming *Juliet of the Spirits*, he held a séance in his spacious Rome apartment to research the séance scene in the picture, and during it he became convinced that the ghost of his late father appeared and spoke to him.

All in all, in a milder than usual post-film depression, Fellini is delighted with the favorable critical reception received so far in Milan, Rome, Paris, London and New York by *Juliet of the Spirits*, which he concedes is his most complicated film to date. "It is a fairy tale for adults," says Fellini. "The film is the one art form with which the artist can explore the inner landscape of the human being—his thoughts, memories, fantasies, dreams flickering through the mind. This is what I have attempted to put on the screen in *8½* and *Juliet of the Spirits*, and this is what I shall try to do again in my next film. I can say little about my next film. It is right now too vague an idea in my mind. I can say this, though—it will *not* be in color and it will *not* have my wife in it."

Though Fellini has often told interviewers that he doesn't care what audiences think about his films, he admitted to an American friend while driving in a limousine to Kennedy International Airport, on his way back to Rome after his New York visit, that he does indeed care very much. And he is annoyed by audiences who miss the point of his films because they are not willing to take movies seriously. "The producers, the distributors and the movie-theater owners have always sold films as though they were products to be consumed and forgotten, like bottles of soda water," said Fellini, speaking alternately in Italian and in his more than fluent English. "And so film audiences think of movies this way. A man who will read, say, *War and Peace* two or three times, who will listen to the Beethoven quartets hundreds of times, and who will go back again and again to a museum to look at an El Greco that has captured his interest, will see a film only once—it is the empty bottle of soda he has already drunk. For a film maker, this is very discouraging."

In a rainy New York dusk, the limousine pulled up to the Alitalia terminal, and, as Fellini and his American friend shook hands good-bye, the friend asked him if he planned to take a vacation when he got back to Rome. "Making a movie *is* my vacation; all the rest, the traveling about to premieres, the interviews, the social life, the endless arguments with producers who don't understand me, is the work," said Fellini, adding that he planned to sleep on the plane and then to plunge right into the script of his next picture the moment he arrived in Rome. "And when I am asleep," said Fellini, smiling as he turned to stride off toward the plane that would take him back to his native Italy and his next cinematic voyage of discovery, "I dream of my films." □

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How convenient to reduce your
marital difficulties to a mathematical formula!
How convenient—and how dangerous!

THE GEOMETRY OF LOVE

"To hound an innocent woman through the streets is the lowest, sickest, and most vile of occupations."

BY JOHN CHEEVER

It was one of those rainy late afternoons when the toy department of Woolworth's on Fifth Avenue is full of women who appear to have been taken in adultery and who are now shopping for a present to carry home to their youngest child. On this particular afternoon there were eight or ten of them—comely, fragrant, and well dressed—but with the pained air of women who have recently been undone by some cad in a midtown hotel room and who are now on their way home to the embraces of a tender child. It was Charlie Mallory, walking away from the hardware department, where he had bought a screwdriver, who reached this conclusion. There was no morality involved. He hit on this generalization mostly to give the lassitude of a rainy afternoon some intentness and color. Things were slow at his office. He had spent the time since lunch repairing a filing cabinet. Thus the screwdriver. Having settled on this conjecture, he looked more closely into the faces of the women and seemed to find there some affirmation of his fantasy. What but the engorgements and chagrins of adultery could have left them all looking so spiritual, so tearful? Why should they sigh so deeply as they fingered the playthings of innocence? One of the women wore a fur coat that looked like a coat he had bought his wife, Mathilda, for Christmas. Looking more closely, he saw that it was not only Mathilda's coat, it was Mathilda. "Why, Mathilda," he cried, "what in the world are you doing here?"

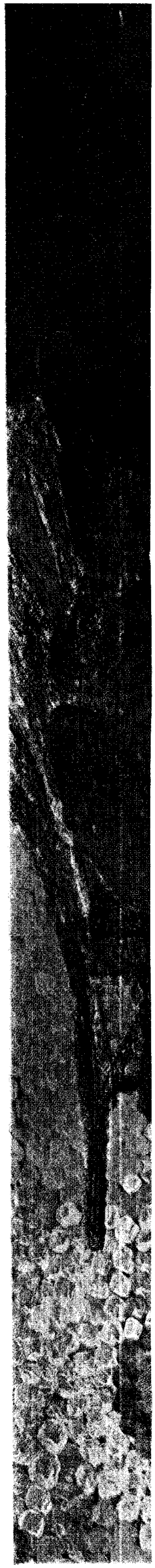
She raised her head from the wooden duck she had been studying. Slowly, slowly, the look of chagrin on her face shaded into anger and scorn. "I detest being spied upon," she said. Her voice was strong, and the other women shoppers looked up, ready for anything.

Mallory was at a loss. "But I'm not spying on you, darling," he said. "I only ——"

"I can't think of anything more despicable," she said, "than following people through the streets." Her mien and her voice were operatic, and her audience was attentive and rapidly being enlarged by shoppers from the hardware and garden-furniture sections. "To hound an innocent woman through the streets is the lowest, sickest, and most vile of occupations."

"But, darling, I just happened to be here."

Her laughter was pitiless. "You just happened to be hanging around the toy department at Woolworth's? Do



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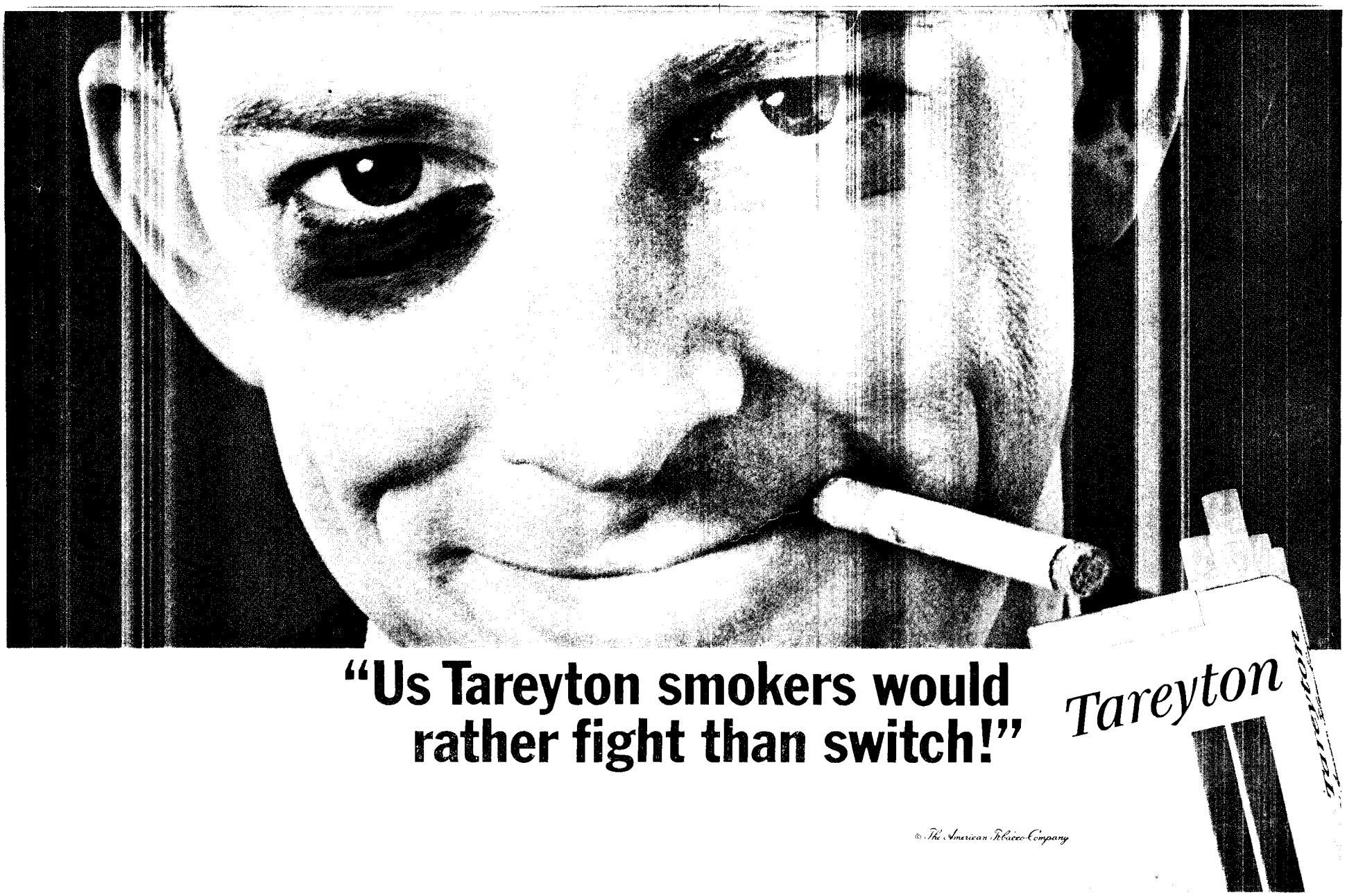

you expect me to believe that?"

"I was in the hardware department," he said, "but it doesn't really matter. Why don't we have a drink together and take an early train?"

"I wouldn't drink or travel with a spy," she said. "I am going to leave this store now, and if you follow or harass me in any way, I shall have you arrested by the police and thrown into jail." She picked up and paid for the wooden duck and regally ascended the stairs. Mallory waited a few minutes and then walked back to his office.

Mallory was a free-lance engineer, and his office was empty that afternoon—his secretary had gone to Capri. The telephone-answering service had no messages for him. There was no mail. He was alone. He seemed not so much unhappy as stunned. It was not that he had lost his sense of reality but that the reality he observed had lost its fitness and symmetry. How could he apply reason to the slapstick encounter in Woolworth's, and yet how could he settle for unreason? Forgetfulness was a course of action he had tried before, but he could not forget Mathilda's ringing voice and the bizarre scenery of the toy department. Dramatic misunderstandings with Mathilda were common, and he usually tackled them willingly, trying to decipher the chain of contingencies that had detonated the scene. This afternoon he was discouraged. The encounter seemed to resist diagnosis. What could he do? Should he consult a psychiatrist, a marriage counselor, a minister? Should he jump out of the window? He went to the window with this in mind.

It was still overcast and rainy, but not yet dark. Traffic was slow. He watched below him as a station wagon passed, then a convertible, a moving van, and a small truck advertising EUCLID'S DRY CLEANING AND DYEING. The great name reminded him of the right-angled triangle, the principles of geometric analysis, and the doctrine of proportion for both commensurables and incommensurables. What he needed was a new form of ratiocination, and Euclid might do. If he could make a geometric analysis of his problems, mightn't he solve them, or at least create an atmosphere of solution? He got a slide rule and took the simple theorem that if two sides of a triangle are equal, the angles opposite these sides are equal; and the converse theorem that if two angles of a triangle are equal, the sides opposite them will be equal. He drew a line to represent Mathilda and what he knew about her to be relevant. The base of the triangle would be his two children, Randy and Priscilla. He, of course, would make up the third side. The most critical element in Mathilda's line—that which would threaten to make her angle unequal to Randy and Priscilla's—was the fact that she had recently taken a phantom lover.

This was a common imposture among the housewives of Remsen Park, where they lived. Once or twice a week, Mathilda would dress in her best, put on some French perfume and a fur coat, and take a late-morning train to the city. She sometimes lunched with a friend, but she lunched more often alone in one of those French restaurants in the sixties that accommodate single women. She usually drank a cocktail or had a half-bottle of wine. Her intention was to appear dissipated, mysterious—a victim of love's bitter riddle—but should a stranger give her the eye, she would go into a paroxysm of shyness, recalling, with something like panic, her lovely home, her fresh-faced children, and the begonias in her flower bed. In the afternoon, she went either to a matinee or a foreign movie. She preferred strenuous themes that would leave her emotionally exhausted—or, as she put it to herself, "emptied." Coming home on a late train, she would appear peaceful and sad. She often wept while she cooked the supper, and if Mallory asked what her trouble was, she would merely sigh. He was briefly suspicious, but walking up Madison Avenue one afternoon he saw her, in her furs, eating a sandwich at a lunch counter, and concluded that the pupils of her eyes were dilated not by amorousness but by the darkness of a movie theater. It was a harmless and a common imposture, and might even, with some forced charity, be thought of as useful.

The line formed by these elements, then, made an angle with the line representing his children, and the single fact *here* was that he loved them. He loved them! No amount of ignominy or venom could make parting from them imaginable. As he thought of them, they seemed to be the furniture of his soul, its lintel and rooftree.

The line representing himself, he knew, would be most prone to miscalculations. He thought himself candid, healthy, and knowledgeable (Who else could remember so much Euclid?), but waking in the morning, feeling useful and innocent, he had only to speak to Mathilda to find his usefulness and his innocence squandered. Why should his ingenuous commitments to life seem to harass the best of him? Why should he, wandering through the toy department, be calumniated as a Peeping Tom? His triangle might give him the answer, he thought, and in a sense it did. The sides of the triangle, determined by the relevant information, were equal, as were the angles opposite these sides. Suddenly he felt much less bewildered, happier, more hopeful and magnanimous. He thought, as one does two or three times a year, that he was beginning a new life.

Going home on the train, he wondered if he could make a geometrical analogy for the boredom of a commuters' local, the stupidities in the evening paper, the rush to the parking lot. Mathilda was in the small dining room, setting the table, when he returned. Her opening gun was meant to be disabling. "Pinkerton fink," she said. "Gumshoe." While he heard her words, he heard them without anger, anxiety or frustration. They seemed to fall short of where he stood. How calm he felt, how happy. Even Mathilda's angularity seemed touching and lovable; this wayward child in the family of man. "Why do you look so happy?" his children asked. "Why do you look so happy, Daddy?" Presently, almost everyone would say the same. "How Mallory has changed. How well Mallory looks. Lucky Mallory!"

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The next night, Mallory found a geometry text in the attic and refreshed his knowledge. The study of Euclid put him into a compassionate and tranquil frame of mind, and illuminated, among other things, that his thinking and feeling had recently been crippled by confusion and despair. He knew that what he thought of as his discovery could be an illusion, but the practical advantages remained his. He felt much better. He felt that he had corrected the distance between his reality and those realities that pounded at his spirit. He might not, had he possessed any philosophy or religion, have needed geometry, but the religious observances in his neighborhood seemed to him boring and threadbare, and he had no disposition for philosophy. Geometry served him beautifully for the metaphysics of understood pain. The principal advantage was that he could regard, once he had put them into linear terms, Mathilda's moods and discontents with ardor and compassion. He was not a victor, but he was wonderfully safe from being victimized. As he continued with his study and his practice, he discovered that the rudenesses of headwaiters, the damp souls of clerks, and the scurrilities of traffic policemen could not touch his tranquillity, and that these oppressors, in turn, sensing his strength, were less rude, damp, and scurrilous. He was able to carry the conviction of innocence, with which he woke each morning, well into the day. He thought of writing a book about his discovery: *Euclidean Emotion: The Geometry of Sentiment.*

At about this time he had to go to Chicago. It was an overcast day, and he took the train. Waking a little after dawn, all usefulness and innocence, he looked out the window of his bedroom at a coffin factory, used-car dumps, shanties, weedy playing fields, pigs fattening on acorns, and in the distance the monumental gloom of Gary. The tedious and melancholy scene had the power over his spirit of a show of human stupidity. He had never applied his theorem to landscapes, but he discovered that, by translating the components of the moment into a parallelogram, he was able to put the discouraging countryside away from him until it seemed harmless, practical, and even charming. He ate a hearty breakfast and did a good day's work. It was a day that needed no geometry. One of his associates in Chicago asked him to dinner. It was an invitation that he felt he could not refuse, and he showed up at half-past six at a little brick house in a part of the city with which he was unfamiliar. Even before the door opened, he felt that he was going to need Euclid.

His hostess, when she opened the door, had been crying. She held a drink in her hand. "He's in the cellar," she sobbed, and went into a small living room without telling Mallory where the cellar was or how to get there. He followed her into the living room. She had dropped to her hands and knees, and was tying a tag to the leg of a chair. Most of the furniture, Mallory noticed, was tagged. The tags were printed: CHICAGO STORAGE WAREHOUSE. Below this she had written: "Property of Helen Fells McGowen." McGowen was his friend's name. "I'm not going to leave the s.o.b. a thing," she sobbed. "Not a stick."

"Hi, Mallory," said McGowen, coming through the kitchen. "Don't pay any attention to her. Once or twice a year she gets sore and puts tags on all the furniture, and claims she's going to put it in storage and take a furnished room and work at Marshall Field's."

"You don't know *anything*," she said.

"What's new?" McGowen asked.

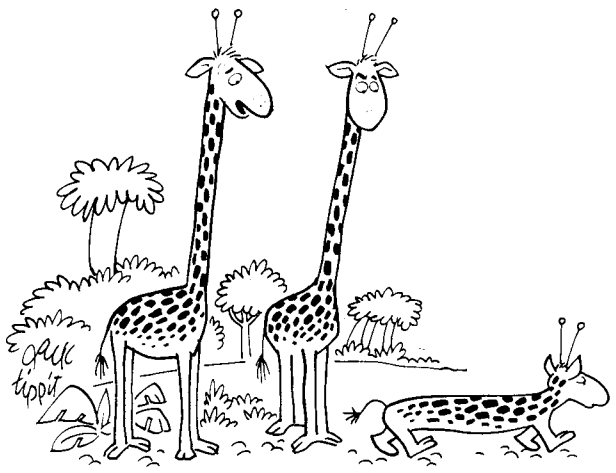
"Lois Mitchell just telephoned. Harry got drunk and put the kitten in the blender."

"Is she coming over?"

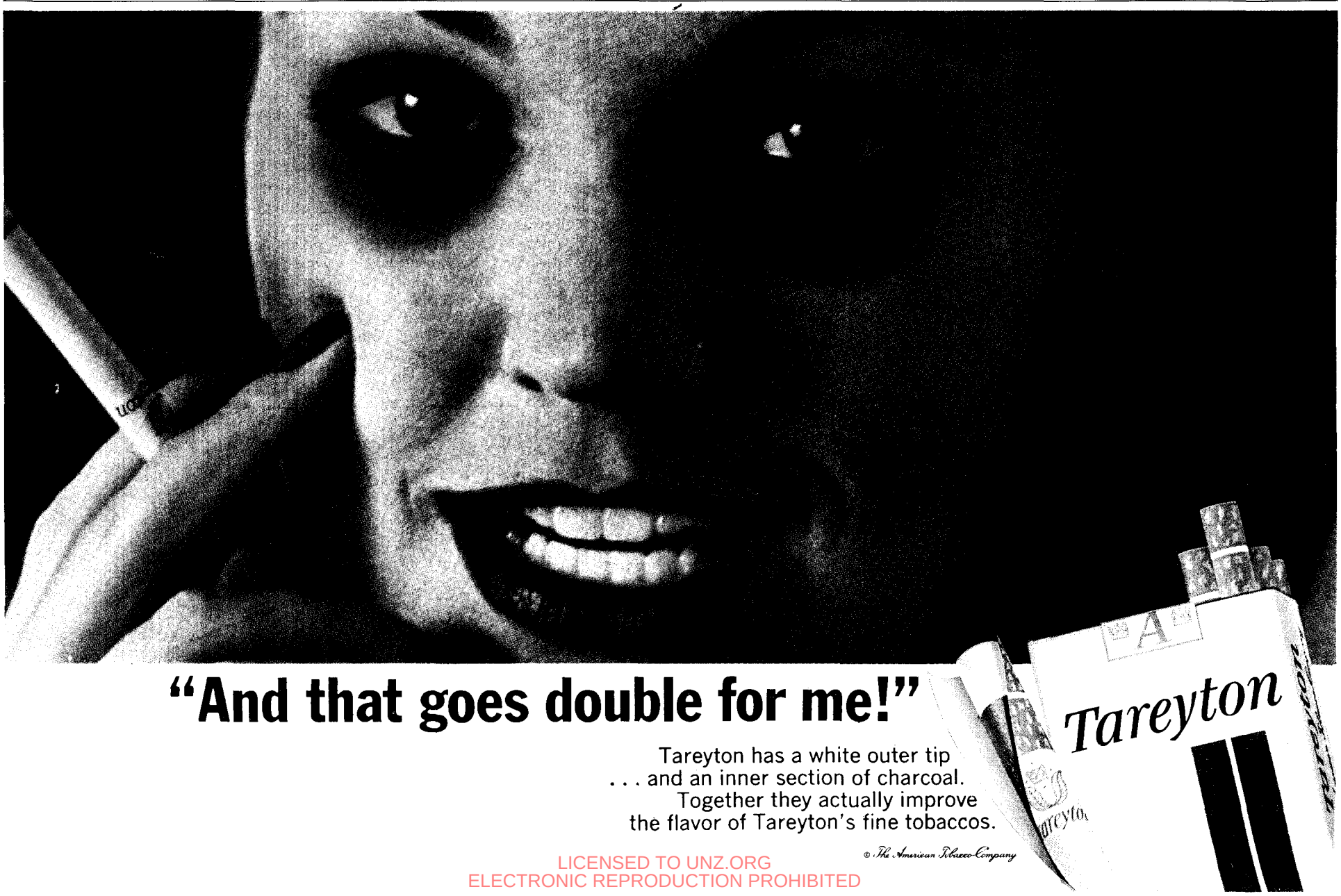
"Of course."

The doorbell rang. A disheveled woman with wet cheeks came in. "Oh, it was awful," she said. "The children were watching. It was their little kitten and they loved it. I wouldn't have minded so much if the children hadn't been watching."

"Let's get out of here," McGowen said, turning back to the kitchen. Mallory followed him through the kitchen, where there were no signs of dinner, down some stairs into a cellar furnished with a ping-pong table, a television set and a bar. He got Mallory a drink. "You see, Helen used to be rich," McGowen said. "It's one of her difficulties. She came from very rich people. Her father had a chain of Laundromats that reached from here to Denver. He introduced live entertainment in Laundromats. Folk singers. Combos. Then the Musicians' Union ganged up on him, and he lost the whole thing overnight. And she knows that I fool around but if I wasn't promiscuous, Mallory, I



"Strontium 90."



"And that goes double for me!"

Tareyton has a white outer tip
. . . and an inner section of charcoal.
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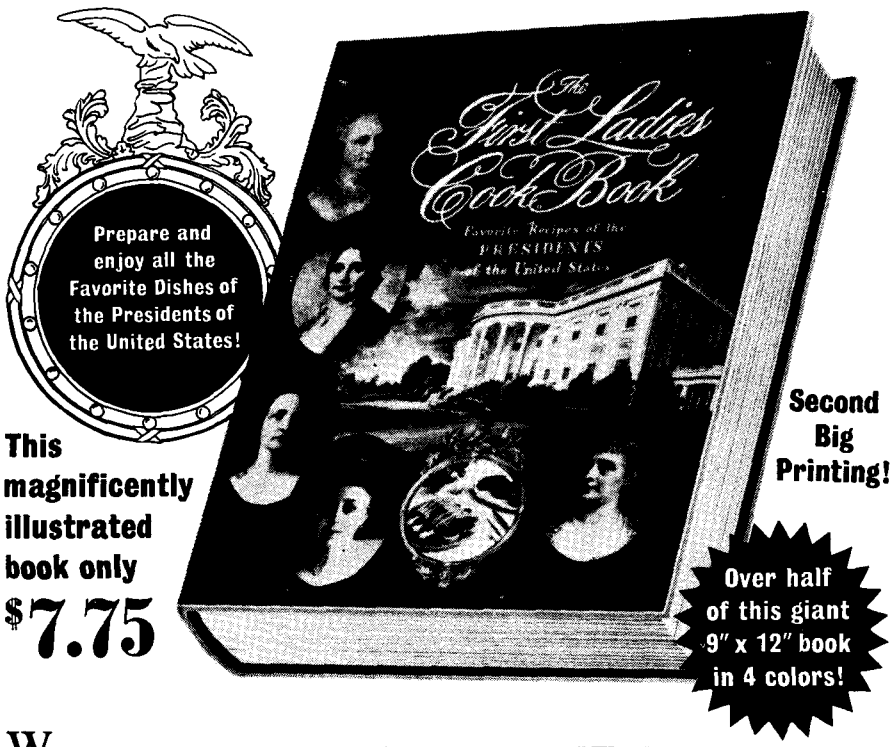
—writes Craig Claiborne, famous food Editor of The New York Times!

THE FIRST LADIES COOK BOOK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JAMES K. POLK
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wouldn't be true to myself. I mean, I used to make out with that Mitchell dame upstairs. The one with the kitten. She's great. You want her, I can fix it up. She'll do anything for me. I usually give her a little something. Ten bucks or a bottle of whiskey. One Christmas I gave her a bracelet. You see, her husband has this suicide thing. He keeps taking sleeping pills, but they always pump him out in time. Once, he tried to hang himself ——"

"I've got to go," Mallory said.

"Stick around, stick around," McGowen said. "Let me sweeten your drink."

"I've really got to go," Mallory said. "I've got a lot of work to do."

"But you haven't had anything to eat," McGowen said. "Stick around and I'll heat up some gurry."

"There isn't time," Mallory said. "I've got a lot to do." He went upstairs without saying good-bye. Mrs. Mitchell had gone, but his hostess was still tying tags onto the furniture. He let himself out and took a cab back to his hotel.

He got out his slide rule and, working on the relation between the volume of a cone and that of its circumscribed prism, tried to put Mrs. McGowen's drunkenness and the destiny of the Mitchells' kitten into linear terms. Oh, Euclid, be with me now! What did Mallory want? He wanted radiance, beauty, and order, no less; he wanted to rationalize the image of Mr. Mitchell, hanging by the neck. Was Mallory's passionate detestation of squalor fastidious and unmanly? Was he wrong to look for definitions of good and evil, to believe in the inalienable power of remorse, the beauty of shame? There was a vast number of imponderables in the picture, but he tried to hold his equation to the facts of the evening, and this occupied him until past midnight, when he went to sleep. He slept well.

The Chicago trip had been a disaster as far as the McGowens went, but financially it had been profitable, and the Mallorys decided to take a trip, as they usually did whenever they were flush. They flew to Italy and stayed in a small hotel near Sperlonga where they had stayed before. Mallory was very happy and needed no Euclid for the ten days they spent on the coast. They went to Rome before flying home and, on their last day, went to the Piazza del Popolo for lunch. They ordered lobster, and were laughing, drinking, and cracking shells with their teeth when Mathilda became melancholy. She let out a sob, and Mallory realized that he was going to need Euclid.

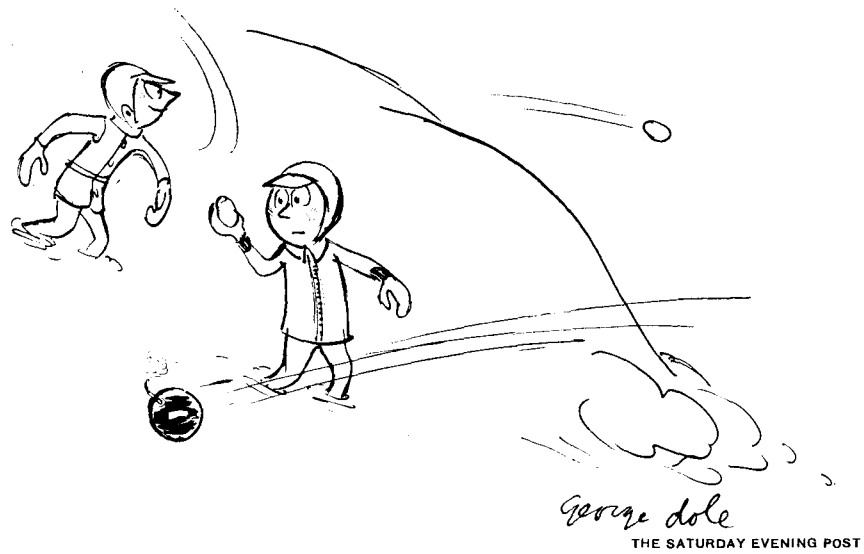
Now Mathilda was moody, but that afternoon seemed to promise Mallory that he might, by way of groundwork and geometry, isolate the components of her moodiness. The restaurant seemed to present a splendid field for investigation. The place was fragrant and orderly. The other diners were decent Italians, all of them strangers, and he didn't imagine they had it in their power to make her as miserable as she plainly was. She had enjoyed her lobster. The linen was white, the silver polished, the waiter civil. Mallory examined the place—the flowers, the piles of fruit, the traffic in the square outside the window—and he could find in all of this no source for the sorrow and bitterness in her face. "Would you like an ice or some fruit?" he asked.

"If I want anything, I'll order it myself," she said, and she did. She summoned the waiter, ordered an ice and some coffee for herself, throwing Mallory a dark look. When Mallory had paid the check, he asked her if she wanted a cab. "What a stupid idea," she said, frowning with disgust, as if he had suggested squandering their savings account or putting their children on the stage.

They walked back to their hotel, Indian file. The light was brilliant, the heat was intense, and it seemed as if the streets of Rome had always been hot and would always be, world without end. Was it the heat that had changed her humor? "Does the heat bother you, dear?" he asked, and she turned and said, "You make me sick." He left her in the hotel lobby and went to a café.

He worked out his problems with a slide rule on the back of a menu. When he returned to the hotel, she had gone out, but she came in at seven and began to cry as soon as she entered the room. The afternoon's geometry had proved to him that her happiness, as well as his and that of his children, suffered from some capricious, unfathomable, and submarine course of emotion that wound mysteriously through her nature, erupting with turbulence at intervals that had no regularity and no discernible cause. "I'm sorry, my darling," he said. "What is the matter?"

"No one in this city understands English," she said, "absolutely no one.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I got lost and I must have asked fifteen people the way back to the hotel, but no one understood me." She went into the bathroom and slammed the door, and he sat at the window—calm and happy—watching the traverse of a cloud shaped exactly like a cloud, and then the appearance of that brassy light that sometimes fills up the skies of Rome just before dark.

Mallory had to go back to Chicago a few days after they returned from Italy. He finished his business in a day—he avoided McGowen—and got the four-o'clock train. At about four-thirty he went up to the club car for a drink, and seeing the mass of Gary in the distance, repeated that theorem that had corrected the angle of his relationship to the Indiana landscape. He ordered a drink and looked out of the window at Gary. There was nothing to be seen. He had, through some miscalculation, not only rendered Gary powerless; he had lost Gary. There was no rain, no fog, no sudden dark to account for the fact that, to his eyes, the windows of the club car were vacant. Indiana had disappeared. He turned to a woman on his left and asked, "That's Gary, isn't it?"

"Sure," she said. "What's the matter? Can't you see?"

An isosceles triangle took the sting out of her remark, but there was no trace of any of the other towns that followed. He went back to his bedroom, a lonely and a frightened man. He buried his face in his hands, and, when he raised it, he could clearly see the lights of the grade crossings and the little towns, but he had never applied his geometry to these.

It was perhaps a week later that Mallory was taken sick. His secretary—she had returned from Capri—found him unconscious on the floor of the office. She called an ambulance. He was operated on and listed as in critical condition. It was ten days after his operation before he could have a visitor, and the first, of course, was Mathilda. He had lost ten inches of his intestinal tract, and there were tubes attached to both his arms. "Why, you're looking marvelous," Mathilda exclaimed, turning the look of shock and dismay on her face inward and settling for an expression of absentmindedness. "And it's such a pleasant room. Those yellow walls. If you have to be sick, I guess it's best to be sick in New York. Remember that awful country hospital where I had the children?" She came to rest, not in a chair, but on the windowsill. He reminded himself that he had never known a love that could quite anneal the divisive power of pain; that could bridge the distance between the quick and the infirm. "Everything at the house is fine and dandy," she said. "Nobody seems to miss you."

Never having been gravely ill before, he had no way of anticipating the poverty of her gifts as a nurse. She seemed to resent the fact that he was ill, but her resentment was, he thought, a clumsy expression of love. She had never been adroit at concealment, and she could not conceal the fact that she considered his collapse to be selfish. "You're so lucky," she said. "I mean you're so lucky it happened in New York. You have the best doctors and the best nurses, and this must be one of the best hospitals in the world. You've nothing to worry about, really. Everything's done for you. I just wish that once in my life I could get into bed for a week or two and be waited on."

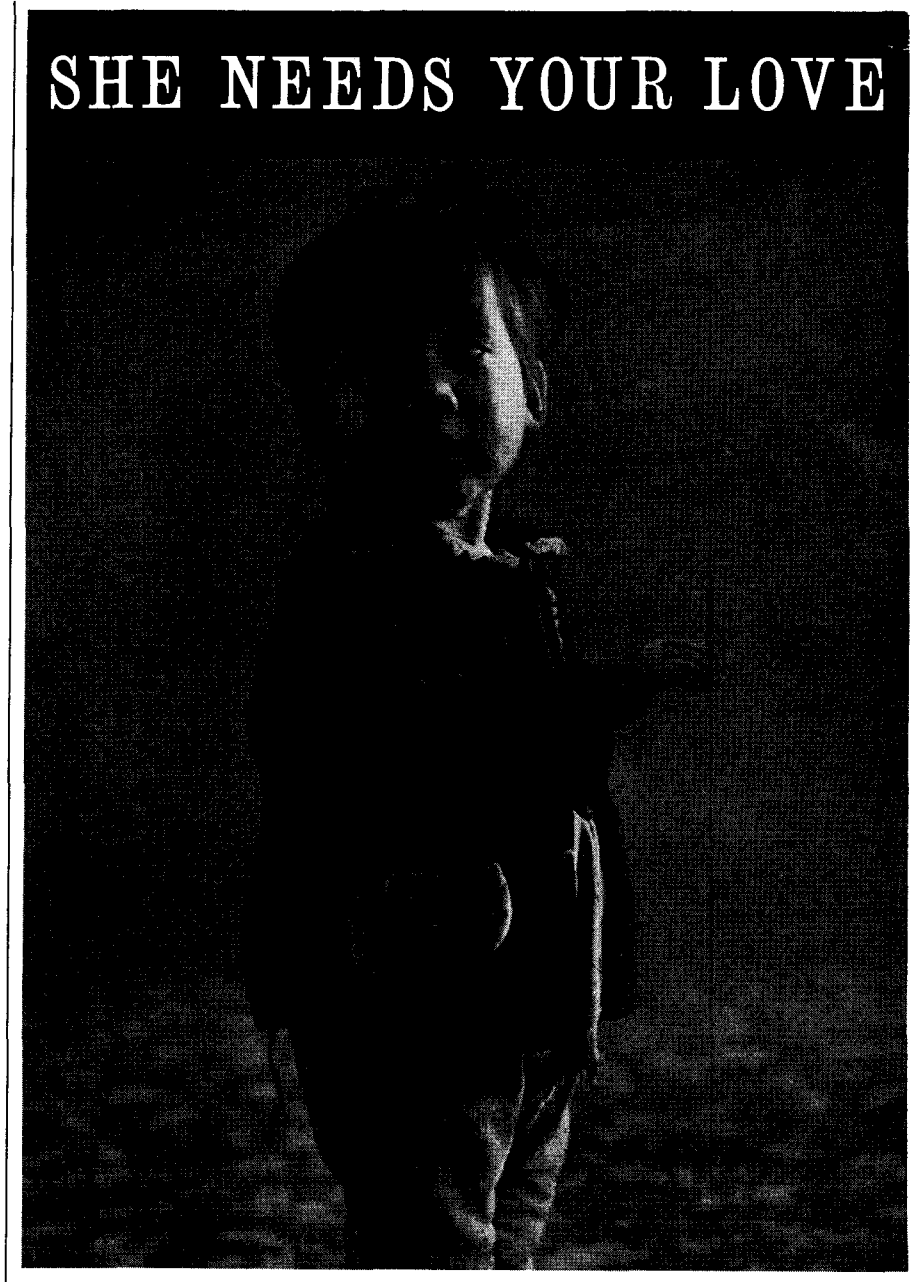
It was his Mathilda speaking, his beloved Mathilda, unsparing of herself in displaying that angularity, that legitimate self-interest that no force of love could reason or soften. This was she, and he appreciated the absence of sentimentality with which she appeared. A nurse came in with a bowl of clear soup on a tray. She spread a napkin under his chin and prepared to feed him, since he could not move his arms. "Oh, let me do it, let me do it." Mathilda said. "It's the least I can do." It was the first hint of the fact that she was in any way involved in what was, in spite of the yellow walls, a tragic scene. She took the bowl of soup and the spoon from the nurse. "Oh, how good that smells," she said. "I have half a mind to eat it myself. Hospital food is supposed to be dreadful, but this place seems to be an exception." She held a spoonful of the broth up to his lips and then, through no fault of her own, spilled the bowl of broth over his chest and bedclothes.

She rang for the nurse and then vigorously rubbed at a spot on her skirt. When the nurse began the lengthy and complicated business of changing his bed linen, Mathilda looked at her watch and saw that it was time to go. "I'll stop in tomorrow," she said. "I'll tell the children how well you look."

It was his Mathilda, and this much he understood, but when she had gone he realized that understanding might not get him through another such visit. He definitely felt that the convalescence of his guts had suffered a setback. She might even hasten his death. When the nurse had finished changing him and had fed him a second bowl of soup, he asked her to get the slide rule and notebook out of the pocket of his suit. He worked out a simple, geometrical analogy between his love for Mathilda and his fear of death.

It seemed to work. When Mathilda came at eleven the next day, he could hear her and see her, but she had lost the power to confuse. He had corrected her angle. She was dressed for her phantom lover and she went on about how well he looked and how lucky he was. She did point out that he needed a shave. When she had left, he asked the nurse if he could have a barber. She explained that the barber came only on Wednesdays and Fridays, and that the male nurses were all out on strike. She brought him a mirror, a razor, and some soap, and he saw his face then for the first time since his collapse. His emaciation forced him back to geometry, and he tried to equate the voracity of his appetite, the boundlessness of his hopes, and the frailty of his carcass. He reasoned carefully, since he knew that a miscalculation, such as he had made for Gary, would end those events that had begun when Euclid's Dry Cleaning and Dyeing truck had passed under his window. Mathilda went from the hospital to a restaurant and then to a movie, and it was the cleaning woman who told her, when she got home, that he had passed away. □

SHE NEEDS YOUR LOVE



Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

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Poor George. He really needed to be taught a lesson. Poor Elaine. She loved him enough to do it.

The Practical

George Ferguson, our hero, is a practical joker. He has a national reputation, of which he is proud. All through college he entertained his classmates with an astonishing repertoire of pranks, carried on by telephone, letter, or personal appearance, and often involving an elaborate set of props, as when he put on work clothes, acquired tools and sawhorses, roped off a section of a main street in New Haven, and dug a large hole in the asphalt. He then went away, as if to lunch, and never returned. Some of his props were smaller, like phony letters; and many were portable, such as fake ice cubes in which a cockroach or a rusty hairpin was embedded. There was never a dull moment when George was around.

George is first seen walking purposefully along a city street. What city is not immediately obvious; then, as we take our eyes off George and look about him, the city is seen to be New York. We are looking down the long avenue to the giant building that is a barricade across it, into which the thoroughfare tunnels as if into a mountain. It is a mountain that opens and swallows people. It is about to swallow George Ferguson, for he toils inside it, and he is on his way to work.

George is tall and gangly, looks about twenty-seven or -eight (despite the thinning hair), but is actually nearer to thirty-five than to thirty. There is something eternally boyish in his appearance; he is the perennial sophomore.

What is he thinking about? Is he planning some particularly elaborate practical joke? Is he perhaps worrying about the job for which he is heading? No. If his thoughts could become visible in a balloon above his head, as in a comic strip, we would see that he is thinking about a girl.

Her name is Elaine, like the lily maid of Astolat. George would like to serve as her special knight, to wear her sleeve into battle, for he is in love with her. "Elaine!" says the balloon. Nothing else—just "Elaine!"

But, in the next frame, another thought joins that of Elaine, mingles with it for a moment, and temporarily (but not for long) supersedes it. This is a serious thought, for George Ferguson is a complicated character and has a serious side. He has a good mind, and he is clever with the pen. (We shall see in a minute, as we follow him into his office, that he works in an advertising agency as a copywriter. His boss, as it happens, is Elaine's uncle, and that is how he met Elaine.)

George's new thought is about his play. In the past year, since meeting Elaine, he has written a serious play, in an earnest, though belated, effort to begin fulfilling the "promise" he has been showing for years. Everyone has always said that if he would quit fooling around and settle down, George could make a name for himself in a better part than that of court jester and life of the party. He had never listened to those voices until they were joined by Elaine's, after which he heard only hers. She had painted a verbal picture of an aging clown that made him see, for the first time, his future as it might be, with himself the laughingstock instead of the initiator of laughs, himself taking the ultimate pratfall, slipping on the banana peel he himself had thrown away.

Hence, this morning, George is a man who has written a play, and it is a good one. It has good characters, strong lines, and something to say about things and people, and how people are run by the things they have invented, making life infinitely more complicated as a result of trying to simplify it. George has said this in dramatic form well enough so that the play is being seriously considered by Max Kampman, and Max Kampman is the Cadillac of theatrical producers. His assistant has told George that Mr. Kampman is taking the manuscript up

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Joker

By GWEN DAVENPORT

to his country place and hopes to read it carefully, without interruptions, over the coming weekend.

As George's thoughts swing around to the weekend, they meet Elaine coming back into them. For Elaine is to be at her uncle's house in Connecticut for the weekend, and the Roger Pulliams (he is Elaine's uncle and George's boss) have invited George to spend it with them. So it is of Elaine he is thinking again as he enters the tunnel under the mountain and is carried up inside nearly to the summit.

As he steps out of the elevator, he encounters his boss, a stocky, almost hairless man of middle age, who is always impeccably dressed. Mr. Pulliam is wearing a Cavanagh snap-brim halo (because he is Elaine's uncle) that casts over his features the glow of a saintly light.

"Good morning, sir," says George, in a tone of reverence.

"Come into my office," Mr. Pulliam replies.

This office, suitably furnished for the reception of clients and the overawing of employees, has for George the additional aura of a consecrated place, it being the scene of his first meeting with Elaine. As he follows Roger Pulliam into this sanctuary, the door is closed behind them, and George sees there the copy chief and the account executive of the account to which he—George—has been assigned (a laxative that swells and expands on reaching the intestine, so that its progress through that canal must resemble the swallowing of a rabbit by a boa constrictor). The expressions on the faces of these gentlemen, who have been poring over a layout for which George wrote the copy, are grim. He is in for it.

"I do not consider that the substitution of one word for another of identical meaning can be considered a rewrite," says the account executive.

"Sheer laziness!" exclaims the copy chief.

"No, sir, not laziness," George says quickly in his own defense, the more quickly because the criticism has hit home. (George is constitutionally lazy; it is not in his nature to take infinite pains. He needed the prodding and incentive of Elaine to force himself to undertake and finish the play, about which

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he had talked for years.) However, in this case it was not his habitual laziness that had caused him to skimp his work; it was lack of time because he had been typing the final draft of the play.

"If it was not laziness, it was stupidity," says the copy chief. "Did you think we would not notice?"

"Oh, no, sir!" George says, in a tone implying this would be impossible. "I must have written a hundred revisions before I came back to this as being the best after all. It was your original suggestion, I believe, sir—that analogy of the weary river that someday meets the sea—and I just concluded it couldn't be improved upon." He smiles winningly, and his smile is charming, conciliatory and candid. (In his heart is a stab of fear.)

"Suggestion, yes," says the man. "But suggestions made in conferences are not final, polished copy ready to be shown to the client."

There is a silence, a pause of the kind known as pregnant. No one speaks. If we could read a little thought-balloon over the head of each of the four men, we would see nothing but exclamation points, asterisks and pinwheels, plus a pair of crossed fingers, inside George's. In the account executive's it would say, "This has happened too often lately." Mr. Pulliam's would look like a black cloud in the sky. The copy chief's would read, "This is the end of you, you young smart aleck," for he is already composing the words he intends to use shortly to inscribe the handwriting on the wall.

It is soon over. George has two weeks pay—two hundred and eighty dollars—infinite leisure, and a date to meet Elaine for lunch. Before he leaves, Mr. Pulliam speaks to him privately, expressing genuine regret that a man of so much ability and potential should be so reluctant to put his shoulder to the wheel.

"Of course, this makes no difference to the weekend plans," says Elaine's uncle. "Mrs. Pulliam and I are counting on you. We have a charming young woman, the daughter of old friends, and Lister Black."

"Blister!" cries George.

George has known Lister Black for many years. In fact, they went to the same prep school and were in the same college at Yale. George cannot abide Blister—and vice versa. They never could stand one another (Blister being the perfect butt for jokes), but it is worse than ever now, for Blister is, in his dogged, dull, determined fashion, courting Elaine.

George's first reaction is to bow out of the weekend. Then he thinks of Elaine and Blister together, and he not there, and he cannot bear it. It is worse because Blister is well employed, well heeled, and well qualified to offer a woman security.

"Thank you, sir. I'll be there," says George.

"We'll expect you for dinner Friday night. There's a train at four forty-five."

They shake hands. George, awkwardly embracing the small armload of belongings he has cleared out of the desk that used to be his, descends the mountain and goes into the vast caverns underneath (Grand Central Station) where he deposits the belongings (thermos bottle, slide rule, dictionary, bits and pieces) in a rental locker, pocketing the key. He is never to see them again. (He will lose the key and forget all about it.)

At half-past twelve, he is in the restaurant sitting behind a table against the wall next to Elaine. Elaine is so beautiful that every woman sees in her the quality whose lack she—the observer—feels most keenly. Thus the elderly courtesan across the room, whose hair is thin and white, sees with a pang the full, rich, auburn cascade. At the next table, the youngish housewife who has let her figure go looks in anguish at the flat stomach and neat waist. As she walks into the restaurant followed by her hired underling (male), the successful career woman who has never married sees the soft glance and gentle smile of the future wife and mother that is Elaine.

Elaine pays no attention to all this. Not only is she genuinely devoid of vanity (which she does not need, any more than royal persons need to be snobs), but her attention is entirely given to George, for he has just told her that he has been fired.

"Oh, no!" she exclaims, greatly distressed. "Oh, George, how could you?"

"What do you mean, how could I? I didn't fire myself."

"You know what I mean. I was afraid this would happen. Uncle Roger said you were the brightest young man they ever had in the office, but that you just would not buckle down and apply yourself."

"It was your fault," George says.

"My fault?"

"I put every ounce of application and energy I had into writing the play. For you."

"The play is a bird in the bush," Elaine says sadly.

Then George tells her about Max Kampman.

"Oh, I know him," Elaine says. (Only slightly, it turns out. Kampman's place in Connecticut is not far from the Pulliams'. Elaine has met Kampman once or twice at parties, she says; but he is antisocial, goes out little, and when in the country is usually working.)

"Do you suppose I could meet him this weekend?" George asks excitedly. "There are so many things I could tell him about the script. I have ideas for staging it, and I could explain why I have only one intermission—lots of things like that."

"I don't think it likely we'll see him, but perhaps I could get Aunt Marge to ask him over for a drink."

"Please do! I'll meet you at the train on Friday after work." (What work? He has momentarily forgotten, and Elaine does not remind him.)

"Oh, I'm sorry," she says, "but I'm driving up with Lister. I'm sure he'd be glad to take you, too, only his Alfa Romeo is just a little sports car, you know, and with your long legs . . ."

"I'll take the train alone," says George. His heart is leaden with the load of his hatred for Lister Black, because in his head he knows that, had he worked diligently in years past instead of enjoying himself, he could have had an Alfa Romeo, too.

"You hurt my feelings," he says childishly. "I should think you'd rather ride in the train with me than in a golden chariot with Blister."

"Lister is the salt of the earth," says Elaine, defensively.

"I'm on a salt-free diet," says George. He recklessly orders a very expensive lunch and a bottle of the finest wine in the cellar. When Elaine protests, he tells her he would rather live it up today and eat at the Salvation Army tomorrow than eat regularly at the Automat. "Besides," he adds, "Max Kampman will option the play. I just know he will!"

"It looks as if he'd darn well better," says Elaine, hopelessly.

George spends the next two days, waiting for Friday afternoon, in a montage of lying on the daybed, sitting in bars, walking aimlessly around in Central Park Zoo, visiting the Rembrandts in the Metropolitan Museum. His cronies are all working. One evening, he makes a fourth at bridge and loses ten dollars. Another finds him filling in at a dinner party (George is much in demand as an extra man) given in honor of a well-known actress. On both occasions he performs as expected, making puns, recounting some of his more famous exploits, being the life of the party.

At last it is Friday. Late afternoon. We open in the library of the Pulliams' house in Connecticut, where Marge and Roger Pulliam and their guests are awaiting the arrival of George Ferguson. The charming young woman who is the daughter of old friends (her name is Judy Something) has already been here for several days, and, after we have a good look at her face, we wonder that the ormolu clock on the mantel is still running. Elaine and Lister Black have arrived, unpacked, and just come downstairs. Also in the room is a neighbor, an elderly lady named Mrs. Calderon, who came to bring Marge Pulliam some tuberous begonias and is staying to visit awhile. She is the perfect dowager (that wonderful foil of the Marx Brothers) only with a much bigger bosom, a really awesome bosom.

Judy, it seems, is all excited because she is going to meet George Ferguson. She has heard so much about him! Marge Pulliam assures her she won't be disappointed; George is just a scream. There's never a dull moment with George around. He should be here very soon, in time for a cocktail before dinner. Mrs. Calderon must stay and meet him. "Lister knew him in college, didn't you, Lister?"

"I did," says Lister, grimly. "To my sorrow." Lister looks exactly like the salt of the earth. (It is understood that in this phrase the word salt is used not in the sense of seasoning, but to mean a preservative, to cure meat and keep pickles.) "I lived across the hall from him senior year. Many a time I have had firsthand experience of what George Ferguson can do."

"Oh, tell us some!" cries Marge, clapping her hands. She is an extremely naïve woman, and, like many such people, is just as nice as she is dumb, so her husband and friends adore her.

Lister recounts one of the reasons he hates George's guts. (Naturally, he does not say he hates them, but we can listen between the lines.) In their senior year at New Haven, George had rigged up an elaborate boobytrap into which Lister had stepped. Thus: At about three o'clock in the morning when all decent people are asleep, George had

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gone into the shower stall directly opposite the bathroom door. He had entered the stall, closed the glass door and sealed the cracks and the drain with tape. Then he climbed over the top of the stall and turned on the water until the stall was full. A broom handle wedged between shower and bathroom doors held back the weight of the water. (George had exited through the window.)

"It happened," says Lister, acidly, "that I was the first person to go into the shower room that morning." (Actually, it did not just "happen." George knew quite well Blister's habit of rising at six to study before breakfast. George himself slept until barely time to make his first class, which had been expressly chosen because it started at ten.) "You can imagine," Lister continues, "what happened when I opened the bathroom door, and a ton of water burst out on me, knocking me off my feet and halfway down the stairs."

Marge Pulliam bursts out laughing. "Of course we can imagine!" she cries gaily. "It must have been a scream!"

"I did not find it so," Lister says. "I sprained my ankle and got a bad bump on my coccyx."

At this moment the butler enters to say that Mrs. Pulliam is wanted on the telephone. (The Pulliams have a Finnish couple.) Excusing herself, Marge goes to the telephone, which is on the desk by the window.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Pulliam?"

"Yes, this is she."

"Mrs. Pulliam, ma'am, this is Fred Short, the local manager of the telephone company."

"Oh, yes?"

"We've been having some trouble with the lines, ma'am. They've gotten very dirty and that obstructs them, so we're going to have to blow them out."

"Oh?"

"It won't take long, ma'am, but it will cause some dirt, so I'm calling to give you time to get your phones covered. Now, I tell you what you do. You cover up all your phones for about the next hour. We'll give you fifteen minutes to get that done. Got it?"

"Yes. But what'll I do if the phone rings?"

"Don't answer it for an hour. OK?"

"OK."

"All right, ma'am. Sorry to inconvenience you."

"Oh, not at all," says Marge. "Thank you very much for warning me." She hangs up.

"What on earth was *that* about?" asks Roger Pulliam, who has heard only her end of the dialogue and is naturally puzzled.

"I'll tell you later," says Marge. "I have to hurry and cover the telephones before they're blown out." She scurries off, hoping fifteen minutes is time enough to tell the Finns not to answer the telephone, and to get six separate instruments safely covered.

"My wife has gone nuts," says Roger Pulliam.

"So suddenly, too," his niece adds. They look at one another with the facial expression of one whose forefinger is slowly circling his head just above the right ear. Mr. Pulliam shrugs. Mrs. Calderon continues her painstaking explanation of exactly how the tuberous begonias are to be treated.

Twelve minutes later, Marge rushes back, carrying a bath towel in which she carefully wraps the telephone receiver on the desk. "There!" she says, and plops herself into a chair with the air of having caught a train just before it started to move.

"Now, perhaps you can tell us what this is all about," says Roger.

"It's about a telephone call from Mr. Small, or Short, the local manager of the phone company." Marge is proceeding to give the gist of Mr. Short's message when there comes a sound of knocking on the front door, and she is interrupted by the arrival of George Ferguson. Everyone forgets about the telephone in the excitement of welcoming the life of the party. Judy Something has to tell him that she has heard so much about him. The elderly neighbor, Mrs. Calderon, is introduced. Blister is reluctantly dragged forward by Elaine to add his unenthusiastic greeting. Marge tells the butler (who has reappeared in response to the knocking) where to take George's suitcase.

"Come in and have a drink before you go up to change," says Roger. "I was just about to mix some cocktails."

"Let me do it," George says. "I'm the best bartender this side of the Plaza. In fact, I am thinking of joining the union and getting a job."

"Moonlighting?" asks Judy.

"It would be if I could find something to do in the daytime," George replies, with a significant glance at Mr. Pulliam.

"Now, now," Roger Pulliam says nervously. (He has told no one about George's having been fired.) "Let's not talk business over the weekend, shall we? Mix us some Martinis, George—eh?"

George has not brought his white coat and fake moustache, with which he has often gone to large parties and passed as a bartender in order to insult the guests (while mixing drinks with water instead of gin, for instance—or vice versa). However, he has brought one gag prop, which he now surreptitiously introduces into the room. He starts to work at the bar, but stops after a minute to ask innocently, "Oh, I forgot. May I make a telephone call? Won't take a second."

"No!" cries Marge. "I'm sorry. That is—not yet. The telephone company is working on the lines. We can't use them for an hour."

All eyes are now turned to the swaddled telephone on the corner of the desk.

"What *are* you talking about?" asks Roger Pulliam.

"I started to tell you," Marge replies patiently. She goes on to explain about how the lines are dirty and are going to be blown out, and how kind it was of Mr. Fred Small (she thinks that was the name—something like that) to give her notice so she could cover the telephones and not have dust blown all through the house.

George goes smugly about his business of making cocktails. He hears, behind his back, the exclamations of incredulity, then the roars of laughter, and the protestations of poor Marge Pulliam—who would actually believe such a tale! Then he hears Elaine's voice say accusingly, on a rising note, "George . . ."

"What?"

"If I'm not mistaken, there's a pay-telephone booth on the station platform, isn't there?"

"How should I know?"

"Because you stopped there and made a call after you got off the train and before you got into the taxi," says Elaine.

It dawns on everyone at once what had happened. There is general laughter. Marge is a good sport, acknowledges she was gullible, and sheepishly removes the towel from the telephone extension. The weekend has started well. "Didn't I tell you?" says Marge to Judy. "Never a dull moment with George around!"

George is taking orders for drinks. Mrs. Calderon, who sits up very dignified with her spine six inches from the back of her chair, asks for dry sherry, the others for various other drinks. George prepares them carefully and carries them around on a tray. Naturally, the sherry is in a different type of glass from the highballs and cocktails. (How different will soon be apparent.)

"Well, cheers!" Roger Pulliam says,

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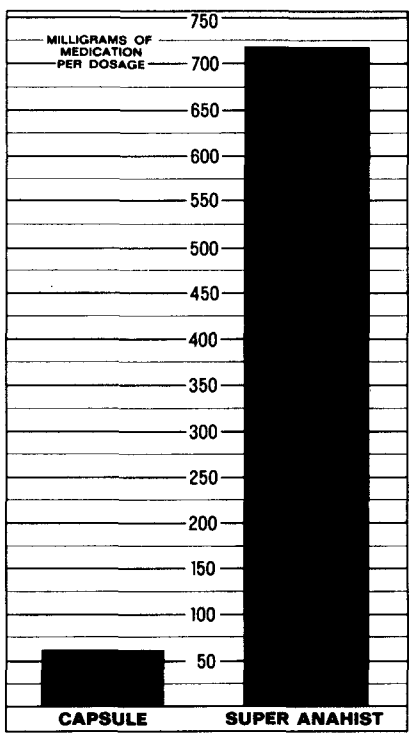

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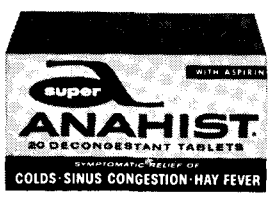

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raising his drink. "Glad to have you all aboard."

George is watching Mrs. Calderon as she lifts the glass of sherry from the table where he has set it by her side. She tilts it to her lips, but, instead of entering between them, the topaz liquid trickles in a steady stream onto her front and disappears down the deep valley between those twin mounds that rise above the cliff of corsetry. Over Mrs. Calderon's face creeps a peculiar expression. "Oh!" she says.

"What is it?" cries George, all solicitude.

Mrs. Calderon looks at the sherry glass. (It is encircled by a finely etched floral wreath about half an inch below the rim.) "It's the fault of the glass," she says defensively. "I believe it's leaking."

"Let me get you another sherry," George offers.

"No, no!" exclaims Mrs. Calderon, as if he were offering her hemlock. She is flustered and embarrassed. "I really must be going. I don't like to drive in the dark."

Lister Black comes across the room, picks up the sherry glass and inspects it. "It is a dribble glass," he says, giving a nasty laugh. Lister takes great pleasure in pointing out to Mrs. Calderon the tiny holes in the floral etching near the rim. Mrs. Calderon is not amused. In fact, she is furious.

"Mr. Pulliam, how could you?" cries George. To Mrs. Calderon he says, "I didn't dream our hostess would slip a glass like that in among the others on the bar. It's bad luck that you were the one to get it."

Marge Pulliam, much distressed, wrings her hands and assures Mrs. Calderon that neither she nor Roger knew a thing about it. "It's only George," she says, making light of it. "He just did it to break the ice."

"Unfortunately, he broke the ice right under Mrs. Calderon's feet," says Lister.

"Please stay and have some sherry—in a proper glass," Marge pleads with the dowager, who is en route to the exit. But that lady is adamant. Obviously, she is really angry. The front door closes behind Mrs. Calderon.

Elaine looks sadly at George. "That was childish," she says.

George smiles winningly. "I thought so, too. She should have been a good sport and laughed it off. It was harmless enough. Given that incredible dignity, and that vast expanse of bosom, I just couldn't resist."

"Some people have no sense of humor," Judy Something says, patting George playfully on the arm, as coyly as if her hand contained a fan. (She is trying to get in good with him because he is a minor celebrity, but she might as well save herself the trouble, for he has eyes only for the Lily Maid.)

"George, you'd better go and change for dinner," Elaine says, turning away from him. "Aunt Marge will apologize to Mrs. Calderon."

It is not until late in the evening, after dinner, that George makes the discovery of Mrs. Calderon's identity. The Pulliams, Blister, and Judy play bridge in the living room, which suits George because it leaves him free to dance with Elaine in the library.

While they dance, George brings up the subject of Max Kampman. Has Elaine spoken to her aunt? Will Mrs. Pulliam invite the producer over so that George can meet him and plead the cause of his play?

"I doubt that Mr. Kampman would be receptive to the invitation," says Elaine. "Not after he hears about this afternoon."

"What do you mean?"

"From Mrs. Calderon."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"Mrs. Calderon is his sister," Elaine says, throwing away the line so that it is a full second before George is sure he heard what she said.

He stops dancing. "Say that again."

Looking him in the eye, Elaine says distinctly, "Mrs. Calderon is the sister of Max Kampman. She lives with him here in the country and keeps house for him."

George looks back at her, appalled, while his face slowly colors. "Why didn't you tell me?" he says at last.

"What difference does it make?"

"What *difference?* Why, you little nut, do you think I'd have pulled that silly bit about the glass of sherry if I'd known?"

"Either it was funny or it wasn't," says Elaine. "So what difference does it make?"

"You should have told me! You let me down. Oh, God, Max Kampman's sister!"

"If it's funny at all, it's just as funny with one victim as another." (Elaine has stepped back and is watching him through narrowed eyes.) "Funnier, in fact," she goes on, "since you said it was the immense dignity and inviting bosom that made it irresistible."

"I'll never forgive you for this," says George, in a low voice. His face is alarmingly red. He goes to the bar, mixes himself a highball that is five parts straight bourbon, and leaves the room.

"Where are you going?" she calls after him.

"To my room. I don't want to talk to anyone, especially you. Say goodnight for me." And he marches off upstairs to get plastered. (As if *that* would change matters.)

Wandering thoughtfully into the living room, Elaine finds the bridge game breaking up. She delivers George's message. The Pulliams are yawning, Mr. Pulliam talking about golf in the morning. Judy is crushed that she won't see George again this evening, because she thinks he is *divine*. Goodnights are said. All go upstairs to bed except Lister Black and Elaine. (He has detained her, hoping for a chance to press his suit.)

"What happened to George?" Blister wants to know, as they sit down together to have a nightcap (in Elaine's case, a soda, for she is a teetotaler).

"He found out that Mrs. Calderon is Max Kampman's sister." (It should have been said that on the drive up to Connecticut that afternoon, Lister had attacked George, and, in his defense, Elaine had told about the play.)

"Aha!" exclaims Blister, in a tone that sounds as if he is rubbing his hands. "Serves him right. I hope it teaches him a lesson."

"Poor George," says Elaine. "He's still at the age for lessons. I wish he'd grow up." She sighs. "He is his own worst enemy."

"Not while I'm alive," says Lister, grimly, with more feeling than originality. Suddenly he sits up straight, struck by an idea. "Elaine!"

"What?"

"I have it! I've thought of how we can get back at George. Oh, this is glorious! It's better than anything George ever thought of himself! Has George ever spoken with Max Kampman?"

"I don't think so. Just to his assistant. Why?"

"He's going to talk to him tomorrow," says Lister.

Lister tells her his plan. In the morning he (Blister) will go to the public-telephone booth and call George. He will say that he is Max Kampman. He will tell George that he has read his play and thinks it shows great promise, but needs a lot of rewriting. Will George be willing to work on it? If so, then Kampman will produce it and will give him immediately a ten-thousand-dollar advance on royalties. "Will George swallow that?"

"I shouldn't think so," says Elaine. "He might swallow an offer of a standard contract."

"All right, then, a standard contract. And Richard Burton to star."

"Be careful," says Elaine, gently. "You are treading on his dreams. That hurts."

"And how many people has George hurt?" Lister bursts out bitterly. "In building up and maintaining his reputation as a prankster, he has humiliated hundreds of people who never did him any harm."

"But his play—that would be cruel."

"George is cruel," says Lister. "What about my coccyx? And when I didn't laugh like a clown, I got the reputation of being a poor sport. Why should George's reputation be built at the expense of mine?"

Elaine is silent.

"He ought to be taught a lesson," Lister repeats.

Elaine is thinking about that lesson. Yes, she thinks, perhaps if George were to be made the victim himself, he might be cured once and for all.

"Well?" says Lister.

"Go ahead," says Elaine. "I'll help you."

"Good girl!" Lister is triumphant. "Now, help me to practice a deep, Kampman-type voice, and let's decide just what to say. Boy, I can't wait! You'll be the lucky one to see him swallow it."

"I really hope he does fall for it," she says.

"Tell me the title and something about the characters."

So they plot together. (He thinks this a good sign for him in the battle for her hand, not realizing that her reasons for going along with the gag differ from his own in an important point: He wants to kill, and she to cure.)

The next day. If we could be in two places at once, we could follow Lister Black as he gets into his Alfa Romeo at about ten o'clock to drive to the station (a couple of miles down the road), and we could still stay with George, just waking up to the realization that his head is a miniature con-

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's a 'teen collection' all right, but it fails to mention which sex."

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crete mixer and all his teeth are wearing slip covers. For a moment he feels only resentment; then he remembers why he drank so much last night and moans aloud. ("It may have been champagne last night, but it's real pain this morning," he says to himself. Then, feeling this shaft of wit is wasted on himself, he makes a mental note to use the pun in front of an audience at the first opportunity.)

This gives him the incentive necessary to getting up and going downstairs; so, ten minutes later, shaved and dressed, he is walking through the front hall as the telephone rings, and the butler, answering in the pantry, comes to look for him. "You can take the call in the library, sir."

It happens that Elaine is sitting in the library, reading the morning paper. George waves to her and picks up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Is that Mr. George Ferguson?"

"Who wants to know?" says George, flippantly.

Very distinctly, the voice at his ear replies, "This is Max Kampman speaking."

"Oh." George swallows his Adam's apple. Making frantic signs to attract Elaine's attention (which he doesn't know he already very much has), he says deferentially, "Yes, Mr. Kampman."

"I have read *The Button Pushers,*" says Blister. (That is the working title of George's play.)

"Y-yes, Mr. Kampman?"

A pause. George looks at Elaine, but she is absorbed in an advertisement for men's nylon socks at three pair for ninety-nine cents, one of the last things on earth for which she would have any use.

"Well, Mr. Ferguson, I am very much impressed. I am interested in producing it next season."

Elaine is holding the newspaper in front of her face, but it is a wonder her ears do not project on either side of it. She hears George promise to rewrite, change the title, make the lead a Richard Burton type, and agree to sign a standard contract in Max Kampman's New York office on Monday morning at eleven o'clock. He concludes with humble apologies and tender messages to Mrs. Calderon.

Blister has brought it off. After hanging up, George bursts into a shout of joy. Forgetting his hangover, he grabs Elaine, pulls her to her feet, and babbles out the news. They will be rich, famous, respected. (He says "we" unconsciously, and it does not strike Elaine as presumptuous.)

"I guess Mrs. Calderon didn't thumbs down on me after all," says George. "I want to thank her, and I want to apologize to her in person." Struck by an inspiration, he goes on. "I know what I'll do! I'll go right over there to Kampman's house. Do you think your uncle would lend me a car?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, if I were you," says Elaine, hastily.

"Why not? Believe me, Kampman couldn't have been nicer. He said he wanted to talk it all over with me. We could do it much better here in the country than in his office in town."

"But George, you mustn't!" cries Elaine. "You can't."

"The hell I can't."

She grabs at a straw. "You haven't had breakfast," she remembers. "Come and get something to eat."

"I don't intend to eat anything but black coffee and aspirin," says George. "Oh, why did I get plastered last night?"

Elaine sees an opening. "Perhaps you'd better not go to see him with a hangover. He might get the idea you were a lush or something. Why don't you wait until Monday?"

But he is determined. If Elaine won't tell him how to get to the Kampman house, then Marge Pulliam will. He goes off to look for her and finds her at breakfast with Judy. (Mr. Pulliam has gone to dress for a golf game with Lister Black.) With beamish countenance, George tells the two ladies his great news. Marge is thrilled. Judy looks at him adoringly, seeing him transformed before her very eyes from a minor to a major celebrity. Marge offers to drive him over to Mr. Kampman's after breakfast.

Presently Lister Black, dressed to play golf, puts in an appearance and is informed of George's triumph. He seems genuinely happy about it, much to George's surprise. (He had misjudged old Blister, he thinks, who was proving to be a good sort, after all, when the chips were down.) George graciously accepts Blister's congratulations.

The atmosphere takes on the heady quality of air filled with the sweet smell of success. Everyone is full of questions and congratulations. An opening-night party is planned.

Elaine gets Lister into a corner to tell him George intends making a call on Max Kampman.

Lister is exultant.

"You can't let him do that," she says.

"Oh, yes I can!"

"You have to tell him it's just a practical joke!"

"Oh, no I don't!"

Mr. Pulliam and Lister go off to prepare for their golf game, discussing Richard Burton versus Zero Mostel as box-office draws. George swallows aspirin and coffee alternately, and basks in projected glory.

He is actually en route to Max Kampman's when Elaine grabs him in the front hall, pulls him into the library, shuts the door behind them, and says, "George."

He kisses her. "Later, baby, later. When I get back I'm going to propose."

"I have to tell you this. Hold on, now. That wasn't Max Kampman who called you this morning."

He looks at her uncomprehendingly.

"It was Lister. He went out to the station telephone and called you up, pretending to be Max Kampman. I wasn't going to say anything, only I just can't let you go over there." She is looking at him through the tears that are starting in her beautiful eyes. (Elaine could never stand seeing anyone hurt; inflicting the hurt herself is unbearable.)

George takes it in. For a long time he doesn't speak. Then he says, barely controlling his rage. "And you let him do it! You didn't tell me. You, of all people, knew what that play means to me, that it is sacred. One can't joke about a thing like that." Then he bursts out, "How can I face them all again? You've made a fool of me!"

"Don't," she begs. "Remember, no one else can make a fool of you—only yourself. It's all in how you take it."

"What shall I do?" he cries out in despair, turning away from her. (He is thinking he can say he is going to Max Kampman's, while, really, he will get on the next train for New York and never see any of them again.)

"You have two choices," says Elaine. "Either pretend you weren't really fooled at all and just went along with the gag, or admit you were taken in and be a good sport about it." She steps aside and opens the door. "Think it over," she says. "I'll back you up either way." She touches his cheek and leaves him.

George lies full length on the sofa, as if it were his coffin (which he wishes it were). Once again, dwarfs begin to hit anvils inside his skull. He lies there listening to them, hoping they will keep going until his head bursts wide open, finally settling his every problem. When the telephone rings on the desk, it is ringing his death knell. It stops.

Presently, the butler appears in the doorway. "Mr. Ferguson, you are wanted on the telephone."

Dragging himself to his feet, George manages to reach the instrument of his humiliation. "Hello."

"Is that Mr. George Ferguson?" It is a man's voice, low and guttural.

"What remains of him."

"This is Max Kampman speaking."

There is a pause. Then George laughs cynically. "Oh, no you don't, you bleeding little Blister, you!"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" (The note of startled indignation sounds genuine; Blister is really quite good, much better than George would have thought possible.)

"You thought you fooled me, didn't you?" he says. "Ha!"

"I am calling with reference to a manuscript, *The Button Pushers.*"

"Now, you listen to me!" George shouts. "I'm on to you, so you can cut it out, and bloody well take the manuscript and ——"

"*Sir!*" interrupts the voice. "Are you aware of whom you are addressing?"

"Certainly I'm aware of whom I am addressing, you crumby little bum! This is exactly what would be your idea of a joke. Only I don't think it's funny, see? Now go peddle your wares somewhere else, and never call me up again as long as you live."

"I certainly shall not," says the voice, but George is not listening. His face gets redder as his voice gets louder and more abusive. He is starting in on a string of epithets descriptive of Blister and his ancestry, when his eye catches a movement in the doorway. He looks around to see standing there, gazing at him open-mouthed, Lister Black.

George stops in midstream. There is an instant's silence, in which is heard the sound of the telephone receiver being slammed down on the other end of the connection.

"Hello? Mr. Kampman!" George cries in panic. "Hello?"

"Hello," says Lister Black. "What are you up to? Playing some silly joke, no doubt."

Later that day. Elaine has gone for a walk, by herself, after having a long talk with George. Her route takes her to the house occupied by Max Kampman and his sister, Mrs. Calderon, and after she has rung their doorbell and asked to see the great man, he has granted her request. (She has told no one of her intention, not even George.)

The interview takes place in a handsome setting of book-lined walls and comfortable leather chairs placed about on a fine Persian rug. When we drop in on the scene, Elaine has already told Mr. Kampman the whole story of the phony telephone call about the play. (Max Kampman, whom we are seeing for the first time, proves to be a short, round man with the face of a wicked cherub and shrewd eyes, an Alfred Hitchcock type.)

"Not only has this clown insulted me," he says, "but he publicly humiliated my sister. She did not find him amusing. I could not possibly work successfully with a man of George Ferguson's playful nature."

"Please, Mr. Kampman!" Elaine begs. "I explained how he didn't know it was really you he was talking to . . ."

"So it was all right to talk to someone else in that language?" Max Kampman asks mildly.

She flushes. "No, it wasn't. But you can understand how it happened."

"That does not alter the fact that it did happen. I really would have liked to produce *The Button Pushers.* But you see, there is a great deal of hard work still to be done on it. It needs to be taken apart and put back together in a more wieldy form. I could not work with a man who does not take things seriously. These silly jokes, constant bids for attention . . ."

"George truly can work hard, and I know he intends to!" Elaine urges. "You can't imagine how chastened he is, after what happened this morning. Why, he even admitted to Lister that he'd been taken in. He wants very much to apologize to Mrs. Calderon. Please give him his chance. *Please,* Mr. Kampman!"

Max Kampman thinks it over, sitting still in his chair and staring out at the bare trees.

After a while, Elaine says, in her lovely, soft voice, "Mr. Kampman, I can absolutely guarantee that this experience has cured George. There will be no fooling around if you will produce the play."

"How can you guarantee it?" asks Max Kampman.

"Because I'm going to be his wife," she says. (She has only this minute made the decision, and she herself is more surprised to hear it than Mr. Kampman.) "I personally will guarantee."

"Well," says Max Kampman, rising, "he's a lucky man. All right, tell him to be in my office at ten on Monday morning."

Elaine's face bursts into bloom. She thanks him warmly and walks to the door on clouds.

"You'll have your hands full," says Mr. Kampman, as he shakes her hand.

"Oh, yes," she agrees. "As my Aunt Marge says, there's never a dull moment with George around."

She says good-bye, smiling, then sets off across the country again, back to the Pulliams'. Following her, we see the familiar, rangy figure of George Ferguson come out from the house to meet her. They stand close together, there in the middle distance, knee-deep in daffodils, and we can presume that she is telling him where she has been and all that transpired from her interview with Max Kampman.

(And as we already know these things, there is no need to listen.) □

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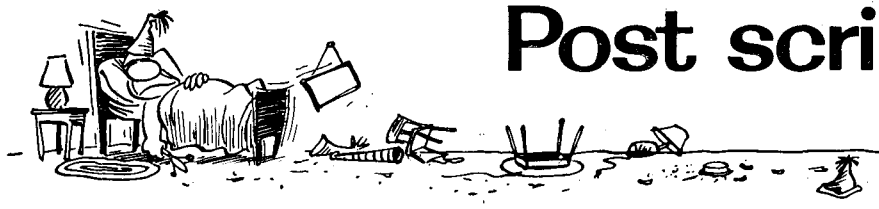
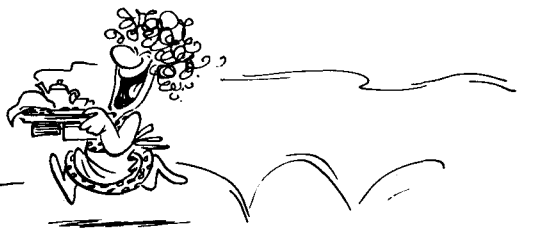
Post scripts





"I think it's a splinter."

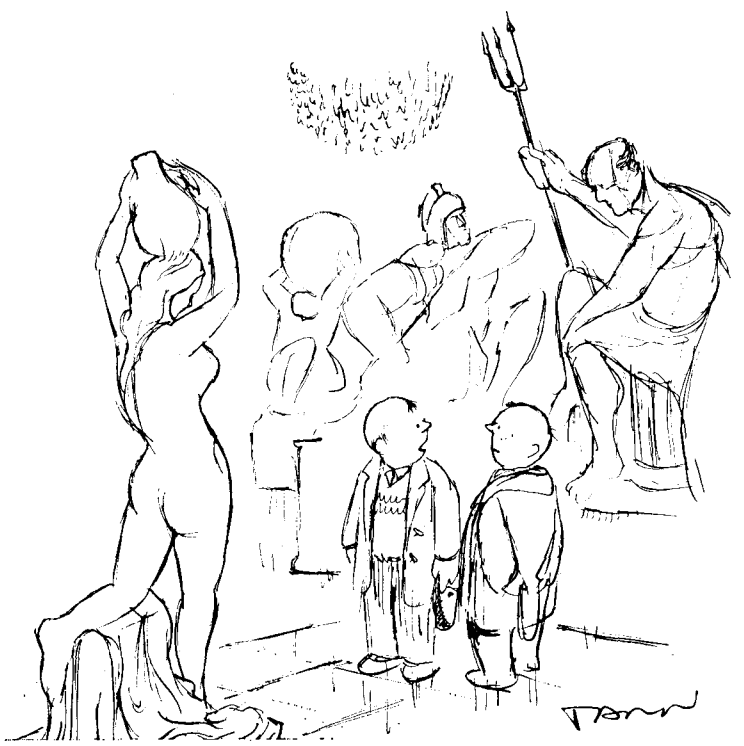
"And what if it isn't an umbrella?"

I like roses better

The Flower Box
Attention: Miss Winifred Coxe

Dear Wynn,
If a certain young man should drop in
And want to buy me a poinsetter
Would you somehow let him know that I like roses better?
Thanks loads,
Imogene Rhodes

BY LEONHARD DOWTY



"You mean that's what sitters look like underneath?"

"You come just one step closer, Mr. Fobusher, and I'll scream."

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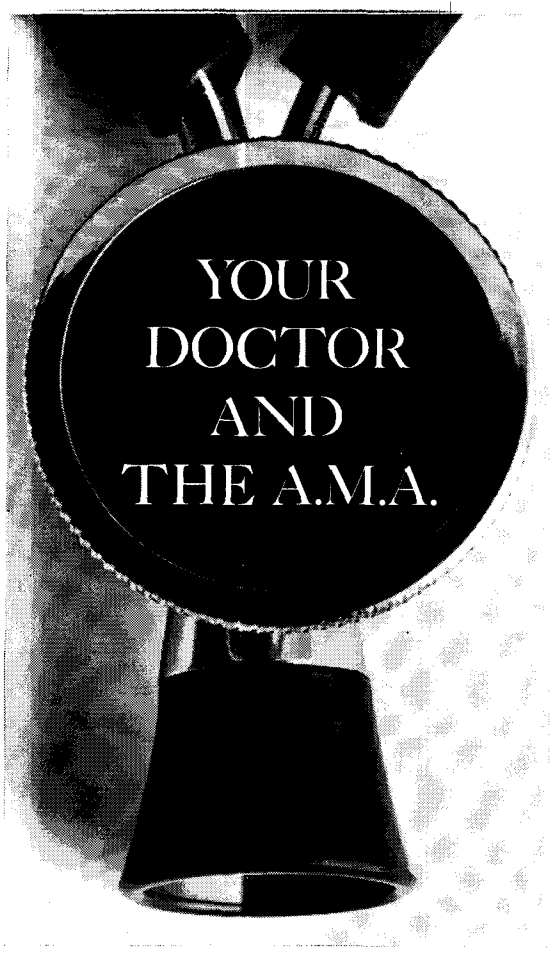

'The A.M.A. has a wide-open opportunity to help shape the health care of the future. But it probably won't.'

Continued from page 17

Education called on medical colleges to cut back enrollments, and the percentage of applicants admitted to medical schools then began a steady decline. Until World War II the actual number of graduates per year stayed around the 5,000 mark—less than it had been a generation before. Meanwhile, the income of the medical profession climbed faster and higher than that of most other groups in our economy.

For the past two decades the A.M.A. hasn't ostensibly followed a doctor-production-control program. Its critics charge, however, that it has sought to accomplish much the same thing by opposing federal aid to medical education as a threat to academic freedom. But since passage of the Health Professions Educational Assistance Act in 1963, medical schools have embarked on huge expansion programs. The country now has 88 approved medical schools, and 11 new schools are being built. The number of graduates, recently around 7,300 a year, is rising slowly.

The A.M.A. long has recognized that medical education should not end when a student gets his M.D. or, for that matter, after his internship and residency. For the past two years a blue-ribbon "Citizens Commission" has been making a study of training programs for interns and residents.

To date the commission hasn't completed its study. One thing is sure, though; it will find that American medical schools aren't supplying enough graduates to fill vacancies in hospitals for interns and resident physicians. Graduates of foreign medical schools now hold more than 2,500 internships and around 8,000 residencies, and thousands of additional positions are going begging. The shortage has resulted in a considerable rise in pay and status for those in graduate training service.

"I got out of medical school at the wrong time," observed one middle-aging doctor. "In my day we got damn near nothing—fifty dollars a month as interns—and we were treated like slaves. Now hospitals go hunting for prospects, just like football scouts." The average intern's pay has risen to around $3,000 or $3,500 a year; for residents it starts around $3,500 and reaches $8,000 or more.

Another problem worrying the A.M.A. is the gap between day-to-day practice and the new knowledge of medicine constantly being generated by research. How can busy doctors be kept up to date?

"A medical student in a school is one thing," says Patrick B. Storey, M.D., director of the A.M.A.'s Council on Postgraduate Programs. "The student's primary job is to learn. But a practicing doctor, now, he's a busy man whose practice comes first. To take a new course he would have to hunt up a place where he could get the training and separate himself from his practice while he was getting it. Furthermore, the course might waste a lot of his time if it doesn't aim right at his professional level."

Back in 1961 the A.M.A., together with the American Association of Medical Colleges and several other special medical groups, sponsored a study to find a fresh approach to continuing education. From the report of the study group, "Lifetime Learning for Physicians," has come an experimental program as carefully charted as a military campaign. Doctors can take the course on (1) home movies, (2) a teaching machine or (3) a coupled sound-and-slide machine.

To run its big, multi-act show, the A.M.A. needs big money. Its annual income is now around $23 million a year. Most of this comes from membership dues, now $45 a year, and the sale of advertising in A.M.A. publications—much of it to drug companies and medical-supply houses.

The A.M.A. is choosy about the kind of advertising it takes. As a result, says Russell H. Clark, the association's business manager, "we have to grow our own advertising salesmen—ones that don't get heartbroken when they sell a big schedule only to have us turn down the copy." Officials of the A.M.A. frequently remind visitors that they spend most of their budget on medical science and education. "We haven't blown our horn enough about this," says President Appel. "Actually,

Dr. Jack Schreiber, a vigorous defender of the A.M.A., campaigned hard to block Medicare. Now he believes that "we should come up with our own programs to meet change."

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about two thirds of our employees are involved in that work. I always throw in a pitch about it."

The fact remains that for years A.M.A. has spent many millions—more than any other single pressure group—for lobbying. It reported lobbying costs of $951,000 in the first quarter of 1965 alone. Moreover, the A.M.A. budget doesn't include all of the money that organized medicine has spent fighting legislation it dislikes. Much of the political money has been raised and spent by A.M.P.A.C.—the American Medical Political Action Committee. A.M.P.A.C. theoretically is an independent organization, but its board of directors is appointed by the A.M.A. Board of Trustees, and its action has been inspired and guided by the A.M.A.

It is estimated that the A.M.A. and A.M.P.A.C. raised, directly or indirectly, some five million dollars for the 1964–65 fight against Medicare. Much of the money went for political advertising in newspapers, periodicals, on radio and TV, warning of the dire perils of Medicare as a threat to freedom. Some went for the support of "friendly" candidates—that is, those opposed to Medicare. The A.M.A. also organized "Operation Hometown," which suggested that every doctor discuss the issue with his patients and urge them to write their congressmen.

This outpouring of dollars, work and emotion brought only defeat. Most A.M.P.A.C.-backed candidates were identified with Goldwater and lost out in the Johnson landslide. "The carnage was terrible," admits one state A.M.P.A.C. man. "We got mutilated."

These days the more or less official line of the A.M.A. is that defeat was only an accident, an aftermath of the Kennedy assassination. Some go farther, however, and see it as part of a deep-seated left-wing plot. This is the conviction of Durward G. Hall, M.D., one of the few physicians in Congress, who gave up his practice as a surgeon in Missouri in 1960 and ran for the House "because as a scientist I can be objective, and I clearly saw that we were losing constitutional government." Medicare has come, he says, "because the socialists—call them what they are—continue to divide, lie and malign to get their way." Doctor Hall is a member of the A.M.A. House of Delegates.

A number of liberal-minded A.M.A. members believe that unless the organization takes a more positive and forward-looking approach to socio-economic matters, it someday will be replaced by other, more enlightened organizations. As these observers see it, Medicare is just the tip of the iceberg of social change with which the A.M.A. has collided. They insist that the main stimulus for the A.M.A.'s long, bitter fight against group health plans and various federal programs has been economic fear. Whatever fine phrases are used, such as "quality of medicine" and "doctor-patient relationship," the argument usually gets back to fees.

(At the 1965 A.M.A. convention, a resolution advocated that physicians' fees under public-supported medical programs should be "usual, customary and reasonable." One delegate, however, rose to object to the word "reasonable." His argument was that "To most people, 'reasonable' means cheap." The governing body swiftly voted to remove the offending word.)

A.M.A. policies long have centered on the individual doctor treating the individual patient and setting his own fee—just as he has in the past. But medical care has now become more scientific, more specialized and far more costly. In many cases the family doctor doesn't handle much of the treatment, but simply refers the patient to the appropriate specialists. Industrial medical care has proliferated. Health insurance has boomed, with more than 75 percent of the population covered in one way or another.

Medical care has also been moving from the physician's office to clinics, hospitals and group health facilities. Teamwork is necessary in much of modern medicine. And an increasing number of doctors in clinics, groups and hospitals are on salary—as, indeed, is the A.M.A.'s new president-elect, Dr. Charles Hudson of the Cleveland Clinic. (Elected at the annual conventions, A.M.A. presidents serve for a year as "president-elect" before assuming the presidency.)

A major challenge to organized medicine today lies in what executive vice president Blasingame calls "the rising expectations in health." The average American citizen now tends to believe that he and his family are entitled to the best of medical care, regardless of his economic status, and Medicare strongly reinforces this belief.

"The A.M.A. has a wide-open opportunity to lead, to help shape the health care of the future," says one prominent medical man. "But it probably won't. It's dedicated to maintaining the *status quo*. Organized medicine never was more disorganized. The public status of the doctor has reached the lowest point since the days when the barber pole was the symbol of the surgeon. Now we are thought of as medical merchants with the long-tailed Cadillac as our symbol."

The speaker is Dr. Caldwell B. Esselstyn, 63, a tough-minded surgeon and an A.M.A. member, but also a longtime opponent of what he calls "the A.M.A. hierarchy." A big man whose craggy face and flaring eyebrows remind one of John L. Lewis, he is executive director of the Community Health Association in Detroit, a 70,000-member prepaid group organization providing comprehensive health care to its members.

Doctor Esselstyn began crossing scalpels with the A.M.A. some years ago when, as he puts it, he saw that "piecework medicine wasn't meeting the needs of the people." "It was ridiculous for the A.M.A. to insist that our old folks had the medical care they needed," he says. "Anyone could see that they weren't getting it—most of them couldn't afford it."

Doctor Esselstyn says that he joined forces with organized labor to push for Medicare by an evolutionary process. He points out that union labor now is one of the largest purchasers of medical service and has been looking into what it's getting. The findings of a number of union surveys haven't been exactly flattering to doctors and hospitals. The unions have found that even when their people go to doctors and hospitals of their own choosing, the quality of care varies widely—much of it good, to be sure, but a disturbing percentage of it only fair to poor.

"Don't ever think doctors don't need scrutiny, somebody looking over their shoulders to keep them on their toes," says Doctor Esselstyn. "Consumers have a stake in getting good medical care for their money. When you have labor and management working together on something like this, you have a lot of economic power."

In the past, few physicians spoke out against A.M.A. political activities. Of course, the great majority have undoubtedly agreed with A.M.A. objectives, if not always with the methods. And dissidents feared the professional punishment often silently applied to transgressors. "This is deadly—and you can't lay a finger on anyone," says Doctor Esselstyn. "A surgeon, for example, lives on referrals. If he fights the A.M.A., his fellow doctors don't have to do anything *to* him. They just send their surgical cases to other surgeons."

Today the number of physicians who take issue with the A.M.A. is increasing. Dr. Samuel Standard of New York University School of Medicine and a member of a small, outspoken group called Physicians Forum, testified heartily for Medicare before the U.S. Senate Finance Committee. He also reflected a bit on the attitude of the A.M.A., saying, "Whereas they are in the forefront of scientific advances in medicine, they are in the backfront, if I may coin a word, in the understanding of sociological changes that make changes in medical practice inevitable. They cannot, like King Canute, stand up and hold the waters back."

Well aware of the ferment that is bubbling within the ranks of medicine today, the A.M.A. leadership may wonder if it hasn't stirred up too many fights on too many fronts. Dissidents such as Doctor Esselstyn are talking of the need of a reform within the A.M.A.—"a two-party system, so the voice of the minority can be heard"—or the formation of a competing organization, such as a National Academy of Health. The A.M.A. has been feuding with the increasingly powerful American Hospital Association, which it has accused of "seeking aggrandizement for its members—ever-widening control over the provision of medical care in this country." At the same time the A.M.A. isn't exactly overjoyed with a thought-provoking study, "Planning for Medical Progress Through Education," prepared by a special committee for the Association of American Medical Colleges. This report urges the medical schools to produce more and better-prepared physicians, claiming that the United States now is a "deficit" nation in the field of medical education. It also urges the universities and their medical schools to assume more responsibilities for education of physicians—not only in medical schools but as interns, residents and practicing doctors.

The A.M.A. also fears new attacks of "government medicine." "Now it's the 'poor old folks,' next it will be the 'poor little children'—terrific emotional appeal," predicts Doctor Appel.

Thus far, the A.M.A. has managed to follow the new, nonbellicose strategy of its leaders, although it hasn't been easy. At the huge, regular convention in New York last summer—about 60,000 attended—the House of Delegates adopted a "wait and see" policy on Medicare. But as the summer wore on, unhappy members from a number of states, mainly the Midwest, South and Southwest, refused to take this for an answer. They forced the calling of a special meeting of the House in Chicago in early October. There, with fervid, do-or-die oratory, the dissident doctors repeated the long-familiar war cries. Medicare, they argued, had become law through "a mockery of the democratic process." It would "make freeloaders of the old folks," was "socialistic and immoral" and so on. They accused the A.M.A. leadership of "becoming a cowed partner of the bureaucrats" and declared that "we have right on our side—what we need now is guts." Some of the unhappy warriors even called for a complete, A.M.A.-sponsored boycott of Medicare. But the fighting-mad docs accomplished little. As the meeting was breaking up, a physician from Kansas summed it up as "just a chance to blow off steam."

President Appel hopes the A.M.A. now will take things slow and easy—at least for a while. "My theme is that we should behave ourselves, act like reasonable and mature men and women, bide our time and work like all get-out," he says. This doesn't mean, of course, that the A.M.A. should remove itself from politics.

He believes that the greatest battle of all lies ahead—"when our Association again will raise its voice against the extension of federal control of health care to people under sixty-five." He is urging individual physicians to take a more active part in politics, give more to A.M.P.A.C. and "get out and see that the proper kind of congressmen are elected."

In Canfield, Ohio, young "Doctor Jack" Schreiber is also looking to the future, now that the battle against Medicare has been lost. And he is undoubtedly typical of most young physicians in hoping that whatever the A.M.A. does from here on will be positive. "We should not just fight *against* things," he says, "but come up with our own programs to meet change." □

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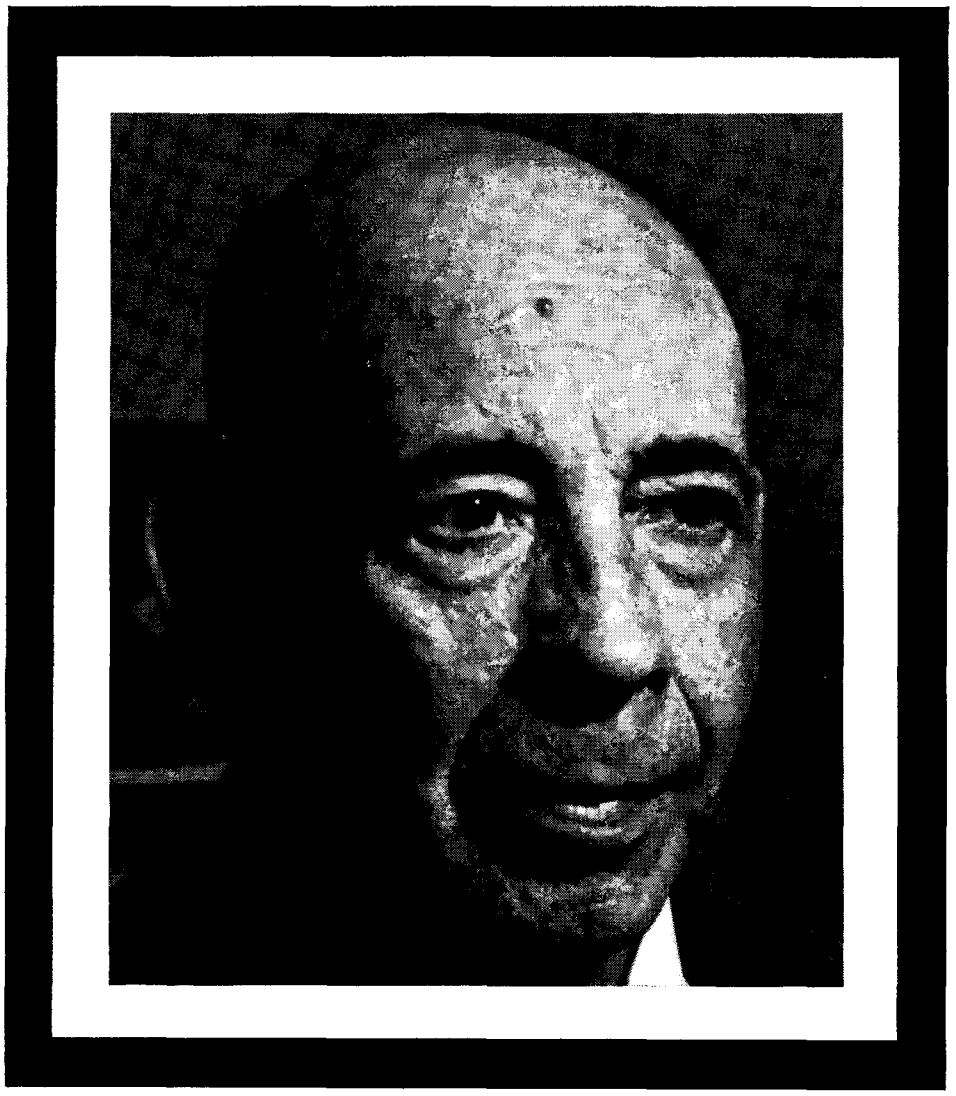
WHO MURDERED



GENERAL DELGADO?

No one can say. But Portuguese Premier Salazar had motive and means. By Sanche de Gramont

The tall, bullet-headed stranger came by hired car to the Spanish town of Badajoz, just across the border from Portugal, and he limped as he entered the Hotel Simancas to arrange for two of the best rooms. He signed the register as Lorenzo Ibanez, businessman; his plump companion gave her name as Mrs. Arajarir Campos, secretary. That evening the pair went for a stroll, the bald man hatless in the February cold. Townspeople noticed that he seemed twice the age of his vivacious, black-haired companion, but there was little else to distinguish the visitor.

The next morning, while the couple sent postcards to friends ("Everything going well. Hope to see you soon."), two automobiles drew up from the Portuguese side at a Spanish border checkpoint 25 miles to the south. One of the four travelers was Felipe Tavares, an official of the Portuguese secret police (PIDE), who said he was on his way south to Seville for a vacation. The border guards were cordial as they recorded the engine numbers of Tavares's green car and his friends' white one. Strangely, when the cars crossed the border they turned north—away from Seville and toward Badajoz.

When the bald man and his companion had mailed their postcards from the red-brick post office in Badajoz—the cards were dated February 13—they walked the four blocks back to their hotel. As they sat over lunch, two men who were also guests at the hotel approached their table. The time of "the meeting," they told Ibanez, had been advanced one hour. He rushed through lunch to leave with the men in their white Lincoln. At 5:30 the white Lincoln returned—without Ibanez—and the two men left again with his girl

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companion. At nine that evening the two men returned without the girl and checked out of the hotel.

Lorenzo Ibanez and Mrs. Campos never returned to the Hotel Simancas. The Lincoln was found abandoned, blood and matted hair on the back seat. It was not until two months later, on April 24, that two teen-age boys noticed two oblong patches of loose earth in a eucalyptus grove near the neighboring town of Villanueva del Fresno. A human head was protruding from the loose soil.

The shallow graves, which had been covered with quicklime, yielded the decomposed bodies of a tall man in his 50's and a young woman. Perhaps no one would have paid much attention if Lorenzo Ibanez had been the dead man's real name. But it was not. The dead man was Gen. Humberto Delgado, 59, unsuccessful candidate for President of Portugal in 1958 and still the leading figure of the opposition to Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar.

Delgado was not the most inspiring of revolutionary leaders. He was a shameless publicity seeker who loved to display forged passports and extravagant disguises to reporters, and to entertain them with accounts of James Bond-like heroics. And he was himself something of a dictator whose arrogance alienated most of his collaborators. But he was also a man of enormous personal courage whose one obsession, to return to his country at the head of insurgent troops, could conceivably have fired the smoldering discontent of the Portuguese people and threatened the Salazar regime. Delgado died trying. Despite his ultimate failure as a revolutionary, his death is perhaps instructive.

The rule of Premier Salazar is instructive too. For more than 30 years he has maintained firm control over his country. His hand-picked presidential candidates are invariably elected, and police harassment prevents the development of any effective political opposition. And while the French and British governments presided over the dissolution of their empires, Salazar held on to Portugal's vast African territories—tiny Portugal is the world's largest colonial power. The United States may have been embarrassed at times by the policies of its staunch NATO ally, but no audible condemnation has issued from Washington—perhaps because noninterference in the domestic affairs of an ally is sound policy. Salazar has no real need to fear Washington's disapproval in any case, for his own secret-police apparatus seems capable of insulating him from danger, foreign or domestic.

The PIDE (International Police for the Defense of the State) is probably the most ruthlessly efficient police force operating in the Western world today. Its special responsibility is stifling political opposition, and in the past the PIDE has repeatedly crossed the Spanish border to abduct opposition figures far less important than Delgado, always with the cooperation of the Spanish police. After the failure of an attempted coup in January, 1962, one of the fugitives, Joachim Pedro, was grabbed in the streets of the Spanish port of Algeciras and dragged into a PIDE truck while Spanish police stood by laughing. At a recent trial, a defense lawyer asked a PIDE inspector what he would do if he saw someone writing "peace on earth, and goodwill to men" on a Lisbon wall. "I'd arrest him, of course," said the inspector.

Hung with medals, blotched by sun and time, Dictator Salazar reviews his troops in Lisbon.

Humberto Delgado had had a distinguished career. General at 32, director of civil aviation, military attaché to Washington, Portuguese representative to NATO—Delgado's list of achievements made him a member of the Salazar Establishment and a popular national figure. His friends say that his years of exposure to democracy in Washington led to his break with Salazar. In any event, he declared himself an opposition candidate in the presidential election of 1958. His platform was simple: Delgado promised to "throw out the old ballerina" (Salazar) if elected.

But he did not have a chance. Hundreds of his campaign workers were arrested. No one from the Delgado camp was allowed to witness the counting of ballots. When he won one quarter of the total vote, it was interpreted as a tremendous victory.

Portugal was not a healthy place for Delgado any longer, and he flew to Brazil, leaving behind a wife and two grown children, one of them a Portuguese army officer. Plotting a comeback, with more enthusiasm than realism, he masterminded the seizure of a Portuguese luxury cruise ship, the *Santa Maria.* The piracy attracted worldwide attention for 10 days in 1961 but was little more than a publicity stunt for Delgado and a frightening experience for the passengers.

The general's next scheme was scheduled for December, 1961, and again demonstrated his limitations as a revolutionary. He conspired with a mutinous group of officers in the huge barracks outside the city of Beja in southern Portugal, and planned to take command once they controlled the garrison. As he waited in Morocco for the mutiny to take place, he prepared an elaborate disguise for his return to Portugal—he grew a thick moustache and dyed it black, shaved his balding head and put on horn-rimmed glasses. He affected a limp and tramped about with a sliver of steel in his right shoe as a painful reminder not to walk straight. Delgado left at the end of December with the loyal Mrs. Campos, who posed as his niece and carried his air-force-general's uniform sewn into the lining of her coat. He was planning, once inside the barracks, to put on his uniform and his medals and proclaim himself the liberator of Portugal.

The mutineers struck at dawn and began shooting up the barracks. But Delgado didn't arrive in Beja until several hours after the revolt had collapsed—its leader wounded and most of the other officers captured. Delgado's disguise, however, worked marvelously at more than a dozen checkpoints as he fled Portugal, Mrs. Campos in her uniform-heavy coat at his side.

The general spent the next two years in Brazil, trying to rally support. In January, 1964, determined to find a base near Portugal but turned down by the European countries in which he sought asylum, Delgado attended a Communist-sponsored secret conference of Portuguese opposition groups in Prague. He was elected president of a Patriotic Front of National Liberation, in much the same way that a famous football star may become a high official of a sportswear firm. Never a man bothered by inconsistencies, Delgado explained his pact with the Communists by saying: "They are, you know, very efficient allies."

The general was also in Prague for his health. He underwent a hernia operation there, and the long abdominal scar became infected. Delgado left Prague in poor physical shape, forced to wear a corset that could be tied only with the help of another person. The only benefit of his hospital stay was a visit from Algerian President Ahmed Ben Bella, who was on his way back from Moscow. Ben Bella brought a box of chocolates and an invitation to take up residence in Algiers, which had become a haven for a couple of dozen revolutionary groups. Delgado liked Ben Bella and accepted, saying, "He too is a soldier."

He arrived in Algiers in July. He was given a chauffeur-driven limousine and a handsome yellow-stucco villa in the district of Le Golf, high above the bay. Delgado used his cellar for target practice and promised reporters that "Algeria will be my last land of exile."

As the front's president, however, Delgado was incapable of working within the framework of group leadership. The front was in fact dominated by a small group of left-wing opposition figures under the unofficial guidance of the Prague-based Portuguese Communist Party. While they wanted Delgado as a figurehead, they were thinking in terms of a Communist revolution of the masses, which could take years. Delgado, by contrast, was eager to plan another Beja-type barracks revolt with the help of his contacts in the Portuguese army. True to his military training, Delgado began assigning ranks to his collaborators. He decided that his hunchbacked office manager, Adolfo Ayala, the only follower besides Mrs. Campos whose loyalty never wavered, was a corporal.

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"It was difficult to work with Delgado," recalls Manuel Brotas, a Portuguese exile who was made a lieutenant. "He was undemocratic," Brotas says, with a troubled and wistful frown. "He treated us all like soldiers."

It took only two months for matters to deteriorate beyond repair. Delgado finally alienated so many of his collaborators that he was left practically alone. A secret conference of the Portuguese opposition was held in September in Algiers, and Delgado boycotted it. The conference deposed Delgado as president of the front and named a six-man directorate in his place.

Delgado found himself a general without an army, still making plans which no one would heed, still dreaming of a triumphant return to his homeland at the head of insurgent troops. Only a handful of faithful, like the little "corporal" Ayala, helped keep up the pretense of his leadership. He haunted the corridors of Algerian ministries, waiting to see officials who brushed him off. One day his chauffeur-driven car failed to appear at the door.

As he grew increasingly isolated in Algiers, Delgado began planning a daring coup that would reestablish him as the uncontested leader of the Portuguese opposition. In early December, imaginatively disguised as an Arab in a flowing jellaba, he visited his London contact, António De Figuereido. He said he had broken with the Algiers front because "It's like the College of Cardinals, with its Italian plurality. I am always outvoted by Communists. Besides, the Communists do not want to fight." Figuereido recalls that "he looked old and disappointed."

Delgado had asked his Paris and Rome contacts to meet him in Paris at the end of the year. In each city there were only one or two people who were in regular touch with him, but Delgado always spoke of them as a dark legion: "those of Paris" and "those of Rome." From December 26 to 30 Delgado met with them separately: the Paris supporter, Emile Guerreiro, a white-haired 66-year-old mathematics teacher with a distinguished record as a Portuguese anti-fascist; and the Rome contact, a suspicious figure named Mario de Carvalho, who was otherwise unknown in Portuguese opposition circles. He had written Delgado in 1961 to offer "direct action elements," an offer anyone could count upon to win Delgado's heart. Investigations of de Carvalho in Rome since the death of Delgado have shown that he receives funds from mysterious sources and is acquainted with notorious fascists. But Delgado was too glad to find supporters to inspect their credentials.

At a Christmas-eve dinner in Guerreiro's small Paris apartment, with Mrs. Campos and Mrs. Guerreiro, Delgado announced, "In mid-February we will hold a rendezvous in Badajoz. We have decided with those of Rome."

Guerreiro told Delgado he might as well turn himself in at PIDE headquarters in Lisbon as go to a border town crawling with Portuguese and Spanish police, "but there was no arguing with Delgado. He was a very difficult man."

De Carvalho kept copies of his correspondence with Delgado, and it shows that he agreed to attend the Badajoz meeting while underlining its dangers. In one letter de Carvalho wrote, "I will raise no obstacles, but I take the liberty to remind you . . . it has been a long time since we went home. We don't have an accurate picture of the situation . . . the border is well policed. Spain is dangerous territory for us. It could be fatal for us all." Delgado's curt reply came on January 20: "There is much in what you say, but it is even more dangerous to delay the revolution—I am going."

A couple of teen-aged boys noticed two oblong patches of loose earth in a eucalyptus grove near Villanueva del Fresno. A human head was protruding from the loose soil.

However, on February 6 Delgado learned that his friends in Oporto in northern Portugal had changed their minds and would not attend the meeting. The other Portuguese whom Delgado was to meet in Badajoz were to have been contacted by de Carvalho. He told Delgado they would be there, and promised that he would himself leave for Badajoz on February 9. Snowstorms on February 9 and 10 grounded all Rome flights, and de Carvalho did not leave Italy. In a cable to Delgado, he said that Italian authorities had stopped him at the border, but there is no supporting evidence of this. De Carvalho also took the trouble of sending an explanatory letter to Delgado on February 21 (a week after Delgado's death), writing it as though the general were safely back in Algiers. "My passport was taken away by police," he claimed. "I was handcuffed and mistreated. It was shameful . . . democracy, liberty, where are you? . . . I hope the trip was not spoiled because of me. After all, I was not the key to the affair."

Some of the general's friends are suspicious, however. De Carvalho was the principal planner of the Badajoz meeting, they point out. He was responsible for contacting some of those persons inside Portugal whom it was so vital for Delgado to see. And Delgado's friends see de Carvalho's last-minute go-ahead to Delgado, coupled with his remaining in Rome, as highly incriminating. His earlier letters advising Delgado to delay the meeting are seen as a clever alibi. "Once the general made up his mind, no one could influence him, and de Carvalho knew that," says Guerreiro.

Delgado took an afternoon flight on February 8 from Algiers to Casablanca, where he was met by his Moroccan contact, a Portuguese opposition figure named Enrique Cerqueira. "I have received the go-ahead from the Rome group," Delgado told him, "and I am proceeding as planned. If you have not heard from me by the twenty-third, alert world opinion, because I will either be arrested or dead."

Delgado and Mrs. Campos took the ferry for Spain on the 10th and arrived in Seville the 11th. They hired a car and drove the 135 miles to Badajoz.

On February 23 Cerqueira announced Delgado's disappearance. But in a world preoccupied by the Vietnam war and manned space flights and race riots, the vanishing of a Portuguese opposition figure created hardly a ripple. In Algiers the front leaders dismissed Cerqueira as a provocateur, and Delgado's disappearance as a publicity stunt. Delgado's wife received a visit from a government emissary who told her the general was safe and in good hands. In Rome de Carvalho did nothing and said nothing to draw attention to himself. The Spanish and Portuguese government-controlled press printed stories that Delgado had been seen in Prague and in Milan.

But in Paris Emile Guerreiro collected enough evidence to convince the International Federation of Human Rights, a respected humanitarian body, that Delgado was not in Eastern Europe, or in a Milan clinic or playing dead for publicity reasons. In April the federation formed a commission of three lawyers, Luigi Cavalieri of Italy, Henri Leclerc of France, and Ian A. MacDonald of Great Britain, who set out to retrace the general's steps.

In Badajoz the police chief told them: "I would like to help you, but this is the tourist season—so many people come through. . . . If the General passed through, we had no way of knowing it." At the Hotel Simancas the lawyers were told that the register for February had been turned over to the police, and that the bills had been destroyed. None of the hotel employees seemed to have been on duty February 13. They were all ill, or on a holiday, or visiting relatives.

The commission was able to ascertain that by the end of February the Spanish police were in possession of papers that Delgado always carried on his person. The commission also found support for the suspicion that the Badajoz meeting was a trap. Delgado had given Cerqueira the list of "high-ranking officers" and others who were supposed to come to Badajoz from inside Portugal, the list that had been prepared by de Carvalho. The list included one officer serving in Angola, one officer who was dead, two Portuguese resistance figures who said they were never told about the Badajoz meeting and two names otherwise unknown to the Portuguese opposition.

When the positive identification of Delgado's body was later made from a cast of the general's teeth, the Spanish were furious. The bodies had been buried on Spanish soil, making Spanish authorities responsible for the affair. At that point a Spanish judge conducted a secret investigation in Badajoz and made a real effort to find out the facts of the case. Spanish investigators found that the green and white cars that had crossed from Portugal into Spain on February 13 used forged license plates and owners' papers, but the forgery was so fine that they are convinced it could only have been done officially. They traced the motor and chassis numbers and established that both cars were sold in Lisbon.

The Spanish investigators have reconstructed the killing this way: The men came to abduct Delgado, not to kill him. On the Portuguese side of the border, not far from Badajoz, there is a large *estancia* (ranch) belonging to a wealthy friend of Salazar. On February 13 a PIDE jeep was seen parked outside the ranch, and farmers saw more than 20 armed men on the grounds. They said they were hunting pigeons, but it was not the season.

Delgado is believed to have resisted his abductors before they ever got to the border. Because he was weak from his abdominal operation, two blows killed him—one on the jaw and one on the back of the head.

The abductors decided it was too dangerous to take him to the ranch in Portugal, so they carried his body to the eucalyptus grove near Villanueva del Fresno and buried him.

The two men who had left the hotel with Delgado went back to get Mrs. Campos. She could not be left alive to identify them. She was buried close to the general in the same isolated woods.

The judge's investigation has to some extent vindicated Spanish honor by placing most of the blame across the border, where it seems to belong. But there is a point where Spanish honor conflicts with Spanish reason of state. Delgado's abduction was evidently carried out with the knowledge of the Spanish police. Their involvement in the case, as well as the long-standing alliance between Spain and Portugal, preclude the investigation's going too far. Franco and Salazar cannot allow anything so trivial as Delgado's murder to disrupt a 30-year record of close friendship and collaboration.

Delgado wanted to be remembered as the liberator of his country, and at the very least, as a martyr. Instead, a Spanish newspaper observed: "The manner of his killing curiously recalled the way swine afflicted with the plague are liquidated—a blow on the head and a coating of quicklime." It is not the kind of obituary Delgado would have wanted. Yet perhaps his death was not meaningless. Perhaps, as an anti-Salazar leader said, "This is not just some poor man who died in a field. This is part of Portuguese history." □

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The Navy men laughed, the neighbors complained about backwash. But, right there in his apple orchard, Donald Reid built and patented

THE SUB THAT SAILS IN THE SKY

By
Robert K. Massie

FOR years the mind of man has toyed with the notion of a wonderful hybrid vessel that could float, dive beneath the sea and also fly above it, but—outside the worlds of Tom Swift and Flash Gordon—few people have really believed that submarines could ever fly. Last year, however, the United States Navy began to take the notion seriously and decided that it would like to have one of the bizarre but useful contraptions. Accordingly, the Navy awarded a $36,000 development contract for a flying submarine to one of the giants of the defense industry, General Dynamics, which annually builds and sells $1.2 billion worth of airplanes, submarines and other military hardware.

Scarcely had General Dynamics set to work, however, when a stocky, middle-aged man named Donald Reid arrived in Washington and, in a visible state of agitation, presented himself to the Navy. Normally, Reid is the mildest of men, loving to his wife, fond to his full-grown children, gentle in the extreme to the two Siamese cats and the pet six-foot boa constrictor that share his small white house in Asbury Park, N.J. In Washington, Reid was none of these things. His round, open face was clouded by suspicion. His voice was thin and hoarse. He was, at that moment at least, that most formidable of figures, a man who felt he had been wronged. For Donald Reid is an inventor. And one of the things that Donald Reid had invented was a life-size, workable flying submarine.

Reid was no stranger to the Navy. Several times in the late 1950's he had traveled to Washington to proclaim the attractions of his versatile craft. Over and over he was laughed out of town. When he came back to Washington last year, he was once again rebuffed, and denied permission to take part in the Navy's flying-sub project. This time, however, there was no laughter. Donald Reid had protected his rights as inventor of a flying submarine with U.S. Patent No. 3,092,060. If General Dynamics builds a flying submarine and sells it to the Navy, Reid intends to sue.

Like most inventors, Reid is a man not easily squelched. He has learned, as all inventors do, that people are inclined to laugh at new gadgets until they have been proved to work, whereupon the same people blithely take the same gadgets—such as airplanes, television or safety pins—for granted. Reid also is aware that many inventors never receive cash or credit for their inventions.

"They are taking my ideas and using them, no doubt about it," he says, speaking of the Navy, an edge creeping into his voice. "Now they have given the contract to somebody else. It's a lucky thing I have my patent."

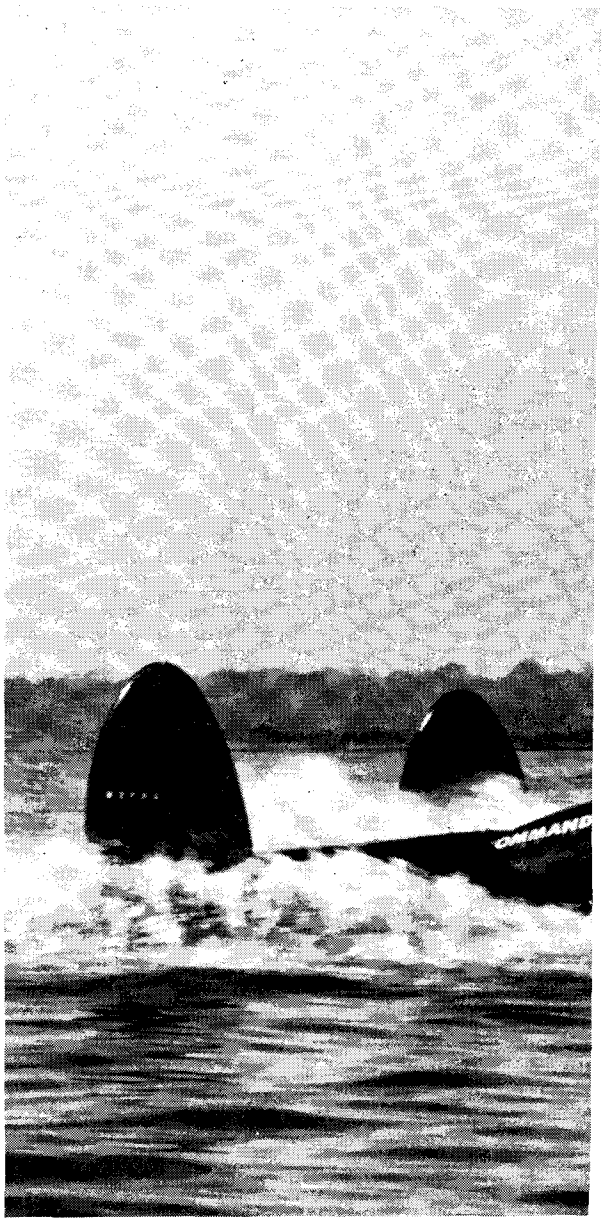
Reid, now 54, has been working on his flying submarine for over 10 years. The current model, sitting in an apple orchard beside his house, is a torpedo-shaped object, 28 feet long, with wings, a tail and a conning tower. It has two engines, one to push it through the water and one to propel it through the air. It has submerged and traveled at four knots beneath the surface of a nearby river, and then gurgled to the surface and taken off to fly at 66 mph at an altitude of 20 feet for four minutes. That is three minutes and 48 seconds longer than the Wright brothers managed in their first successful flight at Kitty Hawk.

The idea of building a flying submarine didn't just pop into Donald Reid's head. All of his life, Reid has been fascinated by boats, planes and electronics. As a boy, he built a toy helicopter by mounting turkey feathers on a spool, which was rotated by a rubber band. In high school he became a ham radio operator and founded New Jersey's first high-school radio club. After high school, he took a course in radio transmitters and receivers in New York City and then opened his own radio shop in Asbury Park. Later he worked for 18 years for the Army Signal Corps at nearby Fort Monmouth. There, during World War II, he developed a mobile control panel for airport control towers. More recently, he worked as an electronics technician at the Naval Air Turbine Test Center in Trenton, and then at Standard Electronics in Manalapan where, in June, 1964, he was the victim of a payroll cutback. Meanwhile, at home, he had been inventing a fleet of radio-controlled model boats; he decided to give full time to Reid Electronics, headquartered in his garage.

A pair of coincidences nudged Reid down the path that led to the flying submarine. The first occurred on a wintry day in January, 1954, when he was driving his family through Groton, Conn., on the way to a vacation. Noticing a flurry of excitement on the banks of the Thames, Reid pulled his car off the road to watch. Staring through a fence, Reid saw a fat-hulled submarine splash into the Thames. It turned out to be the U.S.S. *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic submarine. The scene fascinated Reid. "Oh, what a lovely model that ship would make," he told his wife.

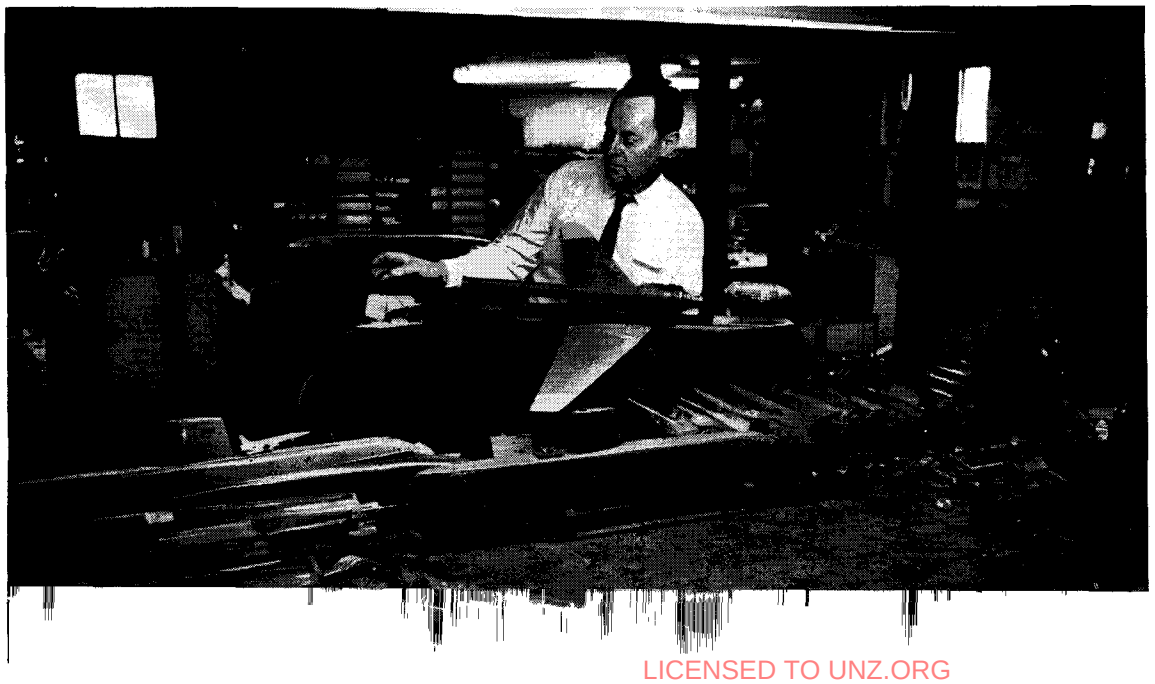
That same year Reid produced a four-foot-long radio-controlled submarine that could take water into its ballast tanks and submerge except for a snorkel tube and a tall radio antenna poking above the surface. Later he designed another radio-controlled model submarine with a red, winged missile poised on its deck. Reid would flip a switch on shore, and the missile would blast up from beneath the surface to land a quarter of a mile away. "That was three years before the Navy had Polaris," Reid says proudly.

Before long, Reid was manufacturing radio-controlled model subs in his basement. He did



The flying submarine, inevitably dubbed the "flub," makes

In his cellar, surrounded by earlier works, Reid happily tinkers with a radio-controlled miniature version of his sub.



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facing test by dumping water from its ballast tanks on the run. Reid's son Bruce pilots from the cockpit, which was added when visibility from the conning tower proved too poor for flying.

everything by hand, from molding the plastic hulls to constructing the complex electronic equipment, and he sold 66 models at prices ranging from $39.95 to $125.00. One went to a Chinese buyer in Hong Kong, another was purchased by the U.S. Navy for use in a model basin where the Navy tests designs for ship hulls.

The second coincidence that led to the flying submarine happened soon after he began building the model subs for sale. Reid was working in his basement when he brushed against a model airplane hanging on the wall. The wings fell off and fluttered down to land directly across the hull of a submarine. Reid stared at this startling new arrangement. "By golly," he said to himself, "it should work." The plastic hull was light enough to fly; all he needed was to attach the wings and install a model-airplane engine.

It took Reid two years to plan and build a three-foot, radio-controlled flying submarine. It had a small jet engine and it flew so fast—Reid thinks about 180 mph—that he never dared turn it loose. He kept it tethered on 100 feet of steel wire hitched to a pylon. For submerging, the wings, folded back against the hull, served as ballast tanks, filling and emptying by radio command.

Reid displayed his model before amateur radio and model-boat and airplane societies and then, at the end of 1956, he took it to the Navy. He went up and down the East Coast from one Navy office to another: the Bureau of Naval Weapons, the Bureau of Ships, the Office of Naval Research, the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Submarine Base at New London, Conn. Everywhere he was greeted by guffaws.

"They sent me from one office to another just to give the fellows a good laugh," Reid recalls. "One man would say, 'Well, we think it's impossible but maybe so-and-so will be interested.' They called it the 'flub'; you know, flying sub. Everybody told me it was impossible to build an engine big enough to lift a submarine out of the water. One Navy captain almost fractured himself laughing. He told me, 'You shouldn't be here. You should be home drawing for the comics.'"

Undeterred by all the hilarity his invention caused, Reid in 1957 went to the White House to see President Eisenhower. He was met at the public gate by a man he describes as "a fellow who looked kind of Japanese." The man listened to Reid's story and made some notes. Reid never heard from the President, but later that year when Eisenhower took a ride on the atomic submarine *U.S.S. Seawolf*, he told the press that someday men would have flying submarines. Reid assumes that Ike had gotten the message.

Rebuffed by the Navy, Reid decided to go it alone. In 1958 he applied for a patent, laid out $1,000 to patent attorneys and began building a life-size flying submarine of his own. For months he haunted airport junkyards, carrying away whatever suited his purpose. The first man-operated flying submarine, dubbed Model 15 (the first 14 models had been miniatures), was put together from pieces of nine crashed airplanes. The wings came from Florida, the engine came from Pennsylvania, the instruments were from New York, and to get a pair of pontoon floats Reid made a special trip to Savannah, Ga. Reid made the fuselage himself out of molded glass fiber. The tail/stern was sealed with former garbage-can tops. He hammered the conning tower out of aluminum and cut portholes in the front and side; when the view proved too limited for flying, he added a cockpit. Then, to the torpedo-shaped vehicle, he attached the aluminum wings and tail and the landing gear of an airplane. A 60-hp airplane engine was mounted atop the conning tower, and a boat propeller, which ran on a one-hp electric motor, was placed on the stern. The wings were to act as ballast tanks, as on the models.

As the flying submarine gradually took shape in

The inventor mans the controls in his apple orchard.

the apple orchard, Reid got used to having people stop by to stare. He even stopped wincing when they called it "the flub." "That's not my terminology," Reid says. "That's the Navy's. If they want to call all flying submarines 'flubs'—mine as well as theirs—I'm not offended." Reid says this with the forced humor of a man who clearly means to have a much heartier last laugh.

During construction there were other annoyances. Sometimes, as Reid labored inside the conning tower in the orchard, an apple would drop from a tree and land with an unsettling clang on the roof just above his head. When he mounted the aircraft engine and revved it up, great gusts of wind roared through the closely packed neighborhood. The neighbors, who had been amused and curious, became noticeably less cordial.

By the end of the summer in 1961, Reid's machine

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was ready for tests. Needing a body of water in which to submerge, as well as a place to fly, Reid took his flub to Asbury Park airport, where a pond sat next to the runway. The airport's owner, Commander Isaac Schlossbach, USN Ret., readily agreed to let Reid use his facilities. As it happens, the commander had flown over the South Pole with Byrd and, reasonably enough, considers himself a fair judge of who is and who isn't a genuine pioneer in aviation. He thinks Reid qualifies. "He's terrific," says Schlossbach. "What he's doing may seem impossible, but that doesn't bother him. He's doing it." Reid, as a sign of his gratitude, has named all recent models of the flying submarine "Commander."

Painted gray and black with "RFS 16" (Reid Flying Submarine) emblazoned on its side, the flub appeared at the Asbury Park airport in October, 1961. Reid decided to try it first as a submarine. The actual test was conducted by the inventor's oldest son, Bruce, then 24. Like his father, Bruce had grown up making model boats and radios, and today he works as an electronic technician at the Navy's air station in Lakehurst, N.J. Bruce tested the flying submarine because, as Reid explains, "He is younger, lighter and more agile than I am. I weigh over two hundred pounds and he weighs one hundred and thirty five. When we get a more powerful engine, I'll do most of the tests. Anyway, we've done most of this work as a father-son team."

As the conning tower was not watertight, Bruce crawled into the control seat wearing an Aqua-Lung. Then, with his father in swimming trunks pushing outside, Bruce steered into the pond. The flub floated nicely, surrounded by a flock of astonished ducks. But Bruce's attempt to submerge was less successful. He managed to get the tail underwater, and the conning tower sank to within inches of its top. But the bow and one wing tip floated stubbornly on the surface. Reid hauled it out, promising "more work on ballasting."

One month later Reid was ready to try the flub as an airplane. With Bruce, who is a student pilot, at the controls, the flub roared down the runway at 60 mph. "The plane seemed to champ at the bit, so I gave her the gun," Bruce recalls. "She took off like a shot. But once she got off the ground and started climbing, I could tell her tail was too heavy. I felt like I was going over backward, so I cut the engine as quick as I could." From 100 feet in the air, the flub fell straight down like a soggy pancake, landing in a heap at the side of the runway. Happily, Bruce suffered no more than a badly gashed leg. But Model 17 was a total wreck.

"The crash was very discouraging," Reid admits. "But at least I had proved that the flying submarine would fly."

Reid set out to rebuild the flub. In December, 1963, he gave up his job at the Naval Center in Trenton for the Standard Electronics job nearer home. When that expired, he lived for a while on state unemployment insurance, then began dipping into his retirement fund. Reid's wife June became worried.

"So far, none of this has brought in a single penny," she says of the project. "I chew my nails all the time, but he doesn't listen to me. He barely comes up out of that cellar to eat."

In June, 1964, the flying submarine was ready again. Reid decided to test it this time in the Shrewsbury River, a broad, shallow stream about 10 miles from his house. In order to use this public waterway and the air above it, he needed licenses. The New Jersey Department of Conservation was uncertain how to register a flying submarine; eventually it issued a boat license under the category "other kinds of craft." The Federal Aviation Agency authorized experimental-aircraft serial No. N-174-D, the first number ever issued to a flying submarine.

Getting the flub (now Model 19) to the river raised problems. Seeing the winged creature limping along the roads, people called the police to report a plane crash. One local cop, objecting to Reid's towing the flub through a village street, began writing out a ticket.

"What do you call it?" he asked.

"It's a flying submarine," Reid said.

The cop, mumbling about horselaughs at headquarters, put the ticket back in his pocket and walked away.

"Last round before dinner!"

On June 9, 1964, the flying submarine was in the middle of the Shrewsbury River, riding handsomely on its newly installed twin pontoons. Seated inside the conning tower, wearing his Aqua-Lung, Bruce Reid opened the ballast tanks. This time the flub settled evenly into the water. Bruce started the boat propeller and steered the craft along at four knots about five feet below the surface. Then he surfaced, removed a rubber bag from the airplane engine, and attached a propeller. Starting the engine, he roared up the river, spray leaping from his pontoons. There was a lurch, and then Donald Reid saw a sight that made his heart leap for joy. There, 20 feet above the water, skimming along at 60 mph, was his beloved flying submarine. When Bruce landed without mishap, Donald Reid was sure that the Reid Flying Submarine was headed for glory.

Instead, his path led to disappointment and outrage. A few months before this success, Reid had read in a national magazine that the Navy was "contemplating . . . an engineering study to perform analysis and preliminary design studies of the essential components and operational aspects of a full-scale flying submersible vehicle." With his major test coming up, he had postponed contacting the Navy, assuming that they were still aware of his program and that his own flub would be more impressive after its flight. Then, just after his successful test, he read of the award to Convair, a division of General Dynamics. He rushed to Washington. In the Navy's Bureau of Weapons, he encountered a pleasant, soft-voiced hydrodynamics engineer named Eugene H. Handler. Handler, who is now the Navy's expert on flying submarines, looked over Reid's model and photographs of his operating flub. He pronounced them interesting and practical, but he had to tell Reid that the development contract would remain with Convair.

"Reid's machine is ingenious," says Handler. "I accept the fact that it will submerge, surface, and fly. But I was looking for something that would meet much more rigid military specifications as to performance, strength and safety. Reid hasn't done a haphazard job with his machine, but I still don't think I would want to go up in it."

Handler also told Reid that even if his design were perfect, the Navy still could not give him the contract. "Government contracts aren't awarded on a man-to-man basis," Handler explains. "Before a company gets a contract, it must be approved by Government inspectors. There must be adequate plant and research facilities and financial and personnel resources. Poor Reid just hasn't got any of this."

The result, as Reid sees it, is that he is being pushed aside by large and piratical bureaucratic forces. "Handler told me, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Reid, but you're only one small man. We're after big industries who can develop this for us.' Now they're calling Handler 'the brains behind the flying submarine.' But I'm the one who has worked on the idea for more than ten years."

When the right time comes, Reid intends to fight. His patent, awarded June 4, 1963, protects his ownership of a flying-submarine design, whether it "be constructed as a hobbyist's model or as a full-scale craft having principal, although not exclusive application, as a military vehicle." Reid cannot believe that anyone can build a flub without using some features of his design. "There will have to be a ballasting system. They'll have to have a similar method of underwater and inflight directional control. All of these systems are completely covered by my patent."

Convair will not comment, but Handler says, "Patents protect a particular design, not a general concept. Reid has a patent on *his* flying submarine, but not on all conceivable designs for flying submarines. If we do it differently, he will have no claim." The U.S. Patent Office generally concurs with Handler but is loath to say anything flatly at this stage.

For a time, Reid was glum. Over W2FMG, his basement radio station, he tried to get in touch with Barry Goldwater, a fellow ham who is interested in unusual gadgetry. Unfortunately, most of last year Barry was off the air.

Recently things have started looking up again for Donald Reid. Relations with his neighbors improved after he appeared last spring on the television program *I've Got a Secret*. For the show, CBS sent a moving van to Asbury Park to pick up the flub and carry it to a studio in New York. Reid was paid $80 for appearing with his "secret." He has been invited to address two groups of engineers at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey. And early this summer, the Rand Corporation, the Air Force's West Coast "think" factory, began showing a serious interest in flying subs. There are reports that the Air Force is thinking of something much grander than the small, two-man craft that the Navy would like and envisages a vehicle the size of a big jet bomber; with a nice eye toward appropriate emphasis, the Air Force rejects the phrase "flying submarine" in favor of "submersible aircraft." Roger P. Johnson, chief of Rand's "hydrocraft group," flew east to visit Reid. He talked with the inventor, studied the flub in Reid's apple orchard, and then flew away to continue the work Rand is doing for the Air Force.

If the years of work are about to bring in some financial reward for Donald Reid, the money will come in the nick of time. "If he doesn't get a job soon," says Mrs. Reid, "he won't have his shop or anything."

"Yes, that's true, dear," says Reid, as he stands in his conning tower, fiddling with a pesky fuel throttle. He has promised his wife that, if nothing turns up soon, he will take a job as a clerk in a store.

But Donald Reid really is not much interested in money—he is interested in the flub. He already has built a model of a large non-flying submarine that will act as a mother ship to a flock of little flying submarines. For the flub itself, he is dreaming of a bigger and better engine.

"I wish I could get my hands on a nuclear reactor," says Reid. "That sure would give me plenty of poop." □

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THE GOLDEN HAWK OF HOCKEY

By James Atwater

He shoots hardest, skates fastest, has the greatest strength in the game—and also the talent for making the crowd roar.

The excitement begins to build the instant that he swings his legs over the boards and steps onto the ice. A burst of applause erupts from the fans stacked row on row up through the vast and smoke-fogged reaches of the Chicago Stadium. But the roaring does not begin until later. The roaring does not begin until Bobby Hull, the left wing of the Chicago Black Hawks, gets the puck.

The sight of Bobby Hull taking the puck up the ice is one of the great spectacles of sport. It belongs with the sight of Sandy Koufax throwing a fast ball, or Jimmy Brown breaking the tackle of a linebacker and starting to accelerate down the sideline, or Oscar Robertson rising straight off the floor for a jump shot, his wrist cocked and the ball cradled delicately on his fingertips.

Up the ice Hull comes, and the roar of the crowd grows until it seems to be pushing against the sides of the stadium, like the air in a balloon. Many hockey players scurry over the ice when they have the puck, glaring about them for the opponent who will try to take it away. But Hull moves up the ice with the assurance of a man who knows where he is going, and is certain that he is going to get there. He skates with a stride so smooth that he does not appear to be going fast at all—until someone tries to catch him.

Up the ice he comes, the Golden Hawk, his long, wavy blond hair gleaming in the lights. If he spots an opening, he will perform the act that has made him the most exciting player in hockey today. He will draw back his stick and swing at the puck as though it were a golf ball. There is the sharp *thwack*, and the rest is a blur.

If Hull shoots from 20 feet or closer to the cage, the goalie will be unable to move before the puck, traveling as fast as 115 mph, hits him or passes him. If Hull shoots from farther out, the goalie conceivably has time to protect himself or his cage. Some goalies flinch when Hull winds up, but no one blames them. When Hull is shooting, the Black Hawks themselves are sometimes reluctant to try to help him by maneuvering in front of the cage to screen the goalie's vision, a standard tactic in the National Hockey League. "You can't see the shot," explains one Chicago player, "and so you can't get out of the way of it." Hull's shots have knocked goalies backward into the net, torn goalies' gloves from their hands, and numbed their legs through their pads.

At 26, though he thinks he is still improving, Hull has the marks of the great professional athlete: deep pride, determination, power and speed—and the ability to make a crowd explode with excitement. Not only is he the strongest player in the N.H.L., with the hardest shot, but he is also considered the fastest skater. He has been timed at 29.2 miles per hour, a remarkable pace for a man to achieve with his own legs. Many experts believe that Hull is the greatest hockey player in the world right now, and those who are still skeptical acknowledge that he will be when Gordie Howe, the magnificent, 37-year-old right wing of the Detroit Red Wings, finally decides to retire.

Despite all these superlatives, Hull finds himself in the frustrating position of having to prove his ability by a standard that he does not accept as valid. That standard is the league scoring record of 50 goals in one season, first set in the season of 1944–1945 by the legendary Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, of the Montreal Canadiens, who used to charge the goal as though the glory of all Quebec were at stake. At the time, the season was 50 games. After it was extended to 70 games, Richard's record was tied by another Canadien, Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion, in 1960–1961, and then by Hull, in 1961–1962.

Ever since that season, some sportswriters have acted at times as though the Black Hawks' season revolved around the question of whether or not Hull would score 51 goals. Last year Hull made 32 in his first 35 games and the Chicago newspapers began headlining the number of every goal. Then Hull hurt both knees and scored only seven goals in the entire last half of the season.

True, he came back to drive home 10 goals during the Stanley Cup playoff games, inspiring the Black Hawks to reach the finals and carry the Canadiens to seven games before losing. And true, Hull was named the most valuable player in the league. (He also won the Lady Byng trophy for sportsmanship, a remarkable feat in itself, since being a good sport is normally no way to become the most valuable player in the N.H.L.) But for all of this, the big buildup about breaking the goal record, followed by the big letdown, left a sour smell of failure on the entire season.

This season Hull got off to an even faster start than last year. He scored 15 goals in his first 11 games before dropping out of the lineup briefly with an injured knee, and the newspapers began to say that now, surely, Hull would make it. Hull's progress toward 51 goals has often been couched in terms of a personal crusade, or so at least it has seemed to Hull. Actually, there is no

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

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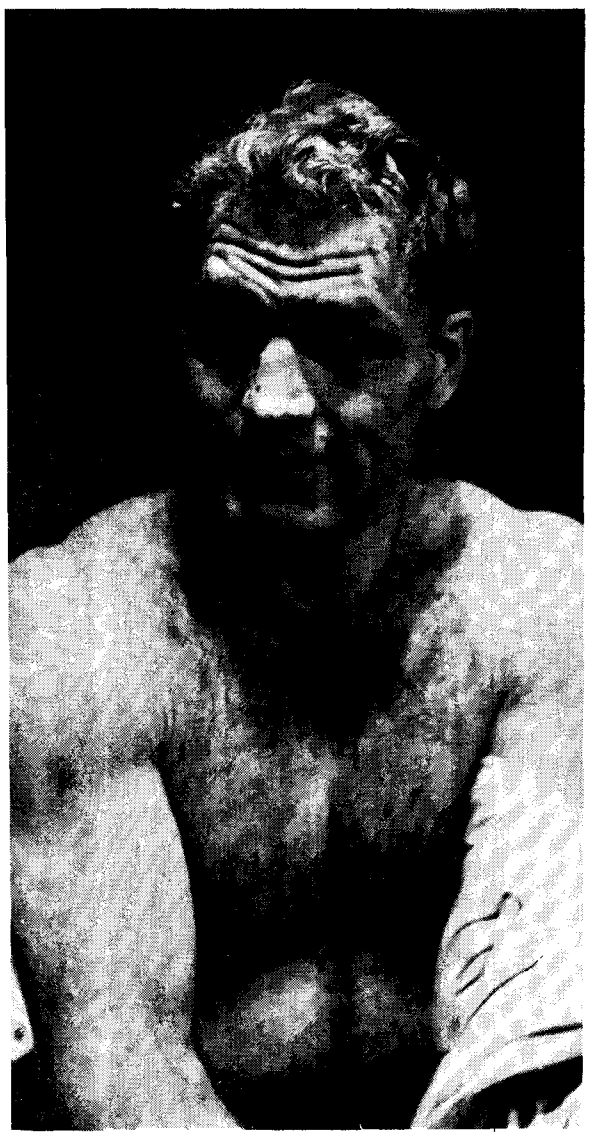

crusade, and Hull, who is usually very cooperative with the press, giving serious answers to silly questions, cannot always hide his irritation at the fact that the writers have forced a personal mission upon him that he does not want.

One morning after a practice session Hull sat on his stool in the Chicago locker room and talked about the problem. Hull is handsome enough to have attracted a coterie of shrieking teen-age girls. The faces of many N.H.L. veterans are faintly marked with narrow white scars, as though a surgeon had taken a scalpel and worked on them with random but delicate strokes. Hull's face shows only two signs of his profession. He has a fighter's nose—it is dented in and twisted slightly to the right—and three of his top teeth are a little too white and even to be real. He takes them out when he goes onto the ice.

Hull has the level, cool gaze of a confident man. "Sure, I'd like to score fifty-one goals," he said. "I'd like to score sixty. But I'm not obsessed with this thing, the way it sounds sometimes in print. I don't have a stick at home that I notch every time I get a goal. I know I can play well and not score, and I know I can play badly and score because a good chance happens to come my way."

Hull explained patiently how big-league hockey works. Most scoring opportunities appear suddenly, and whether they are converted into goals depends upon several men and a good deal of luck. "What I do relates to the other two men in the line," said Hull. "Each of us has to get himself up for the game, and then we have to do it as a unit. If that doesn't happen, nothing happens."

"He never says a word about the record," says Stan Mikita, Chicago's center, himself a great N.H.L. star. "The only time we hear about it is when we read the newspapers. Outwardly, he never changes, and if anything bothers him inwardly, no one knows it, because he doesn't tell anyone."

Hull's self-possession reveals itself in the way he plays hockey. No matter how fast the action, his expression is calm. He is constantly crowded by players who want to see if he is as good as his clippings say he is. Hull normally does not try to get even with an attacker. When asked why he puts up with so much, Hull says only, "I've had a certain amount of success playing my way," and then dismisses the subject.

The trait of self-possession is a characteristic of many fine athletes, and it is particularly valued by the pros because it means that the man is likely to perform consistently over a number of years. It also generally means that he will play well even when he is in severe pain.

In the 1963 Stanley Cup playoffs, Hull went into the first game with a sprained shoulder and scored two goals. In the second game he got another goal, but also had his nose splayed over his face by the end of a hockey stick. Hospitalized, he missed the third game, but the next morning he told the doctor that Black Hawks General Manager Tommy Ivan had approved his release from the hospital. Hull then went to Detroit, where the Hawks were to play, and told Ivan that the doctor had approved the release. Hull then played in the last three games of the series, and although the Hawks lost all three, he scored five goals, including three in the final contest. In the eyes of the hockey experts, this remarkable

Only 5'10", Hull wields arms bigger than Cassius Clay's.

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performance established Hull once and for all as a great player.

Hull not only will ignore pain, he is so strong that Chicago's Coach Billy Reay makes a point of working him harder than anyone else on the team. "He plays about ten minutes longer a game than anyone else," says Reay. "He skates so effortlessly that he can go for two minutes at top speed while the others can go perhaps one minute and fifteen seconds." He takes his regular turn on the ice with one of the three Chicago lines, but he has two additional duties. Whenever the opposing team commits a foul and has to send a man off the ice into the penalty box, and thus play shorthanded, Hull usually comes skating back onto the ice. On this attack, known as the power play, the Black Hawks sometimes station Hull 60 feet from the net, setting him in place as though they were unlimbering an artillery piece. The Hawks then feed Hull the puck and he fires off round after round at the besieged goalie. When the Black Hawks in turn are shorthanded because of a penalty, Hull generally goes back on the ice to break up the enemy's power-play tactics.

Hull's strength comes from a remarkable physique. He stands 5 feet 10 and weighs 197 pounds. His arm measures 15½ inches at the biceps, a half inch bigger than Cassius Clay's, though Clay is 6′ 3″ and 210; and his forearm is 13½ inches in circumference, a full inch more than the heavyweight champion's. Most extremely strong athletes, who often work out with weights, have rounded, smooth muscles, but Hull's are bunched in thick ridges that run up and down his legs and arms and across his shoulders. Hull, in fact, looks a little out of place in a locker room. He is built not like an athlete but like a laboring man, which in a way he is. "I've never lifted a weight in my life," Hull says. "But I love physical labor. In the off-season I work like a hired hand on the cattle ranch we have." The ranch, 600 acres not far from Pointe Anne in Ontario, the town where he was raised, is Hull's second love now, and will be his full-time job after he retires from hockey. He raises Hereford cattle with a bloodline good enough for them to be shown in international competition.

"I've always loved to work. I can remember as a kid that I used to go in a woodlot with the men and cut down trees four or five inches in diameter with a little ax my father gave me. My mother's family had a farm, and I used to go out into the fields with the men. I'd go out early sometimes and fill the wagon up with hay before the others got there." Hull laughed at the memory. "The men used to say, 'Better get that kid out of the field so we'll have some work left to do.'"

As far back as he can remember, earlier even than the memories of the woodlot and the farm, Hull can remember skating. He started when he was about four, but he cannot remember for sure just when his father first set out to teach him how to handle the stick, how to lift the puck off the ice on a shot—he just always was there.

"My dad was quite a hockey player himself, you know," says Hull. "They used to call him the Blond Flash. He was good enough to play Senior A hockey." Senior A hockey is an amateur league filled with aging players who never quite made the pros. Other athletic fathers who just missed the big time have taken out their frustration by forcing their sons into their sport, but no one ever had to drive Hull to play hockey. "When I was a little older," he says, "oh, starting maybe when I was six or seven, I can remember getting up at six-thirty in the morning and stoking up the fire in the kitchen stove. I'd put on the water for the oatmeal and call Mum so she could get up and put the salt in the cereal and start getting ready. And then I'd go off to the open-air rink we had in the neighborhood. I'd be all by myself out there on the ice, practicing my shot up against the boards. It made quite a racket. I must have waked up the entire neighborhood."

Stick ready, Hull prepares to take ice against Rangers. His looks have attracted a coterie of screaming girls.

There were 11 children in the Hull family and they grew up in a vigorous, athletic world. Bobby was the oldest of the four boys. (Dennis, who is five years younger and also plays left wing, is a promising second-year player for the Black Hawks.) "When there was no one else around, I used to play hockey against my sisters," says Hull. At 10, he began to play in an organized hockey league, and he was only 12 when the National Hockey League scouts began to drop by to watch the husky blond youngster skate and shoot.

At 14, Hull joined a team affiliated with the Black Hawks and started playing in one of Canada's Junior B leagues, which had many players 18 and 19 years old. Under Canada's rather tolerant interpretation of the word, the league was "amateur." Hull received only five dollars a week spending money plus his tuition for high school, which the league made sure he attended. His team went on road trips, like any other professional club. When Hull was 18, the Black Hawks brought him up to the N.H.L. He scored 13 goals in his first year and 18 in his second—a record that satisfied everyone except himself. "When I came into this league, I could skate and I could shoot, and that's all," Hull says. "I used to try to carry the puck by myself all the time, and you can't do that up here. I had to learn to play the game right here in the league."

Hull learned fast. In his third year, he scored 39 goals, enough to tie for the lead in the N.H.L., and the sportswriters began badgering him about breaking 50. After he had tied that record in the last game of the 1961–1962 season, he fell off to 31 goals the next year, and moved up to 43 in 1963–1964. Then came the last season's burst of 32 goals in the first 35 games.

Now in his ninth season and a superstar, Hull earns an estimated $35,000 salary from the Black Hawks, an enormous sum for a hockey player, plus at least as much more from endorsements, bonuses and playoff pay. He approaches hockey with the supreme self-confidence of a man well used to making successful split-second decisions. He hasn't bothered to memorize the habits of the goalies he faces, as a pro-football end will keep a book on defensive halfbacks. "In football, those guys know that the same thing will always happen in certain situations," he explains. "But nothing is ever the same in hockey.

"I treat every goalie alike. I try to make them make the first move, to commit themselves, and then I'll move. When I walk in on a goalie, the holes jump out at me.

"I can see if the goalie is out of the cage. If he is, I'll fake him, make him go down, and then I'll try to go around him and push it in. If he's back in the cage, I may look at one spot and then fake a shot to another and then shoot where I was looking all the time. I don't know what I'm going to do when I go in, mind you, but I know I can do it when I get there." He does not even always know for sure where his meteoric slap shot will go. If he hits only the top half of the puck, the rear will rise and the force of the air will deflect the disk downward. The Canadiens' former goalie Jacques Plante used to insist that the Hull shot would at times drop four or five inches. Since Hull's shots may also curve and climb, he has nicked a few goalies in the head. The thought has occurred to him more than once that he could kill a goalie some night. "But you can't let that inhibit you," he says. "If you did, you wouldn't be able to shoot at all."

Thus far, Hull has let no inhibitions impede his shooting. He frequently has broken four sticks during an evening, more than many other Black Hawks snap in a week. He specially planes each of these sticks so that the blade slightly cradles the puck, and he demands that his skates be sharpened so carefully that the blade edges can scrape shavings off a fingernail.

Hull also sees to it that his two oldest towheaded sons, Bobby, four, and Blake, three, are well equipped. (The youngest boy, Brett, also a towhead, is only one and so is at least a year or two away from hockey.) Both Bobby and Blake are outfitted with cut-down sticks and red helmets, and they can both make diligent progress over the ice. One of Hull's great pleasures is taking his boys skating at the Chicago Stadium on weekend mornings, when the Black Hawks throw the rink open to the families of the players. His wife, Joanne, red-haired and attractive, whom Hull met when she was performing with an ice show at a Chicago hotel, often comes along to join in the weekend skating sessions.

On one recent Saturday morning Hull appeared on the ice wearing a pair of slacks, a gray coat-sweater and a jaunty red corduroy cap. He set off slowly, passing a puck back and forth with Bobby. Hull was strolling down the ice, not skating slowly, but strolling, the way a father on dry land moves along beside a son who is just learning how to walk. "Don't push the puck too far," Hull warned Bobby. "You've got to keep control of it."

Then Hull left his son and skated off to join a couple of Black Hawk regulars who were attacking Dave Dryden, Chicago's second-string goalie. Hull began firing away, and for a while a puck was whistling at Dryden every few seconds.

Into this action, unobserved until he was right in with the three men, came the four-year-old Bobby Hull, controlling the puck just as he had been told. His father and the two other Black Hawks stopped skating, and Goalie Dryden solemnly came out to block the little boy. Bobby stopped about four feet away from the goalie, and carefully positioned himself the way his father had taught him. Hull leaned forward just enough to show that he was anxious for him to do well. Then Bobby swung. The puck slid slowly along the ice and hit Dryden's skates. But no one in the gloomy stadium was watching the puck. Bobby had swung so hard that his skates had gone right off the ice. He landed squarely on his forehead and started to cry. The four men leaned

Hull shows the ravages of a fierce game—three missing teeth and a nose flattened and twisted by flying sticks.

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over him anxiously. Then Hull reached down with one motion and picked him up and set him on his own right shoulder. He skated slowly to the bench, talking to his son very quietly. A moment later, Bobby stopped crying and he and his father began passing a puck back and forth.

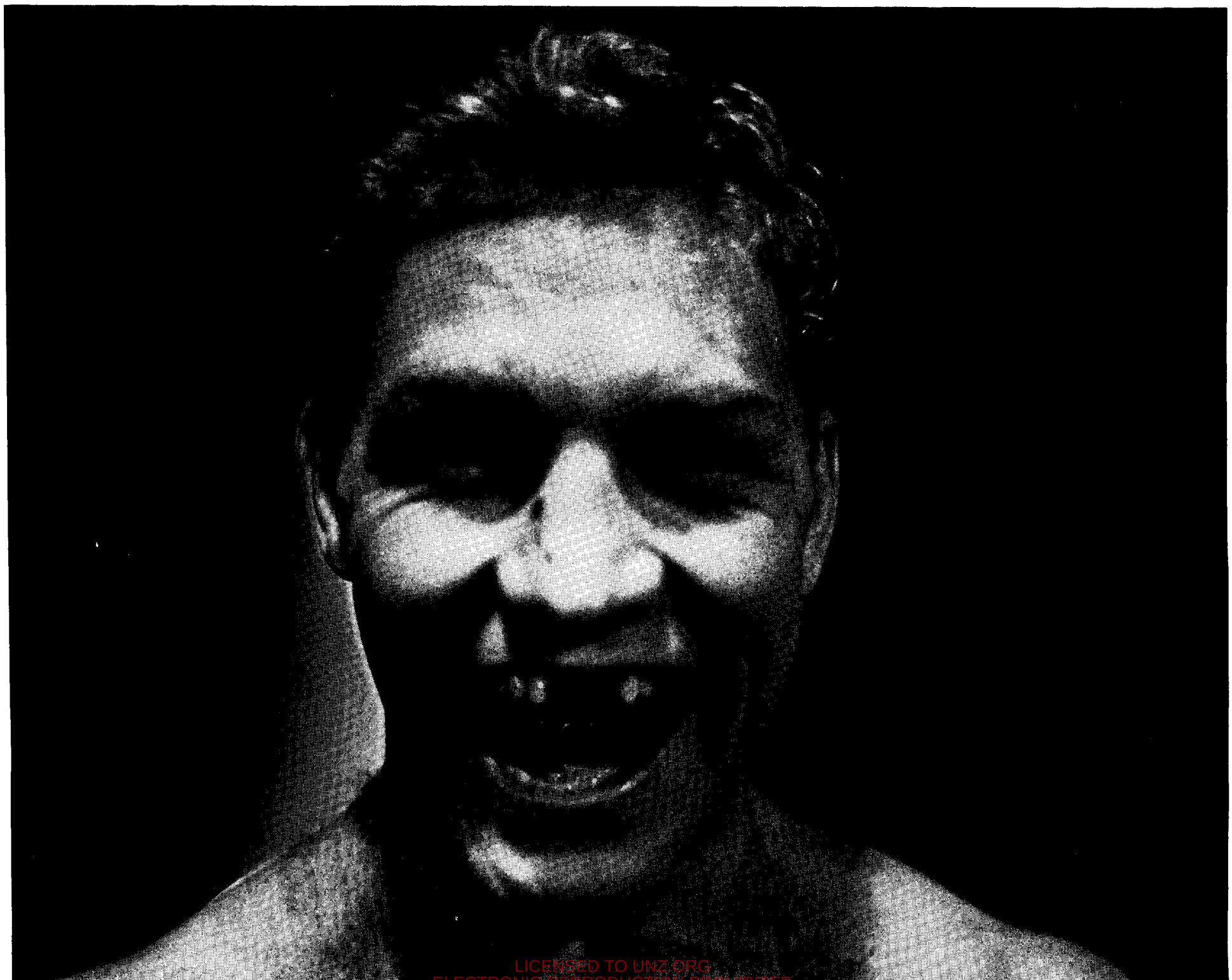
That night, against the Montreal Canadiens, nothing went right for Hull or the Black Hawks. Hull got credit for a goal, but it came on the kind of break that makes a mockery out of honoring every score as though it were equal to every other. He guided in a long shot made by another Black Hawk. Shortly before the end of the game, Hull got into his first big fight of the season. It seemed to him that the Canadiens had been picking on Ron (Chico) Maki, one of Hull's teammates. Suddenly Hull's temper erupted. He peeled off the huge gloves hockey players wear, landed some thudding punches on a Canadien, slipped and fell to the ice, bounced up again and began bombarding a second Montreal player. The fans in the stadium's second balcony, the ones who sometimes litter the ice with eggs, fish, toilet paper, ink bottles and firecrackers, cheered him on hysterically. Seconds later, the game ended and Hull skated off the ice with his composure restored, his face deadpan. But the Hawks lost, 5–2.

Half an hour after the game, a cluster of about 50 Black Hawk fans were still waiting in the cold Chicago night outside the stadium for Hull to appear. Some teen-agers were practicing taking pictures of the door so that they could be sure that their cameras would work when Hull came out. When he appeared, bareheaded and looking a little like actor Paul Newman, the girls began to scream. The little flashbulbs went off. Smiling pleasantly, Hull moved slowly through the crowd looking more like a gracious and dignified movie star than an athlete. As he walked, he signed the programs that were pressed into his hand. A fluttering lady in her 50's took him by the elbow and talked earnestly into his ear. Hull did not pull away until she had finished.

Hull's scoring shots could kill a goalie. 'But you can't let that inhibit you.'

Someone drove up in Hull's big automobile. The door was opened, but he made no effort to escape into the car and to his home outside Chicago. A few boys circled on the outskirts of the crowd yelling, "Atta boy, Bobby! How to fight, baby!" Hull started to blush.

Finally he climbed into the car. He was starting to drive away when a man shoved a program through the open window. He was wearing a Black Hawks' jacket and cap, and he had a cigar stuck in his mouth. "Here, Bobby," he ordered, "sign this for my kid." There was a boy standing behind him. He was wearing a Black Hawks' jacket and cap too. Hull signed the program and at last drove away. The people stood around for a few moments, the way crowds always do when they have been waiting a long time for a celebrity. A girl said that she thought her camera had worked all right. Two boys carefully recorded Hull's license number on their programs. They had no idea what they would do with it. But in Chicago, in the wintertime, it was something just to know the license number of Bobby Hull. □



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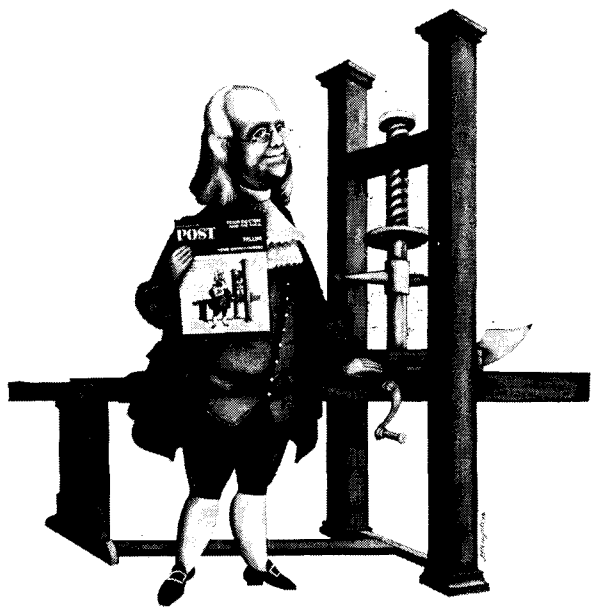
Editorial



The tradition of Ben Franklin

A young reporter, whose name slips our memory, recently drew a contrast between the white marble lobby of our old building in Philadelphia—including the "gleaming white bust of Benjamin Franklin, the same as *The Post* formerly published on its anniversary covers"—and the austere gray lobby of the new Saturday Evening Post Building at 641 Lexington Avenue in New York City. "Somehow," he concluded, "it just doesn't seem the kind of place one would expect to find Ben Franklin."

It's true, we'll agree, that it would be hard to imagine Ben Franklin in the lobby. Since he was a man with technological interests, he might, of course, be interested in the automatic elevators, the smoothly revolving doors, and even the artificial potted palms. Still, no lobby is the proper place for a man who began his will with the words, "I, Benjamin Franklin, printer . . ." On the other hand, if Franklin were to take the elevator and get off at the fourth floor, he would find himself in the familiar bedlam that usually surrounds editors, writers, layout designers, and all the other eccentrics who dedicate themselves to the idea of producing a magazine. We think he would feel right at home.

That is why, in this issue, we have revived an old *Post* tradition of putting Franklin on the cover every January. This is not the traditional anniversary issue. In past years, the Franklin cover presented that familiar bust, together with a worthy quotation from Franklin's works. Because we believe that tradition is valuable only when it keeps renewing itself, we reaffirm our past by illustrating a living Franklin, rather than a marble bust, and a Franklin whose wisdom was leavened by wit.

Franklin was an extraordinary man, and when we claim him as the founder and patron of this magazine we claim not just the elderly oracle but the inventor, the writer, the adventurer, the diplomat, and the rebel. Prudence and diligence were his main rules ("The sleeping fox catches no poultry. Up! Up!"). But while he was not a puritan or a prude, he pursued, both for himself and his country, a goal that can only be described by an old-fashioned word, virtue. And in that pursuit, he feared neither challenge nor controversy. "If all printers were determined not to print anything till they were sure it would offend nobody," he said, "there would be very little printed."

He was a young man when he went into the publishing business, 22 to be exact, and the declaration that he printed in his first issue is one to which we still subscribe: "To publish a good newspaper is not so easy an undertaking as many people imagine it to be. The author of a gazette . . . ought to be qualified with an extensive acquaintance with languages, a great easiness and command of writing and relating things clearly and intelligibly, and in few words; he should be able to speak of war both by land and sea; be well acquainted with geography, with the history of the time, with the several interests of princes and states, the secrets of courts, and the manners and customs of all nations. Men thus accomplished are very rare. . . ."

Such men are still rare, and the fantastic growth of the world's population and the world's problems has not made the task any easier. Ben Franklin would be fascinated and delighted with the technology now at the service of a "gazette," everything from the Teletype that carries news dispatches from coast to coast in a few seconds to the giant printing press that can churn out one million copies of *The Post* in a day. Photography would delight him, and so would color engraving, but, as a writer himself, he might take particular pleasure in the fact that *The Post* still relies primarily on its writers and their written words. It is, indeed, the only mass-circulation magazine in the country that does so, and while it takes more time and effort to read a magazine than to glance through one, Franklin wouldn't object to asking that of his readers. "If you will not hear Reason," he said, "she will surely rap your knuckles."

This Franklin, the real Franklin rather than the marble image, is the one we claim as our own. If we saw him coming down the corridor, we might well ask him to sit down and start editing an article. We suspect that he would laugh, take off his jacket, and his wig, and set right to work.

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